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# BYEWAYS OF EUROPE.

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BY

BAYARD TAYLOR.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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# CATALONIAN BRIDLE-ROADS.

## CATALONIAN BRIDLE-ROADS.

"And mule-bells tinkling down the mountain-paths of Spain."
—*Whittier.*

I LEARNED something of the bridle-roads of Catalonia in defiance of advice and warning, and almost against my own inclination. My next point of interest, after leaving the Balearic Islands, was the forgotten Republic of Andorra, in the Pyrenees; and the voice of the persons whom I consulted in Barcelona—none of whom had made the journey, or knew any one who had—was unanimous that I should return to France, and seek an entrance from that side. Such a course would certainly have been more comfortable; but the direct route, from the very insecurity which was predicted, offered a prospect of adventure, the fascination of which, I regret to say, I have not yet entirely outgrown. "It is a country of smugglers and robbers," said the banker who replenished my purse; "and I seriously advise you not to enter it. Moreover, the roads are almost impassable, and there is nothing to be seen on the way."

These words, uttered with a grave face by a native Catalan, ought to have decided the matter, yet they did not. To be sure, I thanked the man for his warning,

and left him to suppose that I would profit by it, rather than enter into any discussion; but, when I quitted his office, with fresh funds in my pocket, and corresponding courage in my bosom, my course was already decided. Had I not heard the same warnings, in all parts of the world, and had not the picturesque danger always fled as I approached it? Nevertheless, there came later moments of doubt, the suggestions of that convenient life which we lead at home, and the power of which increases with our years. Fatigue and hardship do not become lighter from repetition, but the reverse; the remembrance of past aches and past hunger returns whenever the experience is renewed, and aggravates it.

So, when I had descended from Montserrat, and was waiting in the cool of the evening at the door of the rudest possible restaurant, at the railway station of Monistrol, a little imp whispered: "The first train is for Barcelona. Take it, and you will be in France tomorrow night. This way is safe and speedy; you know not what the other may be." I watched the orange-light fade from the topmost pinnacles of Montserrat; a distant whistle sounded, and the other pilgrims hurried towards the ticket-office. I followed them as far as the door, paused a moment, and then said to myself: "No; if I back out now, I shall never be sure of myself again!" Then I returned to my seat beside the door, and saw the train go by, with the feeling of a man who has an appointment with a dentist.

In another hour came the upward train, which would

carry me as far as the town of Manresa, where my doubtful journey commenced. It was already dusk, and deliciously cool after the fierce heat of the day. A full moon shone upon the opposite hills as I sped up the valley of the Llobregat, and silvered the tops of the olives; but I only saw them in glimpses of unconquerable sleep, and finally descended at the station of Manresa, not fully awake.

A rough ragged porter made a charge upon my valise, which I yielded to his hands. "Take it to the best hotel," I said. "Ah, that is the 'Chicken!'" he replied. Now, the driver of the omnibus from Montserrat had recommended the "San Domingo," which had altogether a better sound than the "Chicken;" but I did not think of resisting my fate. I was conscious of a wonderful moonlight picture,—of a town on a height, crowned by a grand cathedral; of a winding river below; of steep slopes of glimmering houses; of lofty hills, seamed with the shadows of glens; and of the sparkle of orange-leaves in the hanging gardens. This while we were crossing a suspension-bridge; at the end, we plunged into narrow, winding streets, full of gloom and disagreeable odours. A few oil-lamps burned far apart; there were lights in the upper windows of the houses, and the people were still gossiping with their neighbours. When we emerged into a plaza, it was more cheerful; the single *café* was crowded, the *estanco* for the sale of tobacco and the barber's shop were still open. A little farther and we reached the "Chicken," which

was an ancient and uninviting house, with a stable on the ground-floor. Here the porter took his fee with a grin, and saying, "You will want me in the morning!" wished me good night.

I mounted to a dining-room nearly fifty feet in length, in which a lonely gentleman sat, waiting for his supper. When the hostess had conducted me to a bedroom of equal dimensions, and proceeded to put clean sheets upon a bed large enough for four Michigan soldiers, I became entirely reconciled to my fate. After trying in vain to extract any intelligence from a Madrid newspaper, I went to bed and slept soundly; but the little imp was at my ear when I woke, saying: "Here you leave the railway; after this it will not be so easy to turn back." "Very well," I thought, "I will go back now." I opened the shutters, let the full morning sun blaze into the room, dipped my head into water, and then cried out: "Begone, tempter! I go forwards." But, alas! it was not so once. There is a difference between springing nimbly from one's rest with a "Hurrah! there's another rough day before me!" and a slow clinging to one's easy pillow, with the sigh, "Ah! must I go through another rough day?" However, that was my last moment of weakness, and physical only—being an outcry of the muscles against the coming aches and strains, like that of the pack-camel before he receives his load.

The first stage of my farther journey, I learned, could be made by a diligence which left at eleven o'clock.

In the meantime I wandered about the town, gathering an impression of its character quite distinct from that of the previous evening. It has no architectural monuments; for the cathedral, like all such edifices in Spain, is unfinished, internally dark, and well supplied with bad pictures. Its position, nevertheless, is superb, and the platform of rock upon which it stands looks over a broad, bright, busy landscape. The sound of water-wheels and the humming looms of factories fills the air; however primitive the other forms of labour may be, the people all seem to be busy. The high houses present an agreeable variety of colour, although a rich brown is predominant; many of them have balconies, and the streets turn at such unexpected angles that light and shade assist in making pictures everywhere. Manresa has a purely Spanish aspect, and the groups on the plaza and in the shady alleys are as lively and glowing as any in Andalusia.

I read the history of the place, as given in the guide-books, but I will not here repeat it. According to my English guide, it was sacked and its inhabitants butchered by the French, during the Peninsular War; according to the French guide, nothing of the kind ever took place. As I read the books alternately, I came to the conclusion that both sides must have been splendidly victorious in the battles which were fought in Spain. When the Englishman said: "Here our army, numbering only eighteen thousand men (of whom eight thousand were Spanish allies, of doubtful service)

encountered thirty-seven thousand French, and completely routed them;" the Frenchman had; "Here our army, numbering only fifteen thousand, including seven thousand Spaniards, put to flight thirty-three thousand English—one of the most brilliant actions of the war." At this rate of representation, it will be a disputed question, in the next century, whether Soult or Wellington was driven out of Spain.

My porter of the night before made his appearance, and as I had suspected him of interested motives in conducting me to the "Chicken," I tested his character by giving a smaller fee for an equal service; but he took it with the same thanks. Moreover, the diligence office was in the "San Domingo Hotel," and I satisfied myself that the "Chicken" was really better than the Saint. Two lumbering yellow coaches stood in the spacious stable, which was at the same time entrance-hall and laundry. On one side some lean mules were eating their barley; on another, a pump and stone trough supplied the house with water; a stone staircase led to the inhabited rooms, and three women were washing clothes at a tank in the rear. Dogs ran about scratching themselves; country passengers, with boxes and baskets, sat upon stone-posts and did the same; and now and then a restless horse walked forth from the stalls, snuffing at one person after another, as if hoping to find one who might be eatable. Two *mayorals* or coachmen, followed by two grooms, bustled about with bits of harness in their hands, and the washerwomen

made a great clatter with their wooden beetles: but the time passed, and nothing seemed to be accomplished on either side. The whole scene was so thoroughly Spanish that no one would have been surprised had the Don and Sancho ridden into the doorway. One of the the women at the tank was certainly Maritornes.

At length, after a great deal of ceremony, one of the vehicles drove off. "It's going to Berga," said a man in faded velvet, in answer to my question; "and all I know is, that *that*'s the way to Puigcerda." The mules were now harnessed to our diligence, and we took our places—my friend in velvet; two stout women, one of whom carried six dried codfish tied in a bundle; a shrivelled old man, a mild, brown soldier, and myself. It was an hour behind the appointed time, but no one seemed to notice the delay. We rolled out of the ammoniated shadows of the stable into a blaze which was doubled on the white highway, and thrown back to us from the red, scorched rocks beside it. The valley of the Cardoner, which we entered on leaving Manresa, quivered in the breathless heat: the stream was almost exhausted in its bed, and the thin gray foliage of the poplars and olives gave but a mockery of shadow. Everywhere the dry, red soil baked in the sunshine. The only refreshing thing I saw was a break in an irrigating canal, which let down a cascade over the rocks into the road. No water in the world ever seemed so cool, so fresh, so glittering; in the thirsty landscape it flashed like a symbol of generous, prodigal

life. Who could fling gold around him with so beautiful a beneficence?

The features of the scenery, nevertheless, were too bold and picturesque to be overlooked. As we gained a longer vista, Montserrat lifted his blue horns over the nearer hills, and a dim streak of snow, far in the northwest, made signal for the Pyrenees. Abrupt as were the heights inclosing the valley, they were cultivated to the summit, and the brown country-houses, perched on projecting spurs, gave them a life which the heat and thirsty colour of the soil could not take away. Our destination was Cardona, and after a smothering ride of two hours we reached the little village of Suria, half-way in distance, but by no means in time. Beyond it, the country became rougher, the road steep and toilsome; and our three mules plodded slowly on, with drooping heads and tails, while inside, the passengers nodded one after the other, and became silent. We crossed the Cardoner, and ascended a long slope of the hills, where the view, restricted to the neighbouring fields, became so monotonous that I nodded and dozed with the rest.

We were all aroused by the diligence stopping beside a large farm-house. There was a general cry for water, and the farmer's daughter presently came out with a stone pitcher, cool and dripping from the well. The glass was first given to me, as a stranger; and I was about setting it to my lips, when two or three of the passengers suddenly cried out, "Stop!" I paused, and

looked around in surprise. The man in velvet had already dropped a piece of sugar into the water, and the old woman opposite took a bottle from her basket, saying, "This is better!" and added a spoonful of anise-seed brandy. "Now," exclaimed both at the same time, "you can drink with safety." The supply of sugar and anise-seed held out, and each passenger was regaled at the expense of the two Samaritans. After this, conversation brightened, and we all became talkative and friendly. The man in velvet, learning my destination, exclaimed: "O, you ought to have gone by way of Berga! It is a dreadful country about Solsona and the Rio Segre." But the old woman leaned over and whispered: "Don't mind what he says. *I* come from Solsona, and it's a good country—a very good country, indeed. Go on, and you will see!"

The valley of the Cardoner had become narrower, the mountains were higher, and there were frequent ruins of mediæval castles on the summits. When we had reached the top of the long ascent, the citadel of Cardona in front suddenly rose sharp and abrupt over the terraced slopes of vine. It appeared to be within a league, but our coachman was so slow and the native passengers so patient, that we did not arrive for two hours. Drawing nearer, the peculiar colours of the earth around the base of an isolated mountain announced to us the celebrated salt-mines of the place. Red, blue, purple, yellow, and gray, the bare cliffs glittered in the sun as if frosted over with innumerable crystals.

This mass of native salt is a mile and a half in circumference, with a height of about two hundred and fifty feet. The action of the atmosphere seems to have little effect upon it, and the labour of centuries has no more than tapped its immense stores. As in Wieliczka, in Poland, the workmen in the mines manufacture cups, ornaments, pillars, and even chandeliers, from the pure saline crystal— objects which, although they remain perfect in the dry atmosphere of Spain, soon melt into thin air when carried to Northern lands.

The town of Cardona occupies the crest of a sharp hill, rising above the mountain of salt. Between it and the river, on the north, stands the citadel, still more loftily perched, like a Greek acropolis. Our road passed entirely around the latter and mounted to the town on the opposite side, where the diligence set us down in front of a rude *fonda*. The old gate was broken down, the walls ruined, and the first houses we passed were uninhabited. There was no longer an *octroi;* in fact, the annoyances of travel in Spain diminish in proportion as one leaves the cities and chief thoroughfares. As I dismounted, the coachman took hold of my arm, saying, "Cavalier, here is a decent man who will get a horse for you, and travel with you to the Seo de Urgel. I know the man, and it is I who recommend him." The person thus introduced was a sturdy, broad-shouldered fellow, with short black hair, and hard, weather-beaten features. He touched his red Catalan cap, and then looked me steadily in the face while, in

answer to my inquiries, he offered to be ready at four o'clock the next morning, and demanded six dollars for himself and horse, the journey requiring two days. There were two or three other *arrieros* present, but I plainly saw that none of them would enter into competition with a man recommended by the coachman. Moreover, as far as appearances went, he was the best of the lot, and so I engaged him at once.

While the fat hostess of the *fonda* was preparing my dinner, I strolled for an hour or two about the town. The church is renowned for having been founded in the year 820, immediately after the expulsion of the Moors from this part of Spain, and for containing the bodies of St Celadonio and St Emeterio—whoever those holy personages may have been. I confess I never heard of them before. What I admired in the church was the splendid mellow-brown tint of its massive ancient front. Brown is the characteristic colour of Spain, from the drapery of Murillo and the walls of cathedrals to the shadow of cypresses and the arid soil of the hills. Whether brightening into gold or ripening into purple, it always seems to give the key of colour. In the streets of Cardona, it was the base upon which endless picturesque groups of people were painted,—women spinning flax, children cooling their bare bodies on the stones, blacksmiths and cobblers forging and stitching in the open air—all with a keen glance of curiosity, but also a respectful greeting for the stranger. The plaza, which was called, like all plazas in Catalonia

*de la Constitucion*, overhung the deep ravine at the foot of the salt mountain. From its parapet I looked upon the vineyard-terraces into which the hills have been fashioned, and found them as laboriously constructed as those of the Rheingau. A cliff of salt below sparkled like prismatic glass in the evening light, but all the nearer gardens lay in delicious shadow, and the laden asses began to jog homewards from the distant fields. There was a *café* on the plaza patronised only by two or three military idlers; the people still worked steadily while the daylight lasted, charming away their fatigue by the most melancholy songs.

The inn was not an attractive place. The kitchen was merely one corner of the public room, in which chairs lay overturned and garments tumbled about, as if the house had been sacked. The members of the family sat and chattered in this confusion, promising whatever I demanded, but taking their own time about getting it. I had very meagre expectations of dinner, and was therefore not a little surprised when excellent fresh fish, stewed rabbits, and a roasted fowl were set successively before me. The merry old landlady came and went, anxious to talk, but prevented by her ignorance of the pure Spanish tongue. However she managed to make me feel quite at home, and well satisfied that I had ventured so far into the region of ill-repute.

What was going on in the town that night I cannot imagine; but it was a tumult of the most distracting kind. First, there were drums and—as it seemed to

me—tin pans beaten for an hour or two in the street below; then a chorus of piercing, dreadfully inharmonious voices; then a succession of short cries or howls, like those of the oriental dervishes. Sometimes the noises moved away, and I settled myself to sleep, whereupon they came back worse than before. "O children of Satan!" I cried, "will ye never be still?" Some time after midnight the voices became hoarse: one by one dropped off, and the charivari gradually ceased, from the inability of the performers to keep it up longer. Then horses were led forth from the stable on the ground-floor, whips were violently cracked, and the voices of grooms began to be heard. At three o'clock Juan, my new guide, came into the room with a coarse bag, in which he began packing the contents of my valise, which could not otherwise be carried on horseback, and so my rest was over before it had commenced.

I found the diligence about starting on its return to Manresa, and my horse, already equipped, standing in the stable. The sack, valise, and other articles were so packed, before and behind the saddle, that only a narrow, deep cleft remained for me to sit in. The sun had not yet risen, and the morning air was so cool that I determined to walk down the hill and mount at the foot. Stepping over two grooms who were lying across the stable door on a piece of hide, sound asleep, we set forth on our journey.

The acropolis rose dark against the pearly sky, and the valley of the Cardoner lay cool and green in the

lingering shadows. Early as was their hour, labourers were already on their way to the fields; and when we reached the ancient bridge of seven arches, I saw the two old ladies of Solsona in advance, mounted on mules, and carrying their baskets, boxes, and dried codfish with them. Although my French guide-book declared that the road before me was scarcely practicable, the sight of these ladies was a better authority to the contrary. I mounted at the bridge, and joined the cavalcade, which was winding across a level tract of land, between walled fields and along the banks of irrigating canals. Juan, however, found the mules too slow, and soon chose a side-path, which, in the course of a mile or two, brought us into the main track, some distance in advance of the old ladies. By this time the sun was up and blazing on all the hills; the wide, open country about Cardona came to an end, and we struck into a narrow glen, covered with forests of pine. Juan directed me to ford the river and follow the tract on the opposite side, while he went on to a foot-bridge farther up. "In a few minutes," he said, "you will find a *carretera*,"—a cart-road, which proved to be a superb macadamized highway, yet virgin of any wheel. Men were working upon it, smoothing the turf on either side, and levelling the gravel as carefully as if the Queen's mail-coach travelled that way; but the splendid piece of workmanship has neither beginning nor end, and will be utterly useless until it touches a finished road somewhere.

A short distance farther the glen expanded, and I re-crossed the river by a lofty new bridge. The road was carried over the bottom-land on an embankment at least forty feet high, and then commenced ascending the hills on the northern bank. After passing a little village on the first height, we entered a forest of pine, which continued without interruption for four or five miles. The country became almost a wilderness, and wore a singular air of loneliness, contrasted with the busy region I had left behind. As I approached the summit, the view extended far and wide over a dark, wooded sweep of hills, rarely broken by a solitary farm-house and the few cleared fields around it. On the nearer slope below me there was now and then such a house; but the most of them were in ruins, and young pines were shooting up in the deserted vineyards. The Catalans are so laborious in their habits, so skilled in the art of turning waste into fruitful land, that there must have been some special reason for this desolation. My guide either could not or would not explain it.

When we reached the northern side of the mountain, cultivation again commenced, and I saw the process of clearing woodland and preparing the soil for crops. The trees are first removed, the stumps and roots dug up, and then all the small twigs, brambles, weeds, and dry sticks,—everything, in fact, which cannot be used for lumber and firewood,—are gathered into little heaps all over the ground, and covered with the top soil. A year, probably, must elapse, before these heaps are

tolerably decomposed; then they are spread upon the surface and ploughed under. The virgin soil thus acquired is manured after every crop, and there is no such thing as an exhausted field.

The fine highway came to an end as suddenly as it had commenced, in the rough forest, with no village near. The country became broken and irregular, and the bridle-path descended continually through beautiful groves of oak, with an undergrowth of box and lavender, the odours from which filled the air. I was nearly famished, when, after a journey of five or six leagues, we emerged from the woods, and saw the rich valley-basin of Solsona before us, with the dark old town in its centre. Here, again, every available foot of soil was worked into terraces, drained or irrigated as the case might be, and made to produce its utmost. As I rode along the low walls, the ripe, heavy ears of wheat leaned over and brushed my head. Although there is no wheeled vehicle—not even a common cart—in this region, all the roads being the rudest bridle-paths, the town is approached by a magnificent bridge of a dozen arches, spanning a grassy hollow, at the bottom of which flows a mere thread of a brook.

At the farther end of the bridge, a deserted gateway ushers the traveller into Solsona. Few strangers, I suspect, ever enter the place; for labour ceased as I passed along the streets, and even Don Basilio, on his way home from morning mass, lifted his shovel hat and bowed profoundly. Many of the houses were in ruins,

and bore the marks of fire and balls. I rode into the ground-floor of a dark house which bore no sign or symbol over the door, but Juan assured me that it was an inn. A portly, dignified gentleman advanced out of the shadows, and addressed me in the purest Castilian; he was the landlord, and his daughter was cook and waiting-maid. The rooms above were gloomy and very ancient; there was scarcely a piece of furniture which did not appear to be two centuries old; yet everything was clean and orderly.

"Can we have breakfast?" I asked.

"Whatever we have is at your disposition," said the landlord. "What would you be pleased to command?"

"Eggs, meat, bread, and wine; but nothing that cannot be got ready in a few minutes."

The landlord bowed, and went into the kitchen. Presently he returned and asked, "Did I understand you to wish for *meat*, Cavalier?"

"Certainly, if you have it," I replied.

"Yes, we have it in the house," said he; "but I didn't know what your *custom* was."

I did not guess what he meant until a plate of capital mutton chops was smoking under my nose. Then it flashed across my mind that the day was Friday, and I no better than a heathen in the eyes of my worthy host. According to the country custom of Spain, master and groom fare alike, and Juan took his seat beside me without waiting for an invitation. I ought to have invited the landlord, but I was too hungry to remember it. To

my surprise—and relief also—Juan ate his share of the chops, and there was a radiant satisfaction on his countenance. I have no doubt he looked upon me as the responsible party, and did not even consider it worth while to confess afterwards.

"You have a beautiful country here," I remarked to the landlord, knowing that such an expression is always accepted as a half-compliment.

"It is a country," he exclaimed with energy, "*que nada falta*,—which lacks nothing! There is everything you want; there is not a better country under the sun! No, it is not the *country* that we complain of."

"What then?" I asked.

For a moment he made no reply; then, apparently changing the subject, said, "Did you see the houses in ruins as you came into Solsona? That was done in the Carlist wars. We suffered terribly: nearly half the people of this region were slaughtered."

"What good comes of these wars?" I asked. "Is anything better than it was before? What have you to offset all that fire and murder?"

"That's it!" he cried; "that was what I meant."

He shook his head in a melancholy way, drank a glass of wine, and said, as if to prevent my continuing the subject: "You understand how to travel, or you would not come into such wild parts as these. But here, instead of having the rattling of cart-wheels in your ears all day, you have the songs of the nightingales. You don't have dust in your nose, but the smell of

grain and flowers; you can start when you please, and ride as far as you like. That's *my* way to travel, and I wish there were more people of the same mind. We don't often see a foreign cavalier in Solsona, yet it 's not a bad country, as you yourself say."

By this time Juan and I had consumed the chops and emptied the bottle; and, as there were still six leagues to be travelled that day, we prepared to leave Solsona. The town, of barely two thousand inhabitants, has an ancient church, a deserted palace of the former Dukes of Cardona, and a miraculous image of the Virgin —neither of which things is sufficiently remarkable in its way to be further described. The age of the place is apparent; a dark, cool, mournful atmosphere of the past fills its streets, and the traces of recent war seem to have been left from mediæval times.

The sky was partly overcast, but there was an intense, breathless heat in the air. Our path led across the bounteous valley into a wild ravine, which was spanned by two ancient aqueducts. The pointed arch of one of them hinted of Moorish construction, as well as the platform and tank of a fountain in a rocky nook beyond. Here the water gushed out in a powerful stream, as in those fountains of the Anti-Lebanon in the country of Galilee. Large plane-trees shaded the spot, and the rocks overhung it on three sides, yet no one was there to enjoy the shade and coolness. The place was sad, because so beautiful and so lonely.

At the farther end of the ravine we entered a forest

of pine, with an undergrowth of box, and commenced ascending the mountain-range dividing the Valley of Solsona from that of the Rio Salado. It might have been the Lesser Atlas, and the sky that of Africa, so fierce was the heat, so dry and torn the glens up the sides of which toiled my labouring horse. Birds and insects were alike silent: the lizard, scampering into his hole in the red bank of earth, was the only living thing. For an hour or more we slowly plodded upward; then, emerging from the pine wood upon a barren summit, I looked far and wide over a gray, forbidding, fiery land. Beyond the Salado Valley, which lay beneath me, rose a range of uninhabited mountains, half clothed with forest or thicket, and over them the outer Pyrenees, huge masses of bare rock, cut into sharp, irregular forms. A house or two, and some cultivated patches, were visible along the banks of the Salado; elsewhere, there was no sign of habitation.

The *bajada*, or descent to the river, was so steep and rough that I was forced to dismount and pick my way down the zigzags of burning sand and sliding gravel. At the bottom I forded the river, the water of which is saline, and then hastened to a mill upon the farther bank, to procure a cup of water. The machinery was working in charge of a lusty girl, who shut off the water while she ran to a spring in the ravine behind, and filled an earthen jar. There was nothing of Spanish grace and beauty about her. She had gray eyes, a broad, flat nose, brown hair, broad shoulders, and the

arms and legs of a butcher. But she was an honest, kind-hearted creature, and the joyous good-will with which she served me was no less refreshing than the water.

The path now followed the course of the Rio Salado, under groves of venerable ilex, which fringed the foot of the mountain. Thickets of box and tamarisk overhung the stream, and the sight of the water rushing and murmuring through sun and shade, made the heat more endurable. Another league, however, brought me to the little hamlet of Ojern, where my road took to the hills again. Nature has given this little place a bay of rich soil between the river and the mountains, man has blackened it with fire and riddled it with shot; and between the two it has become a complete and surprising picture. Out of superb gardens of orange and fig-trees, over hedges of roses and wild mounds of woodbine, rise the cracked and tottering walls—heaps of ruin, but still inhabited. Nothing could be finer than the contrast of the riotous vegetation, struggling to grow away from the restraining hand into its savage freedom, with the firm texture, the stubborn forms, and the dark, mellow colouring of the masonry. Of course the place was dirty, and offended one sense as much as it delighted the other. It is a pity that neatness and comfort cannot be picturesque.

I knew that the Rio Segre could not be very distant, but I was far from guessing how much the way might be lengthened by heat and almost impracticable roads.

This ascent was worse than the former, since there was no forest to throw an occasional shade. A scrubby chaparral covered the red and flinty slopes, upon which the sun beat until the air above them quivered. My horse was assailed with a large gad-fly, and kicked, stamped, and whirled his head as if insane. I soon had occasion to notice a physiological fact—that the bones of a horse's head are more massive than those of the human shin. When we reached the summit of the mountain, after a long, long pull, I was so bruised, shaken, and exhausted that Juan was obliged to help me out of the saddle, or rather, the crevice between two piles of baggage in which I was wedged. The little imp came back chuckling, and said, "I told you so!" In such cases, I always recall Cicero's consolatory remark, and go on my way with fresh courage.

Moreover, far below, at the base of the bare peaks of rock which rose against the western sky, I saw the glitter of the Rio Segre, and knew that my day's labour was nearly at an end. The descent was so rugged that I gave the reins to Juan, and went forward on foot. After getting down the first steep, the path fell into and followed the dry bed of a torrent, which dropped rapidly towards the river. In half an hour I issued from the fiery ravine, and was greeted by a breeze that had cooled its wings on the Pyrenean snow. Olive-trees again shimmered around me, and a valley-bed of fruitful fields expanded below. A mile farther, around the crest of the lower hills, I found myself on a rocky

point, just over the town of Oliana. It was the oldest and brownest place I had seen, up to this time; but there was shade in its narrow streets, and rest for me under one of its falling roofs. A bell in the tall, square tower of the church chimed three; and Juan coming up with the horse, insisted that I should mount, and make my entrance as became a cavalier.

I preferred comfort to dignity; but when everybody can see that a man *has* a horse, he really loses nothing by walking. The first houses we passed appeared to be deserted; then came the main street, in which work, gossip, and recreation were going on in the open air. Here there was a swinging sign with the word "Hostal" over the inn door, and most welcome was that inn, with its unwashed floors, its fleas, and its odours of garlic. I was feverish with the absorption of so much extra heat, and the people gave me the place of comfort at an open window, with a view of green fields between the poplars. Below me there was a garden belonging to the priest, who, in cassock and shovel-hat, was inspecting his vegetables. Gathering up his sable skirts, he walked mincingly between the rows of lettuce and cauliflower, now and then pointing out a languishing plant, which an old woman in attendance then proceeded to refresh by flinging water upon it with a paddle, from a tank in the corner of the garden. Browning's "Soliloquy in a Spanish Cloister" came into my head, and I think I should have cried out, could the padre have understood the words: "O, that

rose has prior claims!" I must say, however, that the garden was admirably kept, and the priest's table was all the better for his horticultural tastes.

There were three or four jolly fellows in the inn, who might have served in Sherman's army, they were so tall and brown and strong. My attention was drawn from the priest by their noise and laughter, and I found them gathered about a wild-looking man, dressed in rags. The latter talked so rapidly, in the Catalan dialect, that I could understand very little of what he said; but the landlady came up and whispered, "He 's a *loco* (an idiot), but he does no harm." To me he seemed rather to be a genius, with a twist in his brain. He was very quick in retort, and often turned the laugh upon his questioner; while from his constant appeals to "Maria Santissima," a strong religious idea evidently underlay his madness. The landlord gave him a good meal, and he then went on his way, cheerful, perhaps happy, in his isolation.

I suppose Juan must have been well satisfied to eat meat on a Friday without the sin being charged to his personal account, and must therefore have given a hint to the landlord; for, without my order, a chicken was set before me at dinner, and he took the drumsticks as of right. When the sun got behind the tall mountain opposite, I wandered about the town, seeing nothing that seems worthy of being recorded, yet every view was a separate delight which I cannot easily forget. There were no peculiarities of architecture or of costume; but the houses were so quaintly irregular, the effects of

light and shade so bold and beautiful, the colours so balanced, that each street with its inhabitants might have been painted without change. There was a group before the shoemaker's door—the workman on his bench, a woman with a shoe, a young fellow in a scarlet cap, who had paused to say a word, and two or three children tumbling on the stones; another at the fountain—women filling jars, coming and going with the load on hip or head; another at the barber's, and all framed by houses brown as Murillo's colour, with a background of shadow as rich as Rembrandt's. These are subjects almost too simple to paint with the pen; they require the pencil.

In the evening, the sultry vapours which had been all day floating in the air settled over the gorge, and presently thunder-echoes were buffeted back and forth between the rocky walls. The skirts of a delicious rain trailed over the valley, and night breathed odour and coolness and healing balsam as she came down from the western peaks. Rough and dirty as was the guest's room of the "hostal," my bed-room was clean and pleasant. A floor of tiles, a simple iron washstand resembling an ancient tripod, one chair, and a bed, coarsely, but freshly spread—what more can a reasonable man desire? The linen (though it is a bull to say so) was of that roughly woven cotton which one finds only in southern Europe, Africa, and the Orient, which always seems cool and clean, and has nothing in common with the frouzy, flimsy stuff we find in cheap

places at home. Whoever has slept in a small new town (I beg pardon, "city") on an Illinois prairie, knows the feeling of soft, insufficient sheets and flabby pillows, all hinting of frequent use, between which he thinks, ere sleep conquers his disgust, of the handkerchief which awaits him as towel in the morning. In the poorest inn in Spain I am better lodged than in the Jimplecute House in Roaring City.

Juan called me at three o'clock, for another severe day was before us. Our road followed the course of the Rio Segre, and there were no more burning mountains to climb; but both M. de Lavigne and Mr Ford, in the little which they vouchsafed to say of this region, mentioned the frightful character of the gorges through which the river breaks his way downward to the Ebro; and their accounts, if the timid traveller believes them, may well deter him from making the journey. In the cool half-hour before sunrise, as I rode across the circular valley, or *conque*, of Oliana, towards the gloomy portals of rock out of which the river issues, my spirits rose in anticipation of the wild scenery beyond. The vineyards and orchards were wet and fresh, and the air full of sweet smells. Clouds rested on all the stony summits, rising or falling as the breeze shifted. The path mounted to the eastern side of the gorge, where, notched along the slanting rock, it became a mere thread to the eye, and finally disappeared.

As I advanced, however, I found that the passage was less dangerous than it seemed. The river roared

far below, and could be reached by a single plunge; but there was a good, well-beaten mule-track—the same, and probably the only one, which has been used since the first human settlement. Soon after entering the gorge, it descended to within a hundred feet of the river, and then crossed to the opposite bank by a bold bridge of a single arch, barely wide enough for a horse to walk upon. The parapet on either side was not more than two feet high, and it was not a pleasant sensation to look down from the saddle upon the roaring and whirling flood. Yet the feeling was one which must be mastered; for many a mile of sheer precipice lay before me. The Segre flows through a mere cleft in the heart of the terrible mountains, and the path continuously overhangs the abyss. Bastions of naked rock, a thousand feet high, almost shut out the day; and the traveller, after winding for hours in the gloom of their shadows, feels as if buried from the world.

The sides of the gorge are nearly perpendicular, and the dark gray rock is unrelieved by foliage, except where soil enough has lodged to nourish a tuft of box; yet here and there, wherever a few yards of less abrupt descent occur, in spots not entirely inaccessible, the peasants have built a rude wall, smoothed the surface, and compelled a scanty tribute of grass or grain. Tall, wild-looking figures, in brown jackets and knee-breeches, with short, broad-bladed scythes flashing on their shoulders, met us; and as they leaned back in the hollows of the rock to let us pass, with the threatening im-

plements held over the heads, a very slight effort of the imagination made them more dangerous than the gulf which yawned on the opposite side of the path. They were as rough and savage as the scenery in appearance; but in reality they were simple-hearted, honest persons. All that I saw of the inhabitants of this part of Catalonia assured me that I was perfectly safe among them. After the first day of my journey, I gave up the prospect of finding danger enough to make an adventure.

By and by the path, so lonely for the first hour after starting, began to be animated. The communication between the valleys of the Spanish Pyrenees and the lower Segre, as far as Lerida, is carried on through this defile, and pack-mules were met from time to time. Juan walked in advance, listening for the tinkling bells of the coming animals, and selecting places where the road was broad enough for us to pass without danger. Sometimes I waited, sometimes they—one leaning close against the rock, one pacing slowly along the brink, with the river below booming into caverns cut out of the interlocking bases of the mountains. As the path sank or rose, accommodating itself to the outline of the cliffs, and the bells of the unseen mules or horses chimed in front around some corner of the gorge, they chimed to my ears the words of another, who foresaw as well as remembered.

O, dear and distant Friend and Poet! henceforth I shall hear your voice in this music of Spain. All that day, in the wild and wonderful cañons of the Segre,

you rode with me; and poetical justice demanded that I should have paid, like Uhland to his boatman, for the other spirit who sat upon my weary steed. I tried to look with your clear eyes, so quick to detect and interpret beauty; and I try now to write of the scenery, so that you may behold it through mine. As turn after turn of the winding gorge disclosed some grander conformation of the overhanging heights, some new pinnacle of rock piercing the air, or cavern opening its dark arch at the base of a precipice, I drew you from your quiet cottage by the Merrimack, and said, as we paused together in a myrtle roofed niche in the rocks, "All this belongs to us, for we alone have seen it!"

But alas! how much of subtle form, of delicate gradation of colour, of fleeting moods of atmosphere, escapes us when we try to translate the experience of the eyes! I endeavour to paint the living and breathing body of Nature, and I see only a hard black silhouette, like those shadows of grandfathers which hang in old country homes. Only to minds that of themselves understand and can guess is the effort not lost. A landscape thus partly describes itself; and so, in this case, I must hope that something of the grand and lonely valley of the Rio Segre may have entered into my words.

Perhaps the best general impression of the scenery may be suggested by a single peculiarity. Two hours after entering the defile, I issued from it into the *conque* of Nargo—an open circular basin some three

miles in breadth, beyond which the mountains again interlock. The term *conque* (shell?) is applied to these valleys, which occur regularly at intervals of from six to ten miles; and their arrangement is picturesquely described in French as being *en châtelet*, for they are literally strung like beads on the thread of the river. No part of Europe is so old (to the eye) as these valleys. There seems to have been no change for a thousand years. If the air were not so dry, one could fancy that the villages would be gradually buried under a growth of moss and lichens. The brown rust on their masonry is almost black, the walls of the terraced fields are as secure in their places as the natural rock, and the scars left by wars are not to be distinguished from those of age. Whenever there is a surplus of population it must leave, for it cannot be subsisted. There may be mountain-paths leading inland from these valleys, but none are visible; each little community is enclosed by a circle of tremendous stony walls and pinnacles, which the river alone has been able to pierce.

At the further end of the *conque* of Nargo lay the village, perched upon a bold crag. Several sharp, isolated mountains, resembling the horns and needles of the Alps, rose abruptly out of the open space; and their lower faces of dark vermilion rock made a forcible contrast with the splendid green of the fields. We did not pause in the village, but descended its ladder of a street to the river-wall, and plunged at once into a second gorge, as grand and savage as the first, though

no more than a league in extent. Juan again went ahead and warned the coming muleteers. In another hour I reached the *conque* of Orgañá, a rich and spacious tract of land, with the village of the same name on a rock, precisely like Nargo. A high, conical peak on the left appeared to be inaccessible, yet there was a white chapel on its very summit. "Look there!" said Juan, "*that* saint likes a cool place."

Fine old walnut-trees made their appearance in this valley; water was everywhere abundant, and the gardens through which I approached the village were filled with shade and the sound of streams. Indeed, the terraces of ancient vines and fruit-trees, mixed with cypresses and bosky alleys of flowering shrubs, might have belonged to the palaces of an extinct nobility; but the houses which followed were those of peasants, smoky with age, low, dark, and dirty. A pack of school-children, in the main street, hailed me with loud shouts, whereat the mechanics looked up from their work, and the housewives came to the doors. There was a dusky inn, with a meek, pinched landlady, who offered eggs and a *guisado* (stew) with tomatoes. While these were cooking, she placed upon the table a broad-bellied bottle with a spout, something like an old-fashioned oil-can in shape. I was not Catalan enough to drink without a glass; but Juan, raising the bottle above his head, spirted a thin stream of wine into his open mouth, and drank long and luxuriously. When he was satisfied, a dexterous turn of the wrist

cut off the stream, and not a drop was spilled. At the table, these bottles pass from hand to hand—one cannot say from mouth to mouth, for the lips never touch them. I learned to drink in the same fashion without much difficulty, and learned thereby that much of the flavour of the wine is lost. The custom seems to have been invented to disguise a bad vintage.

While we were breakfasting, a French peasant, whom I had seen at Oliana, arrived. He was on foot, and bound for Foix, by way of Andorra. This was also my route, and I accepted his offer of engaging another horse for me at Urgel, in the evening, and accompanying me over the Pyrenees. He was not a very agreeable person, but it was a satisfaction to find some one with whom I could speak. I left him at the table, with a company of Spanish muleteers, and never saw him afterwards.

Before leaving Orgañá, I was stopped in the street by a man who demanded money, saying something about the "Pons," which I could not comprehend. It finally occurred to me that the defile through which I was about to pass is named *Los tres Pons* (The Three Bridges) on the old maps of Catalonia, and that the man was asking for toll—which proved to be the case. The three *cuartos* which I paid were the veriest trifle for the privilege of passing over such a road as followed. The mountains were here loftier, and therefore more deeply cloven; the former little attempts at cultivation ceased, for even Catalonian thrift shrank from wresting

any profit out of walls so bare and bluff that scarcely a wild goat could cling to their ledges. Two hundred feet below, the river beat against the rocks with a sullen, mysterious sound, while, from one to two thousand feet above, the jagged coping of the precipices cut the sky. A cool, steady wind drew down the cleft, filling it with a singular humming sound. The path crossed to the eastern side by a tremulous wooden bridge laid flat upon natural abutments; then, a mile further, recrossed by a lofty stone arch, under which there was a more ancient one, still perfect. Several miles of the same wonderful scenery succeeded—scenery the like of which I know not where to find in Switzerland. The gorge of Gondo, on the Italian side of the Simplon, is similar in character, but less grand and majestic. Far up in the enormous cliffs, I saw here and there the openings of caverns, to which no man has ever climbed; cut into the heart of inaccessible walls were unexpected glens, green nests of foliage, safe from human intrusion, where the nightingales sang in conscious security; and there were points so utterly terrible in all their features that the existence of a travelled path was the greatest wonder of all.

In the preceding defiles, Nature had accidentally traced out the way, but here it had been forced by sheer labour and daring. Sometimes it was hewn into the face of the upright rock; sometimes it rested on arches built up from below, the worn masonry of

which threatened to give way as I passed over. Now, fortunately, the tinkling of mulebells was rare, for there were few points where travellers could safely meet. Convulsion was as evident in the structure of the mountains themselves as in their forcible separation. In some places the perpendicular strata were curiously bent, as if the top had cooled rapidly and begun to lean over upon the fluid ascending mass. The summits assumed the wildest and most fantastic forms, especially about the centre of the mountain range. When I had crossed the third bridge, which is more than a league above the second, the heights fell away, the glen gradually opened, and I saw before me the purple chain of the Pyrenees, mottled with dark patches of forest, and crested with snow.

The pass of The Three Bridges has its tragic episode of recent history, in addition to those which the centuries have forgotten. Here, forty years ago, the Count of Spain, who governed Catalonia in the name of Ferdinand VII., was betrayed by his own adjutant, by whom, and by a priest named Ferrer, he was murdered. The deed is supposed to have been committed at the instigation of Don Carlos. A stone was tied to the corpse, and it was flung from the rocks into the torrent of the Segre. The place breathes of vengeance and death; and one seems to inhale a new air when he emerges into the *conque* of Le Pla, after being inclosed for two hours within those terrible gates.

It was a double delight to me to come upon lush

meadows, and smell the vernal sweetness of the flowering grass. Leaving the river on my left, I struck eastward along the sides of clayey hills, with slopes of vine above me, and the broad green meadows below. The vegetation had already a more northern character; clumps of walnut, poplar, and willow grew by the brook-sides, and the fields of wheat were not yet ripe for harvest. I passed a picturesque, tumbling village called Arfa, crossed the Segre for the last time, and then rode onward into a valley several miles in diameter, the bed of which was broken by rounded hills. This was the Valley of Urgel, or "the See,"—*el seú*, as it is called by the people in their dialect. The term recalls the days when the bishop was a sovereign prince, and his see a temporal, as well as ecclesiastical, government.

Juan pointed out a fortress in advance, which I supposed to be the town. Near it, on the slope of the hill, there was a mass of buildings, baking in the afternoon sun; and I know not which was most melancholy, the long lines of cracked, deserted ramparts on the hill, or the crumbling, uninhabited houses on the slope below. I did not see six persons in the place, which was not Urgel, but Castel Ciudad. The former city is a mile farther, seated in the centre of the plain. I saw, on my left, the mouth of a glen of the Pyrenees, and guessed, before the groom said so, that within its depths lay the forgotten Republic of Andorra. The Valira, the one stream of the Republic, poured upon

the plain its cold green waters, which I forded, in several channels, before reaching the gates of Urgel.

Juan had cheered me with the promise of a good inn. The exterior of the house was, if anything, a trifle meaner than that of the neighbouring houses; the entrance was through a stable, and the kitchen and public room very dirty; yet, these once passed, I entered a clean, spacious, and even elegant bedroom. A door therefrom opened upon a paved terrace, with a roof of vine and a superb view of the Pyrenees; and hither, as I sat and rested my weary bones, came the landlord, and praised the country. There was inexhaustible coal in the mountains, he said; there was iron in the water; the climate was the best in Spain; people were healthy and lived long—and the only thing wanting was a road to some part of the world.

The towns through which I had passed seemed as old and lonely as any towns could well be; but they are tame beside the picturesque antiquity of Urgel. Nothing seems to have been changed here since the twelfth century. The streets are narrow and gloomy, but almost every house rests on massive arches, which form continuous arcades, where the mechanics sit and ply their avocations. The vistas of these arched passages are closed either with a single building of very primitive and ponderous architecture, or by the stones of a wall as old as the times of the Moors. The place is like a gallery of old sepia drawings. I attracted the usual wonder, as I loitered through the gloom of

the arcades; work was suspended while I passed, and tongues were silent. When I entered the venerable cathedral, which was finished six hundred years ago, the solitary worshipper stopped in the midst of an *ave*, and stared at me with open mouth. The spacious Gothic nave, however, was less attractive than the pictures outside; so I passed from the interior to the exterior shadows—one about as dense as the other. Presently I came upon a massive house, with a magnificent flat-roofed arbour of grapes beside it, and was saying to myself that there was one fortunate person in the poverty-stricken capital, when the door opened and Don Basilio came forth with sweeping cassock and enormous hat. A little farther, I found myself in a small plaza, one side of which was occupied by a building resembling a fortress. Over the door I read the inscription, "Princeps soberan del Valls de Andorra." This was the residence of the bishop, who claims the title of sovereign of the little republic; his powers, in fact, being scarcely more than nominal.

I was tempted to present myself to his Reverence, and state my intention of visiting Andorra; but my information with regard to the republic was so vague that I knew not how such a visit might be regarded. I might be creating difficulty where none existed. With this prudent reflection I returned to the inn, and engaged a fresh horse and guide for the morrow, sending Juan back to Cardona. It was but an hour's ride, the landlord said, to the frontier. The region of

ill-repute lay behind me; the difficult bridle-roads were passed, and all evil predictions had come to naught. Byeways are better than highways, and if an intelligent young American, who knows the Spanish language, will devote a year to the byeways of Spain, living with the people and in their fashion, he will find that all the good books of observation and adventure have not yet been written.

# THE REPUBLIC OF THE PYRENEES.

## THE REPUBLIC OF THE PYRENEES.

THERE are remote, forgotten corners of history, as there are of geography. When Halévy brought out his opera *Le Val d'Andorre*, the name meant no more to the most of those who heard it than the Valley of Rasselas to our ears,—a sound, locating a fiction. But the critic, who must seem to know everything, opened one of his lexicons, and discovered that Andorra was an actual valley, buried in the heart of the Pyrenees. Furthermore, he learned, for the first time, that its territory was an independent republic, preserved intact since the days of Charlemagne; that both France and Spain, incredible as the fact may appear, have always scrupulously respected the rights granted to its inhabitants more than a thousand years ago. While the existence of every other state has in turn been menaced, while hundreds of treaties have been made only to be broken, here is a place where, like the castle of the Sleeping Beauty, time has stood still, and History shut up her annals.

Napoleon, when a deputation from the little republic visited him in Paris, said: "I have heard of this Andorra, and have purposely abstained from touching it, because I thought it ought to be preserved as a political

curiosity." Louis Philippe, thirty years later, exclaimed: "What! is it possible that I have a neighbour whose name I never heard before?" I suspect that the name of Andorra on the excellent German maps, which overlook nothing, was the first indication of the existence of the state to many of those who are now acquainted with it. It was so in my case. From noting its position, and seeing its contracted boundaries, so carefully marked out, I went further, and picked up what fragments of information could be found in French and German geographical works. These were sufficiently curious to inspire me with the design of visiting the valley.

On reaching Urgel, in the Spanish Pyrenees, I was within a league of the Andorran frontier. My way thither lay through the deep gorge out of which the river Valira issues, on its way to the Segre. The bald, snow-streaked summits in the north belonged to the territory of the republic, but whatever of life and labour it contained was buried out of sight in their breast. Nevertheless, the vague, and sometimes threatening, reports of the people which had reached me at a distance here vanished. Everybody knew Andorra, and spoke well of it. I had some difficulty in finding a horse, which the landlord declared was on account of the unpractical shape and weight of my valise; but, when I proposed going on foot, an animal was instantly produced. The arrieros could not let a good bargain slip out of their hands.

It was a wonderful morning in mid June. The shadow of the Pyrenees still lay cool upon the broad basin

of Urgel: but the brown ramparts of Castel Ciudad on the rocks, and all the western heights, sparkled in sunshine. I found a nimble mountain pony waiting for me at the door of the inn, and Julian, my guide, a handsome fellow of twenty, in rusty velvet jacket and breeches, and scarlet Phrygian cap. A skin as brown as an Arab's; an eye full of inexpressible melancholy; a grave, silent, but not gloomy nature—all these had Julian; yet he was the very companion for such a journey. He strode from the gate of Urgel with a firm, elastic step, and I followed through the gray olive orchards across the plain. The lower terraces of the mountain were silvery with the olive; but when the path turned into the gorge of the Valira, the landscape instantly changed. On one side, rose a rocky wall; on the other, meadows of blossoming grass, divided by thickets of alder and willow, slanted down to the rapid stream, the noise of which could scarcely be heard for the songs of the nightingales. Features like these, simple as they may seem, sometimes have a singular power to warm one's anticipations of what lies beyond. There is a *promise* in certain scenery; wherein it exists I cannot tell, but I have felt it frequently, and have never yet been disappointed.

After I had threaded the gorge for two miles, it expanded into a narrow valley, where the little Spanish village of Arcacel lay huddled among the meadows. Beyond it, the mountains closed together again, forming an almost impassable cañon, along the sides of which

the path was laboriously notched. There were a great many people abroad, and Julian was obliged to go in advance, and select spots where my horse could pass their mules without one or the other being pushed into the abyss below. Some of those I met were probably Andorrans, but I found as yet no peculiarities of face or costume. This is the only road from Spain into the republic, and is very rarely, if ever, traversed by a foreign tourist. The few persons who have visited Andorra, made their way into the valley from the side of France.

As I rode forward, looking out, from time to time, for some mark which would indicate the frontier, I recalled what little I had learned of the origin of the republic. There is not much which the most patient historian could establish as positive fact; but the traditions of the people and the few records which they have allowed to be published run nearly parallel, and are probably as exact as most of the history of the ninth century. On one point all the accounts agree—that the independence of the valley sprang indirectly from the struggle between the Franks and Saracens. When the latter possessed themselves of the Peninsula, in the beginning of the eighth century, a remnant of the Visigoths took refuge in this valley, whence, later, they sent to Charlemagne, imploring assistance. After Catalonia had been reconquered, the Emperor—so runs the popular tradition—gave them the valley as a reward for their bravery in battle. The more probable account is,

that Charlemagne sent his son, Louis le Débonnaire, who followed the last remnants of the Saracen army up the gorge of the Valira, and defeated them on the spot where the town of Andorra now stands. After the victory, he gave the valley to certain of his soldiers, releasing them from all allegiance except to himself. This was in the year 805. What is called the "Charter of Charlemagne," by some of the French writers, is evidently this grant of his son.

Within the following century, however, certain difficulties arose, which disturbed the inhabitants of the little state less than their powerful neighbours. Charlemagne had previously given, it appears, the tithes of all the region to Possidonius, Bishop of Urgel, and the latter insisted on retaining his right. Moreover, Charles the Bald, in 843, presented to Siegfrid, Count of Urgel, the right of sovereignty over Andorra, which Louis le Débonnaire had reserved for himself and his successors. Thus the spiritual and temporal lords of Urgel came in direct conflict, and the question remained undecided for two centuries; the Andorrans, meanwhile, quietly attending to their own affairs, and consolidating the simple framework of their government. Finally, at the consecration of the Cathedral of Urgel, in the year 1040, the widowed Countess Constance publicly placed the sovereignty claimed by her house in the hands of Bishop *Heribald*. (How curious it seems to find the name of Garibaldi occurring in this obscure history!) But this gift of Constance was not respected

by her successors, and the trouble broke out anew in the following century. We have but a meagre chain of detached incidents, yet what passion, what intrigue, what priestly thirst of power and jealous resistance on the part of the nobles are suggested, as we follow the scanty record! The Bishop of Urgel triumphs to this day, as he reads the inscription over his palace-door; "Princeps soberan del Valls de Andorra."

At the end of the twelfth century, Arnald, Count of Castelbo, purchased certain privileges in the valley from Ermengol, Count of Urgel. The sale was resisted by the bishop, and a war ensued, in which the latter was defeated. Raymond-Roger, Count of Foix, was then called to aid the episcopal cause—his promised reward being a share in the sovereignty of Andorra, the territory of which bordered his own. Notwithstanding he was victorious, having taken and sacked the city of Urgel, he seems to have considered his claim to the reward still insecure. In the year 1202, he married his son and successor, Roger-Bernard II., to the daughter and only child of the Count of Castelbo. Thus the Bishop of Urgel saw the assumption of sovereignty which he had resisted transferred to the powerful house of Foix. It is stated, however, that, in all the wars which followed, both parties refrained from touching the disputed territory, in order that the value of the revenue expected from it might not be diminished. The Andorrans themselves, though certainly not unconcerned, remained perfectly passive. The fastnesses of the Pyrenees on all

sides of them resounded with the noise of war, while they, one generation after another, tended their flocks and cultivated their fields.

The quarrel (and it is almost the end of all history relating to Andorra) came to a close in the year 1278. Roger-Bernard III., of Foix, before the gates of Urgel, which must soon have yielded to him, accepted the proposal for an arbitration—Don Pedro of Aragon having offered his name as security for the fulfilment of the terms which might be agreed upon. Two priests and four knights were the arbitrators; and the *Pariatges* (Partitions) which they declared on the 7th of September of the year already mentioned settled the question of the sovereignty of Andorra from that day to this. Its principal features were, that a slight tribute should be paid by the people, on alternate years, to the Counts of Foix and the Bishops of Urgel; and that certain officials of the Valley should, in like manner, be named alternately by the two parties. In all other respects, the people were left free. The neutrality of their territory, which had been so marvellously preserved for four centuries and a half, was re-affirmed; and it has never since been violated. During the wars of Napoleon, a French army appeared on the frontiers of the republic, with the intention of marching through it into Spain; but on the judges and consuls representing to the commanding general the sacred neutrality of their valley, he turned about and chose another route.

The house of Foix became merged in that of Béarn,

and the inheritance of the latter, in turn, passed into the hands of the Bourbons. Thus the crown of France succeeded to the right reserved by Louis le Débonnaire, and presented by Charles the Bald to Siegfrid, Count of Urgel. The Andorrans, who look upon their original charter as did the Hebrews on their Ark of the Covenant, consider that the *Pariatges* are equally sanctioned by time and the favour of God; and, so far from feeling that the tribute is a sign of subjection, they consider that it really secures their independence. They therefore do not allow the revolutions, the change of dynasties which France has undergone, to change their relation to the governing power. They were filled with dismay, when, in 1793, the representative of the French Republic in Foix refused to accept the tribute on the ground that it was a relic of the feudal system. For six or seven years thereafter they feared that the end of things was at hand; but the establishment of the Empire, paradoxical as it may appear, secured to them their republic. They seem never to have considered that the refusal of the French authorities gave them a valid pretext to cease the further payment of the tribute.

This is the sum and substance of the history of Andorra. No one can help feeling that a wholly exceptional fortune has followed this handful of people. All other rights given by Charlemagne and his successors became waste paper long since: the Counts of Urgel, the houses of Foix and Béarn, have disappeared,

and the Bourbons have ceased to reign in France,—yet the government of the little republic preserves the same forms which were established in the ninth century, and the only relations which at present connect it with the outer world date from the year 1278. I endeavoured to impress these facts upon my mind, as the gorge opened into a narrow green valley, blocked up in front by the Andorran mountains. I recalled that picturesque legend of the knight of the Middle Ages, who, penetrating into some remote nook of the Apennines, found a forgotten Roman city, where the people still kept their temples and laid their offerings on the altars of the gods. The day was exquisitely clear and sunny; the breezes of the Pyrenees blew away every speck of vapour from the mountains, but I saw everything softly through that veil which the imagination weaves for us.

Presently we came upon two or three low houses. At the door of the farthest, two Spanish soldiers were standing, one of whom stepped forward when he saw me. A picture of delay, examination, bribery, rose in my mind. I assumed a condescending politeness, saluted the man gravely, and rode forward. To my great surprise no summons followed. I kept on my way without looking back, and in two minutes was out of Spain. Few travellers have ever left the kingdom so easily.

The features of the scenery remained the same—narrow, slanting shelves of grass and grain, the Valira foaming below, and the great mountains of gray rock

towering into the sky. In another half-hour I saw the little town of San Julian de Loria, one of the six municipalities of Andorra. As old and brown as Urgel, or the villages along the Rio Segre, it was in no wise to be distinguished from them. The massive stone walls of the houses were nearly black; the roofs of huge leaves of slate were covered with a red rust; and there were no signs that anything had been added or taken away from the place for centuries. As my horse clattered over the dirty paving-stones, mounting the one narrow, twisted street, the people came to the doors, and looked upon me with a grave curiosity. I imagined at once that they were different from the Catalans, notwithstanding they spoke the same dialect, and wore very nearly the same costume. The expression of their faces was more open and fearless; a *cheerful* gravity marked their demeanour. I saw that they were both self-reliant and contented.

While Julian stopped to greet some of his friends, I rode into a very diminutive plaza, where some thirty or forty of the inhabitants were gossiping together. An old man, dressed in pale blue jacket and knee-breeches, with a red scarf around his waist, advanced to meet me, lifting his scarlet cap in salutation.

"This is no longer Spain?" I asked.

"It is neither France nor Spain," said he; "it is Andorra."

"The Republic of Andorra?"

"They call it so."

"I am also a citizen of a republic," I then said; but, although his interest was evidently excited, he asked me no questions. The Andorran reserve is proverbial throughout Catalonia; and as I had already heard of it, I voluntarily gave as much information respecting myself as was necessary. A number of men, young and old, had by this time collected and listened attentively. Those who spoke Spanish mingled in the conversation, which, on my part, was purposely guarded. Some degree of confidence, however, seemed to be already established. They told me that they were entirely satisfied with their form of government and their secluded life; that they were poor, but much wealth would be of no service to them, and, moreover (which was true), that they were free because they were poor. When Julian appeared, he looked with surprise upon the friendly circle around me, but said nothing. It was still two hours to *Andorra la Vella* (Old Andorra), the capital, which I had decided to make my first resting-place; so I said, "Adios!"—all the men responding, "Dios guardia!"

Beyond the village I entered upon green meadow-land, shaded by grand walnut-trees, mounds of the richest foliage. The torrent of Aviña came down through a wild glen on the left, to join the Valira, and all the air vibrated with the sound of waters and the incessant songs of the nightingales. People from the high, unseen mountain farms and pasture-grounds met me on their way to San Julian; and their greeting was always

"God guard you!"—hinting of the days when travel was more insecure than now. When the mountains again contracted, and the path clung to the sides of upright mountain walls, Julian went in advance, and warned the coming muleteers. Vegetation ceased, except the stubborn clumps of box, which had fastened themselves in every crevice of the precipices; and the nightingales, if any had ventured into the gloomy gorge, were silent. For an hour I followed its windings, steadily mounting all the while; then the rocks began to lean away, the smell of flowering grass came back to the air, and I saw, by the breadth of blue sky opening ahead, that we were approaching the Valley of Andorra.

The first thing that met my eyes was a pretty pastoral picture. Some rills from the melting snows had been caught and turned into an irrigating canal, the banks of which were so overgrown with brambles and wild-flowers that it had become a natural stream. Under a gnarled, wide-armed ilex sat a father, with his two youngest children; two older ones gathered flowers in the sun; and the mother, with a basket in her hand, paused to look at me in the meadow below. The little ones laughed and shouted; the father watched them with bright happy eyes, and over and around them the birds sang without fear. And this is the land of smugglers and robbers! I thought. Turning in the saddle, I watched the group as long as it was visible.

When I set my face forward again, it was with a sudden catch of the breath and a cry of delight. The

promise of the morning was fulfilled; beautiful beyond anticipation was the landscape expanded before me. It was a valley six miles in length, completely walled in by immense mountains, the bases of which, withdrawn in the centre, left a level bed of meadows, nearly a mile broad, watered by the winding Valira. Terraces of grain, golden below, but still green above, climbed far up the slopes; then forest and rock succeeded; and finally the gray pinnacles, with snow in their crevices, stood mantled in their own shadows. Near the centre of the valley, on a singular rocky knoll, the old houses and square tower of Andorra were perched, as if watching over the scene. In front, where the river issued from a tremendous split between two interlocking mountains, I could barely distinguish the houses of Escaldas from the cliffs to which they clung. Nothing could be simpler and grander than the large outlines of the scene, nothing lovelier than its minuter features,—so wonderfully suggesting both the garden and the wilderness, the fresh green of the north and the hoary hues and antique forms of the south. Brimming with sunshine and steeped in delicious odours, the valley—after the long, dark gorge I had threaded—seemed to flash and sparkle with a light unknown to other lands.

Shall I ever forget the last three miles of my journey? Crystal waters rushed and murmured beside my path; great twisted ilex-trees sprang from the masses of rock; mounds of snowy eglantine or purple clematis crowned the cliffs or hung from them like

folded curtains; and the dark shadows of walnut and poplar lay upon the lush fields of grass and flowers. The nightingale and thrush sang on the earth, and the lark in the air; and even the melancholy chant of the young farmer in his fields seemed to be only that soft undercurrent of sadness which was needed to make the brightness and joy of the landscape complete.

Climbing the rocks to the capital, I was pleasantly surprised to see the sign "Hostal" before I had made more than two turns of the winding street. The English guides, both for France and Spain, advise the adventurous tourist who wishes to visit Andorra to take his provender with him, since nothing can be had in the valley. A friendly host came to the door, and welcomed me. Dinner, he said, would be ready in an hour and a half; but the appearance of the cheerful kitchen into which I was ushered so provoked my already ravenous hunger than an omelette was made instantly, and Julian and I shared it between us. An upper room, containing a coarse but clean bed, which barely found room for itself in a wilderness of saddles and harness, was given to me, and I straightway found myself at home in Andorra. So much for guide-books!

I went forth to look at the little capital before dinner. Its population is less than one thousand; the houses are built of rudely broken stones of schist or granite, and roofed with large sheets of slate. The streets seem to have been originally located where the surface of the rock rendered them possible; but there

are few of them, and what the place has to show may be speedily found. I felt at once the simple, friendly, hospitable character of the people: they saluted me as naturally and genially as if I had been an old acquaintance. Before I had rambled many minutes, I found myself before the *Casa del Valls*, the House of Government. It is an ancient, cracked building, but when erected I could not ascertain. The front is simple and massive, with three irregular windows, and a large arched entrance. A tower at one corner threatens to fall from want of repair. Over the door is the inscription: "Domus consilii, sedes justitiæ." There is also a marble shield, containing the arms of the Republic, and apparently inserted at a more recent date. The shield is quartered with the mitre and crosier of the Bishop of Urgel, the four crimson bars of Catalonia, the three bars on an azure field of Foix, and the cows of Béarn. Under the shield is sculptured the Latin verse:—

"Suspice: sunt vallis neutrius stemmata; suntque
Regna, quibus gaudent nobiliora tegi:
Singula si populos alios, Andorra, beabunt,
Quidni juncta ferent aurea secla tibi!"

I suspect, although I have no authority for saying so, that this verse comes from Fiter, the only scholar Andorra ever produced, who flourished in the beginning of the last century. The ground-floor of the building consists of stables, where the members of the council lodge their horses when they meet officially. A

tumbling staircase leads to the second story, which is the council-hall, containing a table and three chairs on a raised platform, a picture of Christ between the windows, and oaken benches around the walls. The great object of interest, however, is a massive chest, built into the wall, and closed with six strong iron locks, connected by a chain. This contains the archives of Andorra, including, as the people devoutly believe, the original charters of Charlemagne and Louis le Débonnaire. Each consul of the six parishes is intrusted with the keeping of one key, and the chest can only be opened when all six are present. It would be quite impossible for a stranger to get a sight of the contents. The archives are said to be written on sheets of lead, on palm-leaves, on parchment, or on paper, according to the age from which they date. The chest also contains the "Politar," or Annals of Andorra, with a digest of the laws, compiled by the scholar Fiter. The government did not allow the work to be published, but there is another manuscript copy in the possession of the Bishop of Urgel.

I climbed the huge mass of rock behind the building, and sat down upon its crest to enjoy the grand, sunny picture of the valley. The mingled beauty and majesty of the landscape charmed me into a day-dream, in which the old, ever-recurring question was lazily pondered, whether or not this plain, secluded, ignorant life was the happiest lot of man. But the influences of the place were too sweet and soothing for

earnest thought, and a clock striking noon recalled me to the fact that a meal was ready in the hostal. The host sat down to the table with Julian and myself, and the spout of the big-bellied Catalonian bottle overhung our mouths in succession. We had a rough but satisfactory dinner, during which I told the host who I was and why I came, thereby winning his confidence to such an extent that he presently brought me an old, dirty Spanish pamphlet, saying, "You may read this."

Seeing that it was a brief and curious account of Andorra, I asked, "Cannot I buy this or another copy?"

"No," he answered; "it is not to be bought. You can read it; but you must give it to me again."

I selected a dark corner of the kitchen, lit my cigar, and read, making rapid notes when I was not observed. The author was a nephew of one of the bishops of Urgel, and professed to have seen with his own eyes the charter of Louis le Débonnaire. That king, he stated, defeated the Saracens on the plain towards Escaldas, where the western branch of the Valira comes down from the valley of Ordino. Before the battle, a passage from the Book of Kings came into his mind: "Endor, over against Mount Tabor, where the children of Israel, preparing for war against the heathen, pitched their camp;" and after the victory he gave the valley the name of Endor, whence Andorra. The resemblance, the author innocently remarks, is indeed wonderful. In both places there are high mountains; the same kinds of trees grow (!); a river flows through each; there are lions and

leopards in Endor, and bears and wolves in Andorra! He then gives the following quotation from the charter, which was written in Latin; "The men who actually live in this country are Licindo, Laurentio, Obaronio, Antimirio, Guirinio, Suessonio, Barrulio, rustic labourers, and many others." Louis le Débonnaire returned to France by the present Porte de Fontargente, where, on the summit of the Pyrenees, he caused a chain to be stretched from rock to rock. The holes drilled for the staples of the rings are still to be seen, the people say.

When I had finished the book, I went out again, and in the shade of a willow in the meadow below, made a rough sketch of the town and the lofty Mont Anclar (*mons clavus*) behind it. As I returned, the lower part of the valley offered such lovely breadths of light and shade that I sought a place among the tangle of houses and rocks to make a second drawing. The women, with their children around them, sat at their doors, knitting and chatting. One cried out to another, as I took my seat on the ground, "Why don't you bring a chair for the cavalier?" The chair was brought immediately, and the children gathered around, watching my movements. The mothers kept them in good order, every now and then crying out, "Don't go too near, and don't stand in front!" Among themselves they talked freely about me; but, as they asked no questions, I finally said, "I understand you; if you will ask, I will answer,"—whereupon they laughed and were silent.

I have already said that reserve is a marked character-

istic of the Andorrans. No doubt it sprang originally from their consciousness of their weakness, and their fear to lose their inherited privileges by betraying too much about themselves. When one of them is questioned upon a point concerning which he thinks it best to be silent, he assumes a stupid expression of face, and appears not to understand. That afternoon a man came to me in the inn, produced a rich specimen of galena, and said, "Do you know what that is?" "Certainly," I answered; "it is the ore of lead. Where did you get it?" He put it in his pocket, looked up at the sky, and said, "What fine weather we have!" It is known that there is much lead in the mountains, yet the mines have never been worked. The people say, "We must keep poor, as our fathers have been. If we become rich, the French will want our lead and the Spaniards our silver, and then one or the other will rob us of our independence."

So well is this peculiarity of the inhabitants understood, that in Catalonia to assume ignorance is called "to play the Andorran." A student from the frontier, on entering a Spanish theological seminary, was called upon to translate the New Testament. When he came to the words, "Jesus autem tacebat," he rendered them, in perfect good faith, "Jesus played the Andorran." For the same reason, the hospitality of the people is of a passive rather than of an active character. The stranger may enter any house in the valley, take his seat at the family board, and sleep under the shelter of

the roof; he is free to come and go; no questions are asked, although voluntary information is always gladly received. They would be scarcely human if it were not so.

The principal features of the system of government which these people have adopted may be easily described. They have no written code of laws, the *Politar* being only a collection of precedents in certain cases, accessible to the consuls and judges, and to them alone. When we come to examine the modes in which they are governed,—procedures which, based on long custom, have all the force of law,—we find a singular mixture of the elements of democracy, aristocracy, and monarchy. The sovereignty of France and the Bishop of Urgel is acknowledged in the appointment of the two *viguiers* (*vicarii*), who, it is true, are natives of the valley, and devoted to its interests. In all other respects the forms are democratic; but the circumstance that the officials are unpaid, that they must be married, and that they must be members of families in good repute, has gradually concentrated the government in the hands of a small number of families, by whom it is virtually inherited. Moreover, the law of primogeniture prevails to the fullest extent, still further lessening the number of qualified persons.

The Republic consists of six communes, or parishes, each of which elects two consuls and two councillors, whose term of service is four years; one official of each class being elected every two years. There is no

restriction of the right of suffrage. The twenty-four officials form the deliberative body, or Grand Council, who alone have the power of electing the Syndic, the executive head of the government. He is chosen for life; he presides over the Council, and carries its decisions into effect, yet is responsible to it for his actions. Only half the Council being chosen at one time, the disadvantage of having an entirely new set of men suddenly placed in office is obviated. The arrangement, in fact, is the same which we have adopted in regard to the election of United States' senators.

The consuls, in addition, have their municipal duties. Each one names ten petty magistrates, called decurions, whose functions are not much more important than those of our constables. They simply preserve order, and assist in bringing offences to light. All the persons of property, or who exercise some useful mechanical art, form what is called the Parish Council, whose business it is to raise the proportionate share of the tribute, to apportion the pastures, fix the amount of wood to be sold (part of the revenue of Andorra being derived from the forests), and to regulate all ordinary local matters. These councils, of course, are self-existing; every person who is not poor and insignificant taking his place naturally in them. No one can be chosen as consul who is under thirty years of age, who has not been married, who is blind, deaf, deformed, or epileptic, who is addicted to drink, or who has committed any offence against the laws.

The functions of the parish councils and the Grand Council of the Republic are carefully separated. The former have charge of inns, forges, bakeries, weaving, and the building of dwelling-houses; the latter has control of the forests, the ways of communication, the chase, the fisheries, the finances, and the building of all edifices of a public character. It has five sessions a year. Its members are not paid, but they are lodged and fed, during these sessions, at the public expense. Each parish owns two double-beds in the upper story of the *Casa del Valls* at Andorra; in each bed sleep two consuls or two councillors. There is a kitchen, with an enormous pot, in which their frugal meals are cooked, and a dining-room in which they are served. Formerly their sessions were held in the churchyard, among the tombs, as if to render them more solemnly impressive; but this practice has long been discontinued.

The expenses of the state, one will readily guess, must be very slight. The tribute paid to France is nineteen hundred and twenty francs; that to the Bishop of Urgel, eight hundred and forty-two francs—an average of two hundred and seventy-five dollars per annum. The direct tax is five cents annually for each person; but a moderate revenue is derived from the sale of wood and charcoal, and the rent of pastures on the northern slope of the Pyrenees. Import, export, and excise duties, licences, and stamps are unknown, although, in civil cases, certain moderate fees are

established. The right of tithes, given by Charlemagne to Possidonius, remains in force; but they are generally paid in kind; and in return the Bishop of Urgel, who appoints the priests, contributes to their support. The vicars, of whom there is one to each parish, are paid by the government. The inhabitants are, without exception, devout Catholics, yet it is probably ancient custom, rather than the influence of the priests, which makes them indifferent to education. The schools are so few that they hardly deserve to be mentioned. Only one man in a hundred, and one woman in five hundred, can read and write.

The two viguiers, one of whom is named by France and the other by the Bishop of Urgel, exercise the functions of judges. They are the representatives of the two sovereign powers, and their office is therefore surrounded with every mark of respect. Although nominally of equal authority, their activity is in reality very unequally divided. Usually some prominent official of the Département de l'Ariége is named on the part of France, and contents himself with an annual visit to the valley. The Bishop on the other hand, always names a native Andorran, who resides among the people, and performs the duties of both viguiers. When a new viguier is appointed, he must be solemnly installed at the capital. The members of the Grand Council then appear in their official costume —a long surtout of black cloth, with crimson facings, a red shawl around the waist, gray knee-breeches, sky

blue stockings, and shoes with silver buckles The Syndic of the Republic wears a crimson mantle; but the viguier is dressed in black, with a sword, cocked hat, and gold-headed staff. As the tribute paid to France is much larger than that paid to the Bishop, the people have voluntarily added to the latter a Christmas offering of the twelve best hams, the twelve richest cheeses, and the twelve fattest capons to be found in the six parishes.

The sovereign powers have two other representatives in addition to the viguiers. These are the *batlles* (*bailes*, bailiffs?) who are chosen from a list of six persons selected by the Grand Council. Their principal duty is to hear and decide, in the first instance, all civil and criminal cases, except those which the government specially reserves for its own judgment. The batlles, however, are called upon to prevent, rather than solve litigation. When a case occurs, they first endeavour to reconcile the parties, or substitute a private arbitration. If that fails, the case is considered; and, after the help of God is solemnly invoked, judgment is pronounced. Where the dispute involves a delicate or doubtful point, the batlle consults separately the three men of best character and most familiar with the laws who are to be found in the parish, and decides as the judgment of two of them may coincide. It rarely happens that any serious lawsuit occurs, or that any capital crime is committed. The morals of the people are guarded with equal care;

any slip from chastity is quietly looked after by the priests and officials, and the parties, if possible, legally united.

The more important cases, or appeals from the decision of the batlles, come before the Supreme Tribunal of Justice, which is composed of the two viguiers, a judge of appeal (chosen to give the casting vote when there is a difference of opinion between the viguiers,) a government prosecutor, and two *rahonadors* (pleaders) chosen for the defence by the Grand Council. This tribunal has the power to pronounce a capital sentence, which is then carried out by an executioner brought either from France or Spain.

The army, if it may be called such, consists of six hundred men, or one from each family. They are divided into six companies, according to the parishes, with a captain for each; the decurions acting as subaltern officers. The only special duty imposed upon them, beyond the occasional escort and guard of prisoners, is an annual review by the viguiers and the Grand Council, which takes place on the meadow below Andorra. The officials are seated in state around a large table, upon which a muster-roll of the army is laid. When the first name is read, the soldier to whom it belongs steps forward, discharges his musket in the air, then advances to the table and exhibits his ammunition, which must consist of a pound of powder, twenty-four balls, and as many caps. Each man is called in turn, until the whole six hundred have been thus reviewed.

Such is an outline of the mode of government and the forms of judicial procedure in this little republic. I have not thought it necessary to add the more minute details which grow naturally out of the peculiarities already described. Two things will strike the reader; first, the sufficiency of the system, quaint and singular as it may be in some respects, to the needs of the people; secondly, the skill with which they have reconciled the conditions imposed upon them by the Pariatges, in 1278, with the structure of government they had already erected. For a people so ignorant, so remote from the movement of the world, and so precariously situated, their course has been directed by a rare wisdom. No people value independence more; they have held it, with fear and trembling, as a precious gift; and for a thousand years they have taken no single step which did not tend to secure them in its possession.

According to the host's volume, the population of the towns is as follows: Andorra, 850 inhabitants; San Julian de Loria, 620; Encamp, 520; Canillo, 630; Ordino, 750; and Massana, 700. The population of the smaller hamlets, and the scattered houses of the farmers and herdsmen, will probably amount to about as many more, which would give eight thousand persons as the entire population of the state. I believe this estimate to be very nearly correct. It is a singular circumstance, that the number has not materially changed for centuries. Emigration from the

valley has been rare until recent times; the climate is healthy; the people an active, vigorous race; and there must be some unusual cause for this lack of increase. A young man, a native of the parish of Ordino, with whom I had a long conversation in the evening, gave me some information upon this point. The life of families in Andorra is still regulated on the old patriarchal plan. The landed property descends to the oldest son or daughter, or, in default of direct issue, to the nearest relative. This, indeed, is not the law, which gives only a third to the chief inheritor, and divides the remainder equally among the other members of the family. But it has become a custom stronger than law—a custom which is now never violated—to preserve the old possessions intact. The *caps*, or heads of families, are held in such high estimation, that all other family and even personal rights are subordinate to theirs. They are rich and respected, while the younger brothers and sisters, who, by this arrangement, may be left too poor to marry, cheerfully accept a life of celibacy. "I am a younger son," said my informant, "but I have been able to marry, because I went down into Catalonia, entered into business, and made some money." When a daughter inherits, she is required to marry the nearest relative permitted by canonical law, who takes her family name and perpetuates it.

In the course of centuries, however, the principal families have become so inter-related that their interests frequently require marriages within the prohibited de-

grees. In this case the Andorran undertakes a journey to Rome, to procure a special dispensation from the Pope. He is generally the representative of other parties, similarly situated, who assist in defraying the expenses of the journey. After a collective dispensation has been issued, all the marriages must be celebrated by proxy—the Andorran and a Roman woman who is paid for the service representing, in turn, each bridal pair at home. The latter must afterwards perform public penance in church, kneeling apart from the other worshippers, with lighted tapers in their hands and ashes upon their heads.

Owing to the strictness of these domestic laws, the remarkable habit of self-control among the people, and the careful guard over their morals exercised by the officials, they have become naturally virtuous, and hence great freedom of social intercourse is permitted among the sexes. Their sports and pleasures are characterised by a pastoral simplicity and temperance. Excesses are very rare because all ages and classes of both sexes meet together, and the presence of the priests and *caps grossos* (chief men) acts as a check upon the young men. At the festival of some patron saint of the valley, mass in the chapel is followed by a festive meal in the open air, after which the priest himself gives the signal for the dances to commence. The lads and lasses then assemble on a smooth piece of turf, where the sounds of bagpipe and tambourine set their feet in motion. The old people are not always gossiping spectators, speculat-

ing on the couples that move before them in the rude, wild dances of the mountains; they often enter the lists, and hold their ground with the youngest.

Thus, in spite of acquired reserve and predetermined poverty, the life of the Andorrans has its poetical side. The republic has produced one historian (perhaps I should say compiler), but no author; and only Love, the source and soul of Art, keeps alive a habit of improvisation in the young which they appear to lose as they grow older. During Carnival, a number of young men in the villages assemble under the balcony of some chosen girl, and praise, in turn, in words improvised to a familiar melody, her charms of person and of character. When this trial of the Minnesingers begins to lag for want of words or ideas, the girl makes her appearance on the balcony, and with a cord lets down to her admirers a basket containing cakes of her own baking, bottles of wine, and sausages. Before Easter, the unmarried people make bets, which are won by whoever, on Easter morning, can first catch the other and cry out, "It is Easter, the eggs are mine!" Tricks, falsehoods, and deceptions of all kinds are permitted; the young man may even surprise the maiden in bed, if he can succeed in doing so. Afterwards they all assemble in public, relate their tricks, eat their Easter eggs, and finish the day with songs and dances.

Two ruling ideas have governed the Andorrans for centuries past, and seem to have existed independent of any special tradition. One is, that they must not be

come rich; the other, that no feature of their government must be changed. The former condition is certainly the more difficult of fulfilment, since they have had frequent opportunities of increasing their wealth. There is one family which, on account of the land that has fallen to it by inheritance, would be considered rich in any country; half a dozen others possessing from twenty to thirty thousand dollars; and a large number who are in comfortable circumstances simply because their needs are so few. I had heard that a party opposed to the old traditional ideas was growing up among the young men, but it was not so easy to obtain information on the subject. When I asked the gentleman from Ordino about it, he "acted the Andorran,"—put on an expression of face almost idiotic, and talked of something else. He and two others with whom I conversed during the evening admitted, however, that a recent concession of the government (of which I shall presently speak) was the entering wedge by which change would probably come upon the hitherto changeless republic.

With the exception of this incommunicativeness,—in itself rather an interesting feature,—no people could have been more kind and friendly. When I went to bed among the saddles and harness in the little room, I no longer felt that I was a stranger in the place. All that I had heard of the hospitality of the people seemed to be verified by their demeanour. I remembered how faithfully they had asserted the neutrality of their territory in behalf of political exiles from France and Spain.

General Cabrera, Armand Carrel, and Ferdinand Flocon have at different times found a refuge among them. Although the Government reserves the right to prohibit residence to any person whose presence may threaten the peace of the valley, I have not heard that the right was ever exercised. Andorra has been an ark of safety to strangers, as well as an inviolate home of freedom to its own inhabitants.

Julian called me at four o'clock, to resume our journey up the valley, and the host made a cup of chocolate while my horse was being saddled. Then I rode forth into the clear, cold air, which the sun of the Pyrenees had not yet warmed. The town is between three and four thousand feet above the sea, and the limit of the olive-tree is found in one of its sheltered gardens. As I issued from the houses, and took a rugged path along the base of Mont Anclar, the village of Escaldas and the great gorge in front lay in a cold, broad mantle of shadow, while the valley was filled to its topmost brims with splendid sunshine. I looked between the stems of giant ilexes upon the battle-field of Louis le Débonnaire. Then came a yawning chasm, down which foamed the western branch of the Valira, coming from an upper valley in which lie the parishes of Ordino and Massana. The two valleys thus form a Y, giving the territory of Andorra a rough triangular shape, about forty miles in length — its base, some thirty miles in breadth, overlapping the Pyrenees, and its point nearly touching the Rio Segre, at Urgel.

A bridge of a single arch spanned the chasm, the bottom of which was filled with tumbling foam; while every ledge of rock, above and below, was draped with eglantine, wild fig, clematis, and ivy. Thence, onward towards Escaldas, my path lay between huge masses which had fallen from the steeps, and bowers completely snowed over with white roses, wherein the nightingales were just beginning to awaken. Then, one by one, the brown houses above me clung like nests to the rocks, with little gardens hanging on seemingly inaccessible shelves. I entered the enfolding shadows, and, following the roar of waters, soon found myself at Escaldas—a place as wonderfully picturesque as Ronda or Tivoli, directly under the tremendous perpendicular walls of the gorge; the arrowy Valira sweeping the foundations of the houses on one side, while the dark masses of rock crowded against and separated them on the other. From the edge of the river, and between the thick foliage of ilex and box behind the houses, rose thin columns of steam, marking the hot springs whence the place (*aguas caldas*) was named.

Crossing the river, I halted at the first of these springs, and took a drink. Some old people who collected informed me that there were ten in all, besides a number of cold mineral fountains, furnishing nine different kinds of water—all of which, they said, possessed wonderful healing properties. There were both iron and sulphur in that which I tasted. A little farther, a rude fulling-mill was at work in the open air;

and in a forge on the other side of the road three blacksmiths were working the native iron of the mountains. A second and third hot spring followed; then a fourth, in which a number of women were washing clothes. All this in the midst of a chaos of rock, water, and foliage.

These springs of Escaldas have led to the concession which the Andorrans described to me as opening a new, and, I fear, not very fortunate, phase of their history. The exploiters of the gambling interest of France, on the point of being driven from Wiesbaden, Homburg, and Baden-Baden, ransacked Europe for a point where they might at the same time ply their business and attract the fashionable world. They detected Andorra; and by the most consummate diplomacy they have succeeded in allaying the suspicions of the Government, in neutralizing the power of its ancient policy, and in acquiring privileges which, harmless as they seem, may in time wholly subvert the old order of things. It is impossible that this result could have been accomplished unless a party of progress, the existence of which has been hinted, has really grown up among the people. The French speculators, I am told, undertake to build a carriage-road across the Pyrenees; to erect bathing-establishments and hotels on a magnificent scale at Escaldas, and to conduct the latter, under the direction of the authorities of Andorra, for a period of forty years, at the end of which time the latter shall be placed in possession of the roads, buildings, and all other im-

provements. The expense of the undertaking is estimated at ten millions of francs. A theatre and a bank (faro?) are among the features of the speculation. Meanwhile, until the carriage-road shall be built, temporary hotels and gaming-houses are to be erected in the valley of the Ariège, on the French side of the Pyrenees, but within the territory belonging to Andorra.

I do not consider it as by any means certain that the plan will be carried out; but if it should be, the first step towards the annexation of Andorra to France will have been taken. In any case, I am glad to have visited the republic while it is yet shut from the world.

Behind Escaldas an affluent of the Valira dashed down the mountain on the right, breaking the rich masses of foliage with silver gleams. I halted on the summit of the first rocky rampart, and turned to take a last view of the valley. What a picture! I stood in the deep shadow of the mountains, in the heart of a wilderness of rocks which towered out of evergreen verdure, and seemed to vibrate amidst the rush, the foam, and the thunder of streams. The houses of the village, clinging to and climbing the sides of the opening pass, made a dark frame, through which the green and gold of the splendid valley, drowned in sunshine, became, by the force of contrast, limpid and luminous as a picture of the air. The rocks and houses of Old Andorra and the tower of the House of Government made the central point of the view;

dazzling meadows below and mountain terraces above basked in the faint prismatic lustre of the morning air. High up, in the rear of the crowning cliffs, I caught glimpses of Alpine pastures; and on the right, far away, streaks of snow. It was a vision never to be forgotten: it was one of the few perfect landscapes of the world.

As the path rose in rapid zigzags beside the split through which the river pours, I came upon another busy village. In an open space among the rocks there were at least a hundred bee-hives, formed of segments of the hollowed trunks of trees. They stood in rows, eight or ten feet apart; and the swarms that continually came and went seemed to have their separate paths marked out in the air. They moved softly and swiftly through each other without entanglement. After passing the gateway of the Valira, the path still mounted, and finally crept along the side of a deep trough, curving eastward. There were fields on both slopes, wherever it was possible to create them. Here I encountered a body of road-makers, whom the French speculators had set to work. They were engaged in widening the bridle-path, so that carts might pass to Escaldas from the upper valleys of Encamp and Canillo. The rock was blasted on the upper side; while, on the lower, workmen were basing the walls on projecting points of the precipice. In some places they hung over deep gulfs, adjusting the great masses of stone with equal skill and coolness.

In an hour the gorge opened upon the Valley of Encamp, which is smaller, but quite as wild and grand in its features as that of Andorra. Here the fields of rye and barley were only beginning to grow yellow, the flowers were those of an earlier season, and the ilex and box alone remained of the southern trees and shrubs. Great thickets of the latter fringed the crags. A high rock on the left served as a pedestal for a church, with a tall square belfry, which leaned so much from the perpendicular that it was not pleasant to ride under it. The village of Encamp occupied a position similar to that of Escaldas, at the farther end of the valley, and in the opening of another gorge, the sides of which are so closely interfolded that the river appears to issue out of the very heart of the mountain. It is a queer, dirty, mouldy old place. Even the immemorial rocks of the Pyrenees look new and fresh beside the dark rust of its walls. The people had mostly gone away to their fields and pastures; only a few old men and women, and the youngest children, sunned themselves at the doors. The main street had been paved once, but the stones were now displaced, leaving pits of mud and filth. In one place the houses were built over it, forming dark, badly smelling arches, under which I was forced to ride.

The path beyond was terribly rough and difficult, climbing the precipices with many windings, until it reached a narrow ledge far above the bed of the gorge. There were frequent shrines along the way, at the most

dangerous points; and Julian, who walked ahead, always lifted his cap and muttered a prayer as he passed them. After three or four miles of such travel, I reached the church of Merichel, on an artificial platform, cut out of the almost perpendicular side of the mountain. This is the shrine of most repute in Andorra, and the goal of many a summer pilgrimage. Here the mass, the rustic banquet, and the dance draw old and young together from all parts of the republic.

I climbed another height, following the eastern curve of the gorge, and finally saw the village of Canillo, the capital of one of the six parishes, lying below me, in the lap of a third valley. It had a brighter and fresher air than Encamp; the houses were larger and cleaner, and there were garden-plots above them. In this valley the grain was quite green; the ilex had disappeared, making way for the poplar and willow, but the stubborn box still held its ground. In every bush on the banks of Valira sat a nightingale; the little brown bird sings most lustily where the noise of water accompanies his song. I never saw him so fearless; I could have touched many of the ministrels with my hand as I passed.

At Canillo I crossed the Valira, and thenceforward the path followed its western bank. This valley was closed, like all the others, by a pass cloven through the mountains. Upon one of the natural bastions guarding it there is an ancient tower, which the people say was built by the Saracens before the Frank conquest.

The passage of the gorge which followed was less rugged than the preceding ones,—an indication of my approach to the summit of the Pyrenees. In following the Rio Segre and the Valira, I had traversed *eight* of those tremendous defiles, varying from one to six miles in length; and the heart of the mountain region, where the signs of force and convulsion always diminish, was now attained. One picture on the way was so lovely that I stopped and drew it. In the centre of the valley, on a solitary rock, stood an ancient church and tower, golden-brown in the sun. On the right were mountains clothed with forests of pine and fir; in the distance, fields of snow. All the cleared slopes were crimson with the Alpine-rose, a dwarf variety of rhododendron. Perfect sunshine covered the scene, and the purest of breezes blew over it. Here and there a grain-field clung to the crags, or found a place among their tumbled fragments, but no living being was to be seen.

The landscapes were now wholly northern, except the sun and sky. Aspens appeared on the heights, shivering among the steady pines. After a time I came to a point where there were two valleys, two streams, and two paths. Julian took the left, piloting me over grassy meadows, where the perfume from beds of daffodil was almost too powerful to breathe. On one side, all the mountain was golden with broom-flowers; on the other, a mass of fiery crimson, from the Alpine-rose. The valley was dotted with scattered cottages of the herdsmen, as in Switzerland. In front there were two

snowy peaks, with a "saddle" between—evidently one of the *portes* of the Pyrenees; yet I saw no indications of the hamlet of Soldeu, which we must pass. Julian shouted to a herdsman, who told us we had taken the wrong valley. The porte before us was that of Fontargente, across which Louis le Débonnaire stretched his chain on leaving Andorra.

We retraced our steps, and in half an hour reached Soldeu, in a high, bleak pasture-valley, where cultivation ceases. It is at least six thousand feet above the sea, and the vegetation is that of the high Alps. We were nearly famished, and, as there was no sign of a "hostal," entered the first house. The occupant, a woman, offered to give us what she had, but said that there was another family who made a business of entertaining travellers, and we would there be better served. We found the house, and truly, after waiting an hour, were refreshed by a surprising dinner of five courses. There was another guest, in the person of a French butcher from the little town of Hospitalet, in the valley of the Ariége. It was so cold that we all crowded about the kitchen fire. Two Andorrans came in and sat down to the table with us. I have dined at stately entertainments where there was less grace and refinement among the company than the butcher and the two peasants exhibited. There was a dessert of roasted almonds and coffee (with a *chasse*); and after the meal we found the temperature of the air very mild and balmy.

Hospitalet being also my destination, I accepted the

butcher's company, and at one o'clock we set forth for the passage of the Pyrenees. On leaving Soldeu, I saw the last willow, in which sat and sang the last nightingale. The path rose rapidly along the steep slopes of grass, with an amphitheatre of the highest summits around us. The forests sank out of sight in the glens; snow-fields multiplied far and near, sparkling in the thin air, and the scenery assumed a bleak, monotonous grandeur. I traced Valira, now a mere thread, to its source in seven icy lakes, fed by the snow; in those lakes, said the butcher, are the finest trout of the Pyrenees. The *Porte de Valira* was immediately above us, on the left; a last hard pull up the steep, between beds of snow, and we stood on the summit.

The elevation of the pass is nearly eight thousand feet above the sea. On either hand you descry nothing but the irregular lines of the French and Spanish Pyrenees, rising and falling in receding planes of distance. Rocks, grass, and snow make up the scenery, which, nevertheless, impresses by its very simplicity and severity.

The descent into France is toilsome, but not dangerous. A mile or two below the crest we saw the fountain of the Ariége, at the base of a grand escarpment of rock. Thence for two hours we followed the descending trough of the river through bleak, grassy solitudes, uncheered by a single tree, or any sign of human life except the well-worn path. Finally the cottage of a grazing-farm came into view, but it was

tenantless—all the inhabitants having been overwhelmed by an avalanche three years ago. Then I discovered signs of a road high up on the opposite mountain, saw workmen scattered along it, and heard a volley of explosions. This was the new highway to Porte St Louis and Puigcerdá. On a green meadow beside the river walked two gentlemen and two ladies in round hats and scarlet petticoats.

"They are picking out a spot to build their gaming-houses upon," said the butcher; "this is still Andorra."

A mile farther there was a little bridge—the Ponte de Cerda. A hut, serving as a guard-house, leaned against the rocks, but the *gens d'armes* were asleep or absent, and I rode unquestioned into France. It was already sunset in the valley, and the houses of Hospitalet, glimmering through the shadows, were a welcome sight. Here was the beginning of highways and mail-coaches, the movement of the living world again. I supped and slept (not very comfortably, I must confess) in the house of my friend the butcher, said good-bye to Julian in the morning, and by noon was resting from my many fatigues in the best inn of Foix.

But henceforth the Valley of Andorra will be one of my enthusiasms.

# THE GRANDE CHARTREUSE.

## THE GRANDE CHARTREUSE.

On my way from the Pyrenees to Germany, I turned aside from the Rhone highway of travel to make acquaintance with a place of which everybody has heard, yet which seems to have been partly dropped from the rapid itineraries which have come into fashion with railways. This is the celebrated monastery called the "Grande Chartreuse," situated in an Alpine wilderness known as the "Desert," on the borders of Savoy. During the last century, when Gray and Horace Walpole penetrated into those solitudes, it was a well-known point of interest in the "grand tour;" but it seems to have been neglected during and since the great upheaval of the French Revolution and the Napoleonic Empire. The name, however, is kept alive on the tongues of gourmands by a certain greenish, pungent, perfumed liquor, which comes upon their tables at the end of dinner.

The traveller from Lyons to Marseilles passes within a six-hours' journey of the Grande Chartreuse. If he leave the train at Valence, the branch road to Grenoble will take him up the valley of the Isère, and he will soon exchange the rocky vine-slopes of the Rhone for Alpine scenery on a scale hardly surpassed in Switzer-

land. This was the route which I took on my way northward. The valley of the Isère, at first broad, and showing on its flat, stony fields traces of frequent inundations, gradually contracted; the cultivation of silk gave place to that of grain and vines, and the meadows of deep grass, studded with huge walnut-trees, reproduced, but on a warmer and richer scale, the character of Swiss scenery. Night came on before I reached the vale of Grésivaudan, which is considered the paradise of Dauphiné, and when the train halted at the station of Voreppe, it was pitch-dark under a gathering rain. There was a rustic omnibus in waiting, into which I crowded with a priest and two farmers, all of whom recommended the "Petit Paris" as the best inn, and thither, accordingly, I went when we reached the village.

It was a primitive, but picturesque and inviting place, I was ushered into a spacious kitchen, with a paved floor, and a huge stone range standing in the centre. The landlady stood before her pans and gave the finishing touch to some cutlets, while she received my orders and those of the priest. The latter, when he came into the light, proved to be a young man, pale, thin, and melancholy, with a worn breviary under his arm. He asked to have a bed immediately. In an adjoining room, a company of peasants were drinking cider and thin wine, and discussing crops around a deal table. I listened a while, but finding it impossible to understand their dialect, followed the example of the priest.

The landlady gave me a clean bed in a clean room, and I speedily slept in spite of rain and thunder.

I had barely taken coffee in the morning before an omnibus drove up, on its way to St Laurent du Pont, a village at the mouth of the ravine which descends from the Grande Chartreuse. There was a place inside between two sharp-featured women and opposite another priest, who was middle-aged and wore an air of cheerful resignation. This place I occupied, and was presently climbing the long mountain road, with a glorious picture of the vale of Grésivaudan deepening and widening below. Half-way up the mountains beyond the Isère floated shining belts of cloud, the shadows of which mottled the sunlit fields and gardens. Above us, huge walls of perpendicular rock, crowned with forests, shut out the morning sky, but the glens plunging down from their bases were filled with the most splendid vegetation. Our way upward was through the shadows of immense walnut-trees beside the rushing of crystal brooks, and in the perfume of blossoming grass and millions of meadow flowers. It seemed incredible that we should be approaching a "Desert" through such scenery.

My fellow-travellers were inclined to be social. We lost the women at the first little hamlet above Voreppe, and there only remained the priest and a stout, swaggering person, who had the appearance and manners of a government contractor. The former told us that he had a parish on the high, windy table-lands of Champagne, and had never before seen such wonderful moun

tain landscapes. He was now on his way to Rome—one of the army of six thousand "migratory ravens" (as the Italians called them), who took part in the Festival of St Peter. He was cheerful and tolerant, with more heart than intellect, and we got on very agreeably. The contractor informed us that the monks of the Chartreuse had an income of a million francs a year, a part of which they spend in building churches and schools. They have recently built a new church for the village of St Laurent du Pont.

In an hour or more we had reached the highest point of the road, which now ran eastward along the base of a line of tremendous mountains. On the topmost heights, above the gray ramparts of rock, there were patches of a bright rosy colour, which I at first took to be the Alpine rhododendron in blossom, but they proved to be forests of beech, which the recent severe frosts had scorched. The streams from the heights dropped into gulfs yawning at the base of the mountains, making cataracts of several hundred feet. Here the grain, already harvested in the valley of the Rhone, was still green, and the first crop of hay uncut.

St Laurent du Pont is a little village directly in the mouth of the gorge. The omnibus drew up before the café, and my clerical friend got into a light basket waggon for the journey to the monastery, two leagues distant. I preferred to climb the gorge leisurely, on foot, and set about engaging a man as companion rather than guide. The sky was full of suspicious clouds, there

were mutterings of thunder in the mountains, and the sun stung with an insupportable power; but after breakfast I set out with a middle-aged man, who had an eye to profit, followed the stream for a mile, and found myself in the heart of a terrific wilderness of rock and forest. In front the mountains closed, and only a thin line of shadow revealed the split through which we must pass. Before reaching it, there is an ancient forge on the left, and a massive building on the right, which the monks have recently erected for the manufacture of the *liqueur* which bears the name of their monastery.

Just beyond the forge are the remains of an ancient gate, which once closed the further passage. The road is hewn out of the solid rock, and the sides of the cleft are so near together that the masonry supporting the road is held firm by timbers crossing the abyss and morticed into the opposite rock. Formerly there was only a narrow and dangerous mule-path, and the passage must have had an exhilarating character of danger which the present security of the road destroys. It was so in Gray's time, inspiring him with these almost Horatian lines:—

> "Per invias rupes, fera per juga,
> Clivosque præruptos, sonantes
> Inter aquas, nemorumque noctem."

This closed throat of the mountains is short; it soon expands a little, allowing the splendid deciduous forests to descend to the water's brink. But above, on all sides, the rocks start out in sheer walls and towers, and

only a narrow strip of sky is visible between their crests. After a mile of this scenery I reached a saw-mill beside which there was some very fine timber. Still another mile, and the road was carried across the defile by a lofty stone bridge of a single arch. "This is the bridge of San Bruno," said the guide, "and we are now just half-way to the monastery." In spite of the shadows of the forests, the air was almost stifling in its still heat, and I sat down on the parapet of the bridge to take breath. This was the "Desert," whither the Bishop of Grenoble directed San Bruno to fly from the temptations of the world. At that time it could have been accessible only with great labour and danger, and was much more secluded than the caves of the Thebaid. But the word conveys no idea of the character of the scenery. For the whole distance it is a deep cleft in the heart of lofty mountains, overhung with precipices a thousand feet high, yet clothed, wherever a root can take hold, by splendid forests. Ferns and wild flowers hang from every ledge, and the trees are of full of singing birds.

Still climbing, we mounted high above the stream, and in twenty minutes reached a natural gateway, formed by a solitary pillar of rock, three hundred feet high, and not more than forty feet in diameter. Here six weeks before, a waggon with six young peasants, went over the brink, and fell into the terrible abyss. The driver, whose carelessness occasioned the accident, leaped from the wagon; the other five went down, and were dashed to pieces. Between the *aiguille* (needle),

as it is called, and the mountain-wall, there was formerly a gate, beyond which no woman was allowed to pass. The sex is now permitted to visit the monastery, but not to enter its gates. This part of the road is almost equal to the famous Via Mala. A series of tunnels have been cut through the sheer, projecting crags, the intervening portions of the road being built up with great labour from below. One hangs in mid-air over the dark chasm, where the foam of the rushing waters shines like a phosphoric light.

Finally, the slope of the mountains becomes less abrupt, the shattered summits lean back, and the glen grows brighter under a broader field of sky. On the right the forests are interrupted by pasture grounds; the road is now safe, though very steep, and the buildings of the monastery presently come into view, a mass of quadrangular piles of masonry, towers, and pyramidal roofs, inclosed by a high wall which must be considerably more than a mile in circuit. The place, in fact, resembles a fortified city. The gateway was closed on the side by which I approached, but an old monk, with shaven head and flowing beard, who was driving an ox-cart (for the first time I ever saw one of his class so usefully employed), directed me to go around to the eastern front. An isolated house, shaded by a group of old linden-trees, is set apart for the use of the female visitors, who are attended by an old woman, usually a sister of some conventual order.

My guide rang the bell at the entrance, and the

door was immediately opened by a young monk in a long, brown gown. "Can I be admitted?" I asked. "Yes," said he in a whisper, "the guide will take you to the father who receives strangers." I was conducted across a grassy court-yard, in which there were two large stone fountains, to the main building. Several brethren in brown were passing swiftly to and fro in the cool, spacious corridors, but they took no notice of me. I found the father in a comfortable chamber, hung with maps. He was a bright, nimble man of sixty, with shaven head and face; but for his keen eyes, he would not have seemed more than half alive, his complexion and his shroud-like gown being nearly the same colour. I told him who I was, why I came, and asked permission to stay until the next day. "Certainly," he whispered, "as long as you please. I will show you into the refectory, and order that you have a room."

I was somewhat unwell, and the heat and fatigue had made me weak, which the father probably noticed, for on reaching the refectory—a great, bare apartment, with an old-fashioned chimney-place for burning logs—he said: "You must have a glass of our *liqueur*, the green kind, which is the strongest." It was like an aromatic flame, but it really gave me a different view of life, in the space of fifteen minutes. The *garçon* was a sturdy fellow in a blue blouse, evidently a peasant hired for the season. His services were confined to the refectory. Another brother in brown,

with a mild, ignorant countenance, conducted me to an upper chamber, or rather cell, containing a bed, a table, a chair, and bowl of water, with a large private altar and *prie-dieu*. Having taken possession and put the key in my pocket, I returned to the refectory, where the white father begged me to make myself at home, and likewise vanished. There are fixed hours when strangers are conducted through the buildings, and, as I had still some time to wait, I went forth from the monastery and set to work at a sketch of the place.

The monks of the Chartreuse now belong to the order of La Trappe. San Bruno first came hither in the year 1084, and the foundation of the monastery dates from 1137. The Trappist, or silent system, arose in the sixteenth century, but I am ignorant of the date when it was here introduced. It is probably the severest and most unnatural of all forms of monastic discipline. Isolation is cruel enough in itself, without the obligation of silence. The use of monasteries, as conservatories of learning, as sanctuaries of peace in the midst of normal war, has long since ceased: they are now an anachronism and they will soon become an offence. The grand pile of buildings before me was ravaged during the French Revolution, and the monks turned adrift. Although the government still keeps its hold on the greater part of the property then sequestrated, it has favoured the monastery in every other possible way. France swarms with black robes, as it has not before for a hundred years. The Empress

Eugenie is a petted daughter of the Church of Rome, and the willing instrument of its plans, so far as her influence extends. The monks of La Chartreuse, however, to judge from what I saw of their industry and business talent, are far less objectionable than those of their brethren who are not bound to solitude and silence.

At the appointed hour I was again admitted with a whisper, and joined three dark priests (also on their way to Rome) for a tour of the interior. The mild brother in brown was our guide. After calling our attention to a notice which requested that all visitors to the monastery would neither stand still nor speak above their breath, he unlocked a gate and ushered us into the inner corridors. We walked down the dim echoing vaults of solid masonry, and paused at a door, through which came the sound of a sepulchral chant. It was the church, wherein two ancient fathers were solemnly intoning a service which seemed like a *miserere*. The brother conducted us to an upper gallery, dipped his fingers into the font, and presented the holy water to me with a friendly smile. I am afraid he was cut to the heart when I shook my head, saying: "Thank you, I don't need it." There was an expression of stupefaction in his large, innocent eyes, and thenceforward he kept near me, always turning to me with a tender, melancholy interest, as if hoping and praying that there might, for me, be some escape from the hell of heretics.

There was nothing worthy of notice in the architecture of the church, or the various chapels. That for the dead was hung with skulls and cross-bones, on a ground of black; the grave-yard, in which the dead monks lie, like the Quakers, under unmarked mounds, was more cheerful. Here, at least, grass and wild-flowers are not prohibited, the sweetest mountain breezes find their way over the monastic walls, and the blue sky above is filled with a silence, in which there is nothing painful. The most interesting thing I saw was the Hall of the Order, filled with portraits of its generals, and with frescoes illustrating the life of San Bruno. A statue of the saint represents him as a venerable man, of pure, noble, and benevolent aspect. The head, I suspect, is imaginary, but it is very fine. As works of art, the pictures have no merit; the three priests, however, looked upon them with awful reverence. So much depends on place, circumstance, and sentiment! The brush of Raphael could have added nothing to the impression which these men drew from the stiff workmanship of some unknown painter.

I was astonished at the extent of the buildings. There is a single corridor, Gothic, of solid stone, six hundred and sixty feet in length. Looking down it, the perspective dwindles almost to a point. Opening from it and from the other intersecting corridors are the cells of the monks, each with a biblical sentence in Latin (generally of solemn import) painted on the doors. The furniture of these cells is very simple, but a human

skull is always part of it. In the rear of each is a small garden, inclosed by a wall, where the fathers and brothers attend to their own flowers and vegetables. They *must* have, it seems, some innocent solace; the silence, the fasting, the company of the skull, and the rigid ceremonials, would else, I imagine, drive the most of them mad. Those whom we met in the corridor walked with an excited, flying step, as if trying to outrun their own thoughts. Their faces were pale and stern; they rarely looked at us, and, of course, never spoke. The gloom and silence, the hushed whispers of the priests and guide, and the prohibition put upon my own tongue, oppressed me painfully at last. I longed to startle the dead repose of the corridors by a shout full of freedom and rejoicing.

There are at present forty *patres* and twenty *fratres* in the monastery. The direction of external matters is intrusted to a few, who enjoy more contact with the world, and must be absolved from the obligation of silence. Moreover the rules in this respect are not so strenuously enforced as formerly. The monks are allowed to converse slightly on Sundays and saints' days, and once a week, when they walk in procession to the Chapel of St Bruno, higher up the mountain. An experienced father has charge of the manufacture of the *liqueur*, which is made, I learned, from the young shoots of the mountain-fir, mixed with certain aromatic herbs. Some parts of the process are kept secret. The *Chartreuse* is sold, even on the spot, at a high price, and is sent to all parts of the world.

When we returned to the refectory, I found several gentlemen from Chambéry in waiting. They, also, intended to stay all night, and to start at one in the morning for the ascent of the Grand Somme, the highest pinnacle of the mountain. I predicted rain, but they were not to be discouraged. The result was, as I learned next morning, that they rose at the appointed time, groped about in the forest in perfect darkness, and came back in half an hour drenched to the skin. The servitor informed me that two Englishmen had arrived, and were entertained in another part of the monastery. I learned for the first time that, the better to preserve quiet and order, the guests are separated according to their nationalities. This explained the meaning of "Salle de la France" on the door of the hall in which I found myself. Americans are rare visitors, and I presume they thought it safest to put me with the Frenchmen.

It is always Lent in the Grand Chartreuse. Nevertheless, the dinner of eggs, fish, fruits, cheese, and wine which was served to us was of excellent quality. The bed was coarse but clean, and after putting out my lamp to hide the reproachful eyes of the Virgin, I slept soundly. Breakfast, however, was a little too lean for my taste. Instead of coffee they gave me half-cooked cabbage soup and a lump of black bread. The bill was five francs. Herein, I think, the monks are right. They make a moderate charge for what they furnish, instead of expecting the traveller (as in other monas-

teries) to give five times the worth of it as a donation. Living in such a wilderness, at the height of 4,300 feet above the sea, it is a great labour to keep the requisite supplies on hand. Poor travellers are not only lodged and fed gratuitously, but sometimes receive a small addition to their funds.

Nevertheless, while I felt a positive respect for the industry, fortitude, and charity of the monks of the Chartreuse, I drew a long breath of relief as I issued from its whispering corridors. I believe I talked to my guide in a much louder voice than usual, as we returned down the gorge. The visit had been full of interest, yet I could not have guessed, in advance, how oppressive was the prohibition of speech. I shall never again admire the silent and solitary system of some of our penitentiaries.

At St Laurent du Pont I took the omnibus, getting a front seat beside the coachman, which I kept, not only to Voreppe, but down the magnificent valley of Grèsivaudan to Grenoble. The mountains, on the side toward the Isère, appear to be absolutely inaccessible. No one would guess, on looking up at them from below, what a remarkable settlement has existed for centuries within their solitudes.

# THE KYFFHÄUSER AND ITS LEGENDS.

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## THE KYFFHÄUSER AND ITS LEGENDS.

THURINGIA, "The Heart of Germany," has for many a century ceased to be a political designation, yet it still lives in the mouths and the songs of the people as the well-beloved name for all that middle region lying between the Hartz on the north and the mountain-chain stretching from the Main to the Elbe on the south. A few points, such as Eisenach, Weimar, and Jena, are known to the tourist; the greater part, although the stage whereon many of the most important events in early and mediæval German history were enacted, has not yet felt the footstep of the curious stranger. From the overthrow of its native monarchy by the Franks, in the sixth century, to the close of the Thirty Years' War, in the seventeenth, the fortunes of this land symbolised, in a great measure, those of the Teutonic race. Behind battle and crime and knightly deed sprang up those flowers of legend whose mature seed is poetry. In no part of Europe do they blossom so thickly as here.

I had already stood in the hall of the Minnesingers on the Wartburg; had crept into the Cave of Venus, on the mountain of Tannhäuser; had walked through the Valley of Joy, where the two wives of the Count

of Gleichen first met face to face; and had stood on the spot where Winfried, the English apostle, cut down the Druid oaks, and set up in their stead the first altar to Christ. But on the northern border of Thuringia, where its last mountains look across the Golden Mead towards the dark summits of the Hartz, there stands a castle in whose ruins sleeps the favourite tradition of Germany,—a legend which, changing with the ages, became the embodiment of an idea, and now represents the national unity, strength, and freedom. This is the Kyffhäuser; and the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa sleeps under it, in a crypt of the mountain, waiting for the day when the whole land, from the Baltic to the Alps, shall be ready to receive a single ruler. Then he will come forth, and the lost Empire will be restored.

Many a time, looking towards the far-away Brocken from the heights of the Thuringian Forest, had I seen the tower of the Kyffhäuser like a speck on the horizon, and as often had resolved to cross the twenty intervening leagues. The day was appointed and postponed—for years, as it happened; but a desire which is never given up works out its own fulfilment in the course of time, and so it was with mine. It is not always best to track a legend too closely. The airy brow of Tannhäuser's mountain proved to be very ugly rock and very tenacious clay, when I had climbed it; and I came forth from the narrow slit of a cavern, torn, squeezed out of breath, and spotted with tallow. Something of the purple atmosphere of the mountain and the mystery

of its beautiful story has vanished since then. But the day of my departure for the Kyffhäuser was meant for an excursion into dream-land. When the Summer, departing, stands with reluctant feet; when the Autumn looks upon the land, yet has not taken up her fixed abode; when the freshness of Spring is revived in every cloudless morning, and the afternoons melt slowly into smoke and golden vapour,—then comes, for a short space, the season of illusion, of credulity, of winsome superstition.

On such a day I went northward from Gotha into a boundless, undulating region of tawny harvest and stubble fields. The plain behind me, stretching to the foot of the Thuringian Forest, was covered with a silvery, shimmering atmosphere, on which the scattered villages, the orchards, and the poplar-bordered highways were dimly blotted, like the first timid sketch of a picture, which shall grow into clear, confident colour. Far and wide, over the fields, the peasants worked silently and steadily among their flax, oats, and potatoes,—perhaps rejoicing in the bounty of the sunshine, but too much in earnest to think of singing. Only the harvest of the vine is gathered to music. The old swallows collected their flocks of young on the ploughed land, and drilled them for the homeward flight. The sheep, kept together in a dense gray mass, nibbled diligently among the stubble, guarded only by a restless dog. At a corner of the field the box-house of the shepherd rested on its wheels, and he was probably

asleep within it. Wains, laden with sheaves, rumbled slowly along the road towards the village barns. Only the ravens wheeled and croaked uneasily, as if they had a great deal of work to do, and couldn't decide what to undertake first.

I stretched myself out luxuriously in the carriage, and basked in the tempered sunshine. I had nothing to do but to watch the mellow colours of the broadening landscape, as we climbed the long waves of earth, stretching eastward and westward out of sight. Those mixed, yet perfect moods, which come equally from the delight of the senses and the release of the imagination, seem to be the very essence of poetry, yet how rarely do they become poetry! The subtle spirit of song cannot often hang poised in thin air; it must needs rest on a basis, however slender, of feeling or reflection. Eichendorff is the only poet to whom completely belongs the narrow border-land of moods and sensations. Yet the key-note of the landscape around me was struck by Tennyson in a single fortunate word,—

"In looking on the *happy* Autumn-fields."

The earth had finished its summer work for man, and now breathed of rest and peace from tree, and bush, and shorn stubble, and reviving grass. It was still the repose of lusty life; the beginning of death, the sadness of the autumn was to come.

In crossing the last hill, before descending to the city of Langensalza, I saw one of the many reverse sides of this fair picture of life. A peasant girl, ragged, dusty,

and tired, with a young child in her lap, sat on a stone seat by the wayside. She had no beauty; her face was brown and hard, her hair tangled, her figure rude and strong, and she held the child with a mechanical clasp, in which there was instinct, but not tenderness. Yet it needed but a single glance to read a story of poverty, and of shame and desertion ignorantly encountered and helplessly endured. Here was no acute sense of degradation; only a blind, brutish wretchedness. It seemed to me, as I saw her, looking stolidly into the sunny air, that she was repeating the questions over and over, without hope of answer:—"Why am I in the world? What is to become of me?"

At Langensalza I took a lighter carriage, drawn by a single horse, which was harnessed loosely on the left side of a long pole. Unfortunately I had a garrulous old driver who had seen something of last year's battle, and supposed that nothing could interest me more than to know precisely where certain Prussian regiments were posted. Before I had divined his intention, he left the highway, and carried me across the fields to the top of the Jews' Hill, which was occupied at the commencement of the battle by the Prussian artillery. The turf is still marked with the ragged holes of the cannon balls. In the plain below, many trees are slowly dying from an overdose of lead. In the fields which the farmers were ploughing one sees here and there a headstone of granite or an iron crucifix; but all other traces of the struggle have disappeared. The little

mill, which was the central point of the fight, has been well repaired; only some cannon-balls, grim souvenirs, are left sticking in the gable-wall. A mile further across the Unstrut, at the commencement of the rising country, is the village of Merxleben, where the Hanoverians were posted. Its streets are as dull and as sleepy as ever before. Looking at the places were the plaster has been knocked off the houses, one would not guess the instruments by which it was done.

Some distance farther, at a safe height, my old man halted beside two poplars. "Here," he said, "the King of Hanover stood." Did he keep up the mimicry of sight, I wonder, while the tragedy was going on? This blind sovereign represents the spirit of monarchy in its purest essence. Though totally blind, from a boy, he pretends to see, because—the people must perceive no defect in a king. When he rides out, the adjutants on both sides are attached to his arms by fine threads; and he is thus guided, while appearing to guide himself. He visits picture-galleries, admires landscapes, and makes remarks upon the good or ill appearance of his courtiers. After the battle of Langensalza, which he pretended to direct, he sent his uniform to the museum at Hanover, with some straws and wheat-blades from the field where he stood sewed upon it in various places! Other monarchs of Europe have carried the tattered trappings of absolutism into a constitutional form of government, but none of them has been so exquisitely consistent as this man.

We plodded forward over vast tawny waves of landscape, as regular as the swells of the sea. All this territory, once so rich and populous, was reduced to a desert during the Thirty Years' War, and two centuries have barely sufficed to reclaim it. After that war, Germany possessed only twenty-five per cent. of the men, the cattle, and the dwellings which she owned when it began, and this was the least of the evil. The new generation had grown up in insecurity, in idleness, immorality, and crime; the spirit of the race was broken, its blood was tainted, and it has ever since then been obliged to struggle from decadence into new power. We must never lose sight of these facts when we speak of the Germany of the present day. Well for us that we have felt only the shock and struggle, the first awakening of the manly element, not the later poison of war!

After more than two hours on the silent, lonely heights,—scarcely a man being here at work in the fields or abroad on the road,—I approached a little town called Ebeleben, in the principality of Schwarzburg-Sondershausen. The driver insisted on baiting his horse at the "municipal tavern," as it was called, and I remembered that in the place lived a gentleman whom I had met nine years before. Everybody knew the Amtsrath; he was at home; it was the large house beside the castle. Ebeleben was a former residence of the princess; but now its wonderful rococo gardens have run wild, the fountains and waterfalls are dry, the

stone statues have lost their noses and arms, and the wooden sentries posted at all the gates have rotted to pieces. The remains are very funny. Not a particle of melancholy can be attached to the decayed grotesque.

I went into the court-yard of the house to which I had been directed. A huge parallelogram of stone and steep roofs inclosed it; there were thirteen ploughs in a row on one side, and three mountains of manure on the other. As no person was to be seen, I mounted the first flight of steps, and found myself in a vast, antiquated kitchen. A servant, thrusting her head from behind a door, told me to go forward. Pantries and store-rooms followed, passages filled with antique household gear, and many a queer nook and corner; but I at last reached the front part of the building, and found its owner. His memory was better than I had ventured to hope; I was made welcome so cordially, that only the sad news that the mistress of the house lay at the point of death made my visit brief. The Amtsrath, who farms a thousand acres, led me back to the tavern through his garden, saying, "We must try and bear all that comes to us," as I took leave.

A few years ago there was a wild, heathery moorland, the haunt of gipsies and vagabonds, beyond Ebeleben. Now it is all pasture and grain-field, of thin and barren aspect, but steadily growing better. The dark-blue line I had seen to the north, during the day, now took the shape of hills covered with forest, and the road passed between them into the head of a winding valley. The

green of Thuringian meadows, the rich masses of beech and oak, again refreshed my eyes. The valley broadened as it fell, and the castle and spires of Sondershausen came into view. An equipage, drawn by four horses, came dashing up from a side-road. There were three persons in it; the short, plain-faced man in a felt hat was the reigning prince, Günther von Schwarzburg. There was not much of his illustrious namesake, the Emperor, in his appearance; but he had an honest, manly countenance, and I thought it no harm to exchange greetings.

I think Sondershausen must be the quietest capital in Europe. It is said to have six thousand inhabitants, about two hundred of whom I saw. Four were walking in a pleasant, willow-shaded path beside the mills; ten were wandering in the castle-park; and most of the remainder, being children, were playing in the streets. When I left next morning, by post for the nearest railway station, beyond the Golden Mead, I was the only passenger. But the place is well built, and has an air of contentment and comfort.

I was here on the southern side of the mountain-ridge which is crowned by the Kyffhäuser, and determined to cross to Kelbra, in the Golden Mead, at its northern base. The valley was draped in the silver mists of the morning as I set out; and through them rose the spire of Jechaburg, still bearing the name of the Druid divinity there overthrown by the apostle Winfried. But there was another point in the landscape where my

fancy settled—the Trauenberg, at the foot of which was fought the first great *Hunnenschlacht* (battle of the Huns.) When that gallant emperor, Henry the Bird-Snarer, sent a mangy dog to Hungary, instead of the usual tribute, he knew and prepared for the consequences of his act. The Huns burst into Germany; he met and defeated them, first here, and then near Merseburg (A.D. 933,) so utterly that they never again attempted invasion. Kaulbach's finest cartoon represents one or the other of these battles. Those fierce groups of warriors, struggling in a weird atmosphere, made the airy picture which I saw. One involuntarily tries to vivify history, and the imagination holds fast to any help.

After an hour and a half among the hills, I saw the Golden Mead,—so bright, so beautiful, that I comprehended the love which the German emperors, for centuries, manifested for it. I looked across a level valley, five or six miles wide, meadows green as May interrupting the bands of autumnal gold, groves and winding lines of trees marking the water-courses, stately towns planted at intervals, broad, ascending slopes of forest beyond, and the summit of the Brocken crowning all. East and west, the Mead faded out of sight in shining haze. It is a favoured region. Its bounteous soil lies low and warm, sheltered by the Hartz; it has an earlier spring and a later summer than any other part of Northern Germany. This I knew, but I was not prepared to find it, also, a delight to the eye.

Towards Nordhausen the green was dazzling, and there was a blaze of sunshine upon it which recalled the plain of Damascus.

At Kelbra, I looked in vain for the Kyffhäuser, though so near it; an intervening summit hides the tower. On the nearest headland of the range, however, there is a ruined castle called the Rathenburg, which has no history worth repeating, but is always visited by the few who find their way hither. I procured a small boy as guide, and commenced my proper pilgrimage on foot. An avenue of cherry-trees gave but scanty shade from the fierce sun while crossing the level of the Golden Mead; but, on reaching the mountain, I found a path buried in forests. It was steep, and hard to climb; and I soon found reason for congratulation in the fact that the summit has an altitude of only fifteen hundred feet. It was attained at last; the woods, which had been nearly impenetrable, ceased, and I found myself in front of a curious cottage, with a thatched roof, built against the foot of a tall round tower of other days. There were benches and tables under the adjoining trees; and a solid figure, with a great white beard, was moving about in a semi-subterranean apartment, inserted among the foundations of the castle.

Had it been the Kyffhäuser, I should have taken him for Barbarossa. The face reminded me of Walt Whitman, and, verily, the man proved to be a poet. I soon discovered the fact; and when he had given us bread

and beer, he brought forth, for my purchase, the third edition of "Poems by the Hermit of the Rothenburg," published by Brockhaus, Leipzig. His name is Friedrich Beyer. His parents kept an inn on ground which became the battlefield of Jena, three or four years after he was born. His first recollection is of cannon, fire, and pillage. This is all that I learned of his history; his face suggests a great deal more. The traces of old passions, ambitions, struggles, and disappointments have grown faint from the exercise of a cheerful philosophy. He is proud to be called a poet, yet serves refreshments with as much alacrity as any ordinary *kellner*.

After a time he brought an album, saying: "I keep this for such poets as happen to come, but there are only two names, perhaps, that you have ever heard—Ludwig Storch and Müller von der Werra. Uhland was once in the Hartz, but he never came here. Rückert and a great many others have written about the Kyffhäuser and Barbarossa; but the poets, you know, depend on their fancies rather than on what they see. I can't go and visit them, so I can only become acquainted with the few who travel this way."

He then took an immense tin speaking-trumpet, stationed himself on a rock, pointed the trumpet at an opposite ridge of the mountain, and bellowed forth four notes which sounded like the voice of a dying bull. But, after a pause of silence, angels replied. Tones of supernatural sweetness filled the distant air, fading slowly upwards, until the blue, which seemed to vibrate

like a string that has been struck, trembled into quiet again. It was wonderful! I have heard many echoes, but no other which so marvellously translates the sounds of earth into the language of heaven. "Do you notice," said the poet, "how one tone grows out of the others, and silences them? Whatever sound I make, that same tone is produced—not at first, but it comes presently from somewhere else, and makes itself heard. I call it *reconciliation*—atonement; the principle in which all human experience must terminate. You will find a poem about it in my book."

The Rothenburg has been a ruin for about three hundred years. It was a small castle, but of much more elegant and symmetrical architecture than most of its crumbling brethren. The trees which have grown up in court-yard and hall have here and there overthrown portions of the walls, but a number of handsome Gothic portals and windows remain. The round tower appears to have belonged to a much earlier structure. The present picturesque beauty of the place compensates for the lack of history and tradition. Its position is such that it overlooks nearly the whole extent of the Golden Mead and the southern slope of the Hartz—a hemisphere of gold and azure at the time of my visit. It was a day which had strayed into September out of midsummer. Intense, breathless heat filled the earth and sky, and there was scarcely a wave of air, even upon that summit.

The Kyffhäuser is two or three miles further eastward,

upon the last headland of the range, in that direction. The road connecting the two castles runs along the crest, through forests of the German oak, as is most fit. Taking leave of the poet, and with his volume in my pack, I plodded forward in the shade, attended by "spirits twain," invisible to my young guide. Poetry walked on my right hand, Tradition on my left. History respectfully declined to join the party; the dim, vapoury, dreamful atmosphere did not suit her. Besides, in regard to the two points concerning which I desired to be enlightened, she could have given me little assistance. Why was the dead Barbarossa supposed to be enchanted in a vault under the Kyffhäuser, a castle which he had never made his residence? Fifteen years ago, at the foot of the Taurus, in Asia Minor, I had stood on the banks of the river in which he was drowned; and in Tyre I saw the chapel in which, according to such history as we possess, his body was laid. Then, why should he, of all the German emperors, be chosen as the symbol of a political resurrection? He defied the power of the popes, and was placed under the ban of the Church; he gained some battles and lost others; he commenced a crusade, but never returned from it; he did something towards the creation of a middle class, but in advance of the time when such a work could have been appreciated. He was evidently a man of genius and energy, of a noble personal presence, and probably possessed that individual magnetism, the effect of which survives so long among the people; yet all

these things did not seem to constitute a sufficient explanation.

The popularity of the Barbarossa legend, however, is not to be ascribed to anything in the Emperor's history. In whatever way it may have been created, it soon became the most picturesque expression of the dream of German unity—a dream to which the people held fast, while the princes were doing their best to make its fulfilment impossible. Barbarossa was not the first, nor the last, nor the best of the great Emperors; but the legend, ever wilful in its nature, fastened upon him, and Art and Literature are forced to accept what they find already accepted by the people. This seemed to me, then, to be the natural explanation, and I am glad to find it confirmed in the main points by one of the best living writers of Germany. The substance of the popular tradition is embodied in this little song of Rückert:—

"The Ancient Barbarossa,
Friedrich, the Kaiser great,
Within the castle-cavern
Sits in enchanted state.

"He did not die; but ever
Waits in the chamber deep,
Where, hidden under the castle,
He sat himself, to sleep.

"The splendour of the Empire
He took with him away,
And back to earth will bring it
When dawns the chosen day.

"The chair is ivory purest
Whereof he makes his bed;
The table is of marble
Whereupon he props his head.

"His beard, not flax, but burning
With fierce and fiery glow,
Right through the marble table
Beneath his chin doth grow.

"He nods in dreams, and winketh
With dull, half-opened eye,
And, once an age, he beckons
A page that standeth by.

"He bids the boy in slumber:
'Oh, dwarf, go up this hour,
And see if still the ravens
Are flying round the tower.

"'And if the ancient ravens
Still wheel above me here,
Then must I sleep enchanted
For many a hundred year.'"

Half-way from the Rothenburg, after passing a curious pyramid of petrified wood, I caught sight of the tower of the Kyffhäuser, a square dark-red mass, towering over the oak woods. The path dwindled to a rude forest-road, and the crest of the mountain, on the left, hid from view the glimmering level of the Golden Mead. I saw nothing but the wooded heights on the right, until, after climbing a space, I found myself suddenly in the midst of angular mounds of buried masonry. The "Kaiser Friedrich's tower," eighty feet high and about thirty feet square, appeared

to be all that remained of the castle. But the extensive mounds over which I stumbled were evidently formed from the *débris* of roofs and walls, and something in their arrangement suggested the existence of vaults under them. The summit of the mountain, four or five hundred feet in length, is entirely covered with the ruins. A cottage in the midst, occupied by three wild women, is built over an ancient gateway, the level of which is considerably below the mounds; and I felt sure, although the women denied it, that there must be subterranean chambers. They permitted me, in consideration of the payment of three cents, to look through a glass in the wall, and behold a hideous picture of the sleeping Emperor. Like Macbeth's witches, they cried in chorus:—

"Show! show!
Show his eyes and grieve his heart;
Take his money, and let him depart!"

That, and a bottle of bad beer, which my small boy drank with extraordinary facility, was all the service they were willing to render me. But the storied peak was deserted; the vast ring of landscape basked in the splendid day; the ravens were flying around the tower; and there were seats at various points where I could rest at will and undisturbed. The Kyffhäuser was so lonely that its gnomes might have allowed the wonder-flower to grow for me, and have opened their vaults without the chance of a profane foot following. I first sketched the tower, to satisfy Duty; and then gave

myself up to the guidance of Fancy, whose face, on this occasion, was not to be distinguished from that of Indolence. There was not a great deal to see, and no discoveries to make; but the position of the castle was so lordly, the view of the Golden Mead so broad and beautiful, that I could have asked nothing more. I remembered, as I looked down the meadows of Tarsus, and pictured to myself, in the haze beyond the Brocken, the snowy summits of the Taurus. "What avails the truth of history?" I reflected; "I know that Barbarossa never lived here, yet I cannot banish his shadowy figure from my thoughts. Nay, I find myself on the point of believing the legend."

The word "Kyffhäuser" means, simply, "houses on the peak" (*kippe* or *kuppe*). The people, however, have a derivation of their own. They say that, after Julius Cæsar had conquered the Thuringian land, he built a castle for his prætor on this mountain, and called it *Confusio*, to signify the state to which he had reduced the ancient monarchy. Long afterwards, they add, a stag was found in the forest, with a golden collar around its neck, on which were the words: "Let no one hurt me; Julius gave me my liberty." The date of the foundation of the castle cannot be determined. It was probably a residence, alternately, of the Thuringians and Franks, in the early Christian centuries; the German emperors afterwards occasionally inhabited it; but it was ruined in the year 1189, just before the departure of Barbarossa for the Orient. Afterwards

rebuilt, it appears to have been finally overthrown and deserted in the fourteenth century. It is a very slender history which I have to relate; but, as I said before, History did not accompany me on the pilgrimage.

The Saga, however,—whose word is often as good as the written record,—had a great deal to say. She told me, first, that the images and ideas of a religion live among the people for ages after the creed is overthrown; that the half of a faith is simply *transferred*, not changed. Here is the thread by which the legend of the Kyffhäuser may be unraveled. The gods of the old Scandinavian and Teutonic mythology retreated into the heart of certain sacred mountains during the winter, and there remained until the leaves began to put forth in the forests, when the people celebrated their reappearance by a spring festival, the Druid Pentecost. When Christianity was forced upon the land, and the names of the gods were prohibited, the prominent chiefs and rulers took their place. Charlemagne sat with his paladins in the Untersberg, near Salzburg, under the fortress of Nuremberg, and in various other mountains. Two centuries later, Otto the Great was, in like manner, invested with a subterranean court; then, after an equal space of time, came Barbarossa's turn. Gustav Freytag,* to whom I am indebted for some interesting information on this point, read to me, from a Latin

* The well-known author of "Debit and Credit," and "Pictures of the German Past."

chronicle of the year 1050, the following passage: "This year there was great excitement among the people, from the report that a ruler would come forth and lead them to war. Many believed that it would be Charlemagne; but many also believed that it would be another, whose name cannot be mentioned." This other was Wuotan (Odin), whose name the people whispered three centuries after they had renounced his worship.

This explanation fits every particular of the legend. The Teutonic tribes always commenced their wars in the spring, after the return of the gods to the surface of the earth. The ravens flying around the tower are the well-known birds of Odin. When Barbarossa comes forth, he will first hang his shield on the barren tree, which will then burst into leaf. The mediæval legend sprang naturally from the grave of the dead religion. Afterwards,—probably during the terrible depression which followed the Thirty Year's War,—another transfer took place. The gods were at last forgotten; but the aspirations of the people, connecting Past and Future, found a new meaning in the story, which the poets, giving it back to them in a glorified form, fixed forever.

We have only two things to assume, and they will give us little trouble. The Kyffhäuser must have been one of those sacred mountains of the Teutons in which the gods took up their winter habitation. Its character corresponds with that of other mountains which were thus selected. It is a projecting headland, partly isolated from the rest of the range,—like Tabor, "a

mountain apart." This would account for the location of the legend. The choice of Barbarossa may be explained partly by the impression which his personal presence and character made upon the people (an effect totally independent of his place in history), and partly from the circumstance, mysterious to them, that he went to the Holy Land, and never returned. Although they called him the "Heretic Emperor," on account of his quarrel with the Pope, this does not appear to have diminished the power of his name among them. The first form of the legend, as we find it in a fragment of poetry from the fourteenth century, says that he disappeared, but is not dead; that hunters or peasants sometimes meet him as a pilgrim, whereupon he discovers himself to them, saying that he will yet punish the priests, and restore the Holy Roman Empire. A history, published in the year 1519, says: "He was a man of great deeds, marvellously courageous, lovable, severe, and with the gift of speech,—renowned in many things as was no one before him save Carolus the Great,—and is at last lost, so that no man knows what is become of him."

I know not where to look for another tradition made up of such picturesque elements. Although it may be told in a few words, it contains the quintessence of the history of two thousand years. Based on the grand Northern mythology, we read in it the foundation of Christianity, the Crusades, that hatred of priestcraft which made the Reformation possible, the crumbling to

pieces of the old German Empire, and finally that passionate longing of the race which is now conducting it to a new national unity and power. For twenty years the Germans have been collecting funds to raise a monument to Hermann, the Cheruskian chief, the destroyer of Varus and his legions in the Teutoburger Forest; yet Germany, after all, grew great from subjection to the laws and learning of Rome. The Kyffhäuser better deserves a monument, not specially to Barbarossa, but to that story which for centuries symbolised the political faith of the people.

The local traditions which have grown up around the national one are very numerous. Some have been transplanted hither from other places,—as, for instance, that of the key-flower,—but others, very naïve and original, belong exclusively here. It is possible, however, that they may also be found in other lands; the recent researches in fairy lore teach us that scarcely anything of what we possess is new. Here is one which suggests some passages in Wieland's "Oberon."

In Tilleda, a village at the foot of the Kyffhäuser, some lads and lasses were met one evening for social diversion. Among them was a girl whom they were accustomed to make the butt of their fun—whom none of them liked, although she was honest and industrious. By a secret understanding, a play of pawns was proposed: and when this girl's turn came to redeem hers, she was ordered to go up to the castle and bring back three hairs from the sleeping Emperor's beard. She set out on

the instant, while the others made themselves merry over her simplicity. To their great surprise, however, she returned in an hour, bringing with her three hairs, fiery-red in colour and of astonishing length. She related that, having entered the subterranean chambers, she was conducted by a dwarf to the Emperor's presence, where, after having drained a goblet of wine to his health, and that of the Frau Empress, she received permission to pluck three hairs from the imperial beard, on condition that she would neither give them away nor destroy them. The hairs were laid away among her trinkets; and a year afterwards she found them changed into rods of gold, an inch in diameter. Of course the former Cinderella then became the queen.

There are several stories, somewhat similar in character, of which musicians or piping herdsmen are the heroes. Now it is a company of singers or performers, who, passing the Kyffhäuser late at night, give the sleeping Emperor a serenade; now it is a shepherd, who saying to himself, "This is for the Kaiser Friedrich" plays a simple melody upon his flute. In each case an entrance opens into the mountain. Either a princess comes forth with wine, or a page conducts the musicians into the Emperor's presence. Sometimes they each receive a green bough in payment, sometimes a horse's head, a stick, or a bunch of flax. All are either dissatisfied with their presents, or grow tired of carrying them, and throw them away,—except one (generally the poorest and silliest of the company), who takes his home

with him as a souvenir of the adventure, or as an ironical present to his wife, and finds it, next morning, changed into solid gold. How faithful are all these legends to the idea of compensation! It is always the poor, the simple, the persecuted, to whom luck comes.

I have two more stories, of a different character, to repeat. A poor labourer in Tilleda had an only daughter, who was betrothed to a young man equally poor, but good and honest. It was the evening before the wedding-day; the guests were already invited, and the father suddenly remembered with dismay that there was only one pot, one dish, and two plates in the house. "What shall we do?" he cried. "You must go up to the Kyffhäuser, and ask the princess to lend us some dishes." Hand in hand the lovers climbed the mountain, and at the door of the cavern found the princess, who smiled upon them as they came. They made their request timidly and with fear; but she bade them take heart, gave them to eat and drink, and filled a large basket with dishes, spoons, and everything necessary for a wedding feast. When they returned to the village with their burden, it was day. All things were strange; they recognized neither house nor garden: the people were unknown to them, and wore a costume they had never before seen. Full of distress and anxiety, they sought the priest, who, after hearing their story, turned over the church-books and found that they had been absent just two hundred years.

The other legend is that of Peter Klaus, the source

from which Irving drew his Rip Van Winkle. I had read it before (as have, no doubt, many of my readers), but was not acquainted with its local habitation until my visit to the Kyffhäuser. It was first printed, so far as I can learn, in a collection made by Otmar, and published in Bremen in the year 1800. Given in the briefest outline, it is as follows: Peter Klaus, a shepherd of Sittendorf, pastured his herd on the Kyffhäuser, and was in the habit of collecting the animals at the foot of an old ruined wall. He noticed that one of his goats regularly disappeared for some hours every day; and, finding that she went into an opening between two of the stones, he followed her. She led him into a vault, where she began eating grains of oats which fell from the ceiling. Over his head he heard the stamping and neighing of horses. Presently a squire in ancient armour appeared, and beckoned to him without speaking. He was led up stairs, across a court-yard, and into an open space in the mountain, sunken deep between rocky walls, where a company of knights, stern and silent, were playing at bowls. Peter Klaus was directed by gestures to set up the pins, which he did in mortal fear, until the quality of a can of wine, placed at his elbow, stimulated his courage. Finally, after long service and many deep potations, he slept. When he awoke, he found himself lying among tall weeds, at the foot of the ruined wall. Herd and dog had disappeared; his clothes were in tatters, and a long beard hung upon his breast. He wandered back to the village, seeking his goats, and

marvelling that he saw none but strange faces. The people gathered around him, and answered his questions, but each name he named was that upon a stone in the church-yard. Finally, a woman who seemed to be his wife pressed through the crowd, leading a wild-looking boy, and with a baby in her arms. "What is your name? he asked.

"Maria."

"And your father?"

"He was Peter Klaus, God rest his soul! who went up the Kyffhäuser with his herd, twenty years ago, and has never been seen since."

Irving has taken almost every feature of his story from this legend; but his happy translation of it to the Catskills, and the grace and humour which he has added to it, have made it a new creation. Peter Klaus is simply a puppet of the people's fancy, but Rip Van Winkle has an immortal vitality of his own. Few, however, who look into the wild little glen, on climbing to the Catskill mountain-house, suspect from what a distance was wafted the thistle-down which there dropped and grew into a new plant, with the richest flavour and colour of the soil. Here, on the Kyffhäuser, I find the stalk whence it was blown by some fortunate wind.

No doubt some interesting discoveries might be made, if the ruins were cleared and explored. At the eastern end of the crest are the remains of another tower, from which I detected masses of masonry rising through the

oaks, on a lower platform of the mountain. The three wild women informed me that there was a chapel down there; but my small boy had never heard of it, and didn't know the way.

"Where do you come from, boy?" the woman asked.

"From Kelbra."

"O! ah! To be sure you don't know! The Kelbra people are blockheads and asses, every one of 'em. They think their Rothenburg is everything, when the good Lord knows that the Kaiser Red-beard never lived there a day of his life. From Kelbra, indeed! It's the Tilleda people that know how to guide strangers; you've made a nice mess of it, Herr, taking a Kelbra boy!"

Perhaps I had; but it wasn't pleasant to be told of it in that way. So I took my boy, said farewell to Barbarossa's tower, and climbed down the steep of slippery grass and stones to the ruins of the lower castle. The scrubby oaks and alder thickets were almost impenetrable; a single path wound among them, leading me through three ancient gateways, but avoiding several chambers, the walls of which are still partially standing. However, I finally reached the chapel—a structure more Byzantine than Gothic, about fifty feet in length. It stands alone, at the end of a court-yard, and is less ruined than any other part of the castle. The windows remain, and a great part of the semicircular chancel, but I could find no traces of sculpture. The floor had been dug up in search of buried treasure. Looking

through an aperture in the wall, I saw another inclosure of ruins on a platform farther below. The castle of Kyffhäuser, then, embraced three separate stages of buildings, all connected, and forming a pile nearly a quarter of a mile in length. Before its fall it must have been one of the stateliest fortresses in Germany.

I descended the mountain in the fierce, silent heat which made it seem so lonely, so far removed from the bright world of the Golden Mead. There were no flocks on the dry pasture-slopes, no farmers in the stubble-fields under them; and the village of Tilleda, lying under my eyes, bared its deserted streets to the sun. There, nevertheless, I found rest and refreshment in a decent inn. My destination was the town of Artern, on the Unstrut, at the eastern extremity of the Golden Mead; and I had counted on finding a horse and hay-cart, at least, to carry me over the intervening nine or ten miles. But no; nothing of the kind was to be had in Tilleda—even a man to shoulder my pack was an unusual fortune, for which I must be grateful. "Wait till evening," said the landlady, after describing to me the death of her husband, and her business troubles, "and then Hans Meyer will go with you."

The story being that the family of Goethe originally came from Artern, and that some of its members are still living in the neighbourhood, I commenced my inquiries at Tilleda."

"Is there anybody of the name of Goethe in the village?" I asked the landlady.

"Yes," said she, "there 's the blacksmith Goethe, but I believe he 's the only one."

The poet's great-grandfather having been a blacksmith, and the practice of a certain trade or profession being so frequently hereditary among the Germans, I did not doubt but that this was a genuine branch of the family. All that the landlady could say of the man, in reply to my questions, was, "He 's only a blacksmith."

The sun had nearly touched the tower on the Kyffhäuser when Hans Meyer and I set out for Artern; but the fields still glowed with heat, and the far blue hills, which I must reach, seemed to grow no nearer, as I plodded painfully along the field-roads. The man was talkative enough, and his singular dialect was not difficult to understand. He knew no tradition which had not already been gathered, but like a genuine farmer, entertained me with stories of hail-storms, early and late frosts, and inundations. He was inveterately wedded to old fashions, and things of the past, had served against the Republicans in 1849, and not a glimmering idea of the present national movement had ever entered his mind. I had heard that this region was the home of conservative land-owners, and ignorant peasants who believe in them, but I am not willing to take Hans Meyer as a fair specimen of the people.

It is wearisome to tell of a weary journey. The richest fields may be monotonous, and the sweetest pastoral scenery become tame, without change. I looked over the floor of the Golden Mead, with ardent

longing towards the spire of Artern in the east, and with a faint interest towards the castle of Sachsenberg, in the south, perched above a gorge through which the Unstrut breaks its way. The sun went down in a splendour of colour, the moon came up like a bronze shield, grain-waggons rolled homewards, men and women flocked into the villages, with rakes and forks on their shoulders, and a cool dusk slowly settled over the great plain. Hans Meyer was silent at last, and I was in that condition of tense endurance when an unnecessary remark is almost as bad as an insult; and so we went over the remaining miles, entering the gates of Artern by moonlight.

The first thing I did in the morning was to recommence my inquiries in regard to Goethe. "Yes," said the landlord, "his *Stammhaus* (ancestral house) is here, but the family don't live in it any longer. If you want to see it, one of the boys shall go with you. There was formerly a smithy in it; but the smiths of the family left, and then it was changed."

I followed the boy through the long, roughly-paved main street, until we had nearly reached the western end of the town, when he stopped before an old yellow house, two stories high, with a steep tiled roof. Its age, I should guess, was between two and three hundred years. The street-front, above the ground floor,—which, having an arched entrance and only one small window, must have been the former smithy,—showed its framework of timber, as one sees in all old German

houses. Before the closely-ranged windows of the second story there were shelves with pots of gilliflowers and carnations in blossom. It was a genuine mechanic's house, with no peculiar feature to distinguish it particularly from the others in the street. A thin-faced man, with sharp black moustache, looked out of one of the windows, and spoke to the boy, who asked whether I wished to enter. But as there was really nothing to be seen, I declined.

According to the chronicles of Artern, the great-grandfather Goethe, the blacksmith, had a son who was apprenticed to a tailor, and who, during his *Wanderschaft*, sojourned awhile in Frankfort-on-the-Main. He there captivated the fancy of a rich widow, the proprietress of the Willow-Bush Hotel (the present "Hotel Union"), and married her,—or she married him,—a fact which presupposes good looks, or talents, or both, on his part. His son, properly educated, became in time the Councillor Goethe, who begat the poet. The latter, it is said, denied that the tailor was his *grandfather*, whence it is probable that an additional generation must be interpolated; but the original blacksmith has been accepted, I believe, by the most of Goethe's biographers. A generation, more or less, makes no difference. Goethe's ancestry, like that of Shakespeare, lay in the ranks of the people, and their strong blood ran in the veins of both.

No author ever studied himself with such a serene, objective coolness as Goethe; but when he speaks to

the world, one always feels that there is a slight flavour of *Dichtung* infused into his *Wahrheit* .Or perhaps, with the arrogance natural to every great intellect, he reasoned outward, and assumed material from spiritual facts. Fiction being only Truth seen through a different medium, the poet who can withdraw far enough from his own nature to contemplate it as an artistic study, works under a different law from that of the autobiographer. So when Goethe illustrates himself, we must not always look closely for facts. The only instance, which I can recall at this moment, wherein he speaks of his ancestors, is the poetical fragment:—

"Stature from father, and the mood
Stern views of life compelling;
From mother I take the joyous heart,
And the love of story-telling;
Great-grandsire's passion was the fair—
What if I still reveal it?
Great-grandam's was pomp, and gold, and show,
And in my bones I feel it."

It is quite as possible, here, that Goethe deduced the character of his ancestors from his own, as that he sought an explanation of the latter in their peculiarities. The great-grandsire may have been Textor, of his mother's line; it is not likely that he knew much of his father's family-tree. The burghers of Frankfort were as proud, in their day, as the nobility of other lands; and Goethe, at least in his tastes and habits, was a natural aristocrat. It is not known that he ever visited Artern.

Concerning the other members of the original family, the landlord said: "Not one of them lives here now. The last Goethe in the neighbourhood was a farmer, who had a lease of the *Scharfrichterei*" (an isolated property, set apart for the use of the government executioner), "but he left here some six or eight years ago, and emigrated to America." "Was he the executioner?" I asked. "O, by no means!" the landlord answered; "he only leased the farm; but it was not a comfortable place to live upon, and, besides, he didn't succeed very well." So the blacksmith in Tilleda and the American Goethe are the only representatives left. What if a great poet for our hemisphere should, in time, spring from the loins of the latter?

I ordered a horse and carriage with no compunctions of conscience, for I was really unable to make a second day's journey on foot. The golden weather had lasted just long enough to complete my legendary pilgrimage. The morning at Artern came on with cloud and distant gray sweeps of rain, which soon blotted out the dim headland of the Kyffhäuser. I followed the course of the Unstrut, which here reaches the northern limit of his wanderings, and winds southward to seek the Saale. The valley of the river is as beautiful as it is secluded, and every hour brings a fresh historical field to the traveller. No highway enters it; only rude country roads lead from village to village, and rude inns supply plain cheer. Tourists are here an unknown variety of the human race.

I passed the ruins of Castle Wendelstein, battered during the Thirty Years' War,—a manufactory of beet-sugar now peacefully smokes in the midst of its gray vaults and buttresses,—and then Memleben, where Henry the Bird-Snarer lived when he was elected emperor, and Otto II. founded a grand monastery. Other ruins and ancient battle-fields followed, and finally Nebra, where, in 531, the Thuringians fought with the Franks three days, and lost their kingdom. On entering Nebra, I passed an inn with the curious sign of "Care" (*Sorge*),—represented by a man with a most dismal face, and his head resting hopelessly upon his hand. An inn of evilest omen; and, assuredly, I did not stop there.

Further down the valley, green vineyards took the place of the oak forests, and the landscapes resembled those of the Main and the Neckar. There were still towns, and ruined castles, and battlefields, but I will not ask the reader to explore the labyrinthine paths of German history. The atmosphere of the legend had faded, and I looked with an indifferent eye on the storied scenes which the windings of the river unfolded. At sunset, I saw it pour its waters into those of the Saale, not far from the railway station of Naumburg, where I came back to the highways of travel.

# A WEEK ON CAPRI.

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LOOKING seaward from Naples, the island of Capri lies across the throat of the bay like a vast natural breakwater, grand in all its proportions, and marvellously picturesque in outline. The fancy is at once excited, and seeks to find some definite figure therein. Long ago, an English traveller compared it to a couchant lion; Jean Paul, on the strength of some picture he had seen, pronounced it to be a sphinx; while Gregorovius, most imaginative of all, finds that it is "an antique sarcophagus, with bas-reliefs of snaky-haired Eumenides, and the figure of Tiberius lying upon it."

Capri is not strictly a bye-way of travel, inasmuch as most of the tourists who come to Naples take the little bay steamer, visit the Blue Grotto, touch an hour at the *marina*, or landing-place, and return the same evening *via* Sorrento. But this is like reading a title-page, instead of the volume behind it. The few who climb the rock, and set themselves quietly down to study the life and scenery of the island, find an entire poem, to which no element of beauty or interest is wanting, opened for their perusal. Like Venice, Capri is a permanent island in the traveller's experience—detached from the mainland of Italian character and associations.

It is not a grand dramatic epic, to which light waves keep time, tinkling on the marble steps; but a bright, breezy pastoral of the sea, with a hollow, rumbling undertone of the past, like that of the billows in its caverns. Venice has her generations, her ages of heroic forms: here one sole figure, supremely fierce and abominable, usurps the historic background. Not only that; its shadow is projected over the life of the island, now and for all time to come. Here, where nature has placed terror and beauty side by side, the tragedy of one man is inextricably blended with the idyllic annals of a simple, innocent people. To feel this, one must live a little while on Capri.

It was nearly the end of January, when Antonio, our boatman, announced that we had the "one day out of a dozen" for crossing the ten miles of sea between Sorrento and the island. I had my doubts, placing my own weather-instinct against the boatman's need of making a good fare in a dull season; but we embarked nevertheless. The ripple of a sirocco could even then be seen far out on the bay, and a cloudy wall of rain seemed to be rising from the sea. "*Non c'è paura,*" said the sailors: "we have a god-mother at the marina of Capri, and we are going to burn a lamp for her to-night. She will give us good weather." They pulled gaily, and we soon passed the headland of Sorrento, beyond which the mouth of the bay of Naples opened broadly to view. Across the water, Ischia was already dim with rain; and right in front towered Capri, huge,

threatening, and to the eye inaccessible, but for the faint glimmer of houses at the landing-place.

Here we met the heavy swell rolling in from the sea. The men bent to their oars, with cries of "*Hal-li! maccheroni à Capri!*" The spray of the coming rain struck us, but it was light and warm. Antonio set the sail, and we steered directly across the strait, the sky becoming darker and wilder every minute. The bold Cape of Minerva, with its Odyssean memories, and the Leap of Tiberius, on Capri, were the dim landmarks by which we set our course. It was nearly two hours before we came to windward of the latter, and I said to Antonio: "It is one day out of a dozen for cold and wet." He was silent, and made an attempt to look melancholy. However, the rocks already overhung us; in front was a great curving sweep of gardens, mounting higher and ever higher in the twilight; and the only boat we had seen on the deserted bay drew in towards us, and made for the roadstead.

The row of fishermen's houses on the beach beckoned welcome after the dreary voyage. At first I saw no human being, but presently some women and children appeared, hurrying to the strand. A few more lifts on the dying swell, and our keel struck the shore. The sailors jumped into the water; one of the women planted a tall bench against the bow, and over this bridge we were landed. There was already a crowd surrounding us with clamours for gifts and service. The woman with the bench was the noisiest: "It is

mine!" she continually cried "*I* brought it!" I gave her a copper coin, expecting, after my Neapolitan experiences, to hear wilder cries for more: but she only uttered, "*Eh? due bajocchi!*" in an indescribable tone, shouldered her bench, and walked away. Antonio picked out two maidens, piled our baggage upon their heads, and we set off for the town of Capri. The clamorous crowd dissolved at once; there was neither insult nor pursuit. It was a good-humoured demonstration of welcome—nothing more.

It was but a single step from the strand—the only little fragment of beach on ten miles of inaccessible shore—to the steep and stony pathway leading up the height. It still rained, and the night was rapidly falling. High garden walls further darkened the way, which was barely wide enough to allow two persons to pass, and the bed of which, collecting the rain from the steeps on either side, was like that of a mountain torrent. Before us marched the bare-legged porteresses, with astonishing lightness and swiftness, while we plodded after, through the rattling waters, often slipping on the wet stones, and compelled to pause at every corner to regain our breath. The bright houses on the ridge overhead shone as if by their own light, crowning the dusky gardens, and beckoning us upwards.

After nearly half an hour of such climbing, we emerged from between the walls. A vast, hollow view opened dimly down to the sea for a moment; then we passed under an arch, and found ourselves in the little

square of the town, which is planted on the crest of the island, at its lowest point. There are not forty feet of level ground; the pavement falls to both shores. A few paces down the southern slope brought us to a large white mansion, beside which the crown of a magnificent palm-tree rustled in the wind. This was the hostelry of Don Michele Pagano, known to all artists who have visited Capri for the last twenty years. A stately entrance, an ample staircase, and lofty, vaulted chambers, gave the house a palatial air, as we came into it out of the stormy night. The two maidens, who had carried forty pounds a-piece on their heads, were not in the least flushed by their labour. The fee I gave seemed to me very small, but they were so well-pleased that Antonio's voice demanding, "Why don't you thank the Signore?" made them start out of a dream,—perhaps of pork and macaroni. At once, like children saying their lessons, they dipped a deep courtesy, side by side, saying, "*Grazie, Signore!*" I then first saw how pretty they were, how bright their eyes, how dazzling their teeth, and how their smiles flashed as they said "Good-night!" Meanwhile Don Michele's daughter had kindled a fire on the hearth, there was a promise of immediate dinner, and we began to like Capri from that moment.

My first walk satisfied me that no one can make acquaintance with the island from a boat. Its sea-walls of rock are so enormous, that they hide almost its entire habitable portion from view. In order to make

any description of its scenery clear to the reader, the prominent topographical features must be first sketched. Capri lies due south of Naples, its longer diameter running east and west, so that it presents its full broadside to the capital. Its outline, on the ground plan, is that of a short, broad-topped boot, the toe pointing towards the Sorrentine headland. The breadth across the top, or western end, is two miles, and the length of the island is about four miles. The town of Capri lies just at the top of the instep, where the ankle is narrowest, occupying also the crest between the northern and southern shores. Immediately to the west of it rises a tremendous mountain wall, only to be scaled at one point. All the island beyond this wall is elevated considerably above the eastern half, the division being also municipal and social. The eastern part, however, possesses the only landing-places on both shores, whence it is the most animated and populous, claiming at least two-thirds of the entire number of five thousand souls on the island. The most elevated points are the Salto (leap) di Tiberio, the extreme eastern cape, which rises nearly a thousand feet above the sea; and Monte Solaro, a part of the dividing wall which I have just mentioned, about double the height of the Salto. In addition to the landing-place on the northern shore, there is a little cove just opposite, below the town, where boats can land in still weather. Elsewhere, the rocks descend to the water in a sheer wall, from one to eight hundred feet in height. Although

so near Naples, the winds from the mountains of the Peninsula are somewhat softened in crossing the bay, and the winter temperature is about ten degrees higher in consequence.

When we crossed the little square of the town to the entrance-gate, on the morning after our arrival, there was a furious *tramontana* blowing. The whole circuit of the Bay of Naples was visible, drawn in hard, sharp outlines, and the blue basin of water was freckled with thousands of shifting white-caps. The resemblance of the bay to a vast volcanic crater struck my fancy: the shores and islands seem to be the ruins of its rim. Such a wind, in Naples, would have been intolerable: here it was only strong at exposed points, and its keen edge was gone. We turned eastward, along the narrow, dirty street, to get into the country. In a hundred yards the town ceased, and the heavy walls gave place to enormous hedges of cactus. A boy, walking the same way, asked: "Are you going to Timberio" (Tiberius)? The ruins of the Villa Jovis, the principal palace of the Emperor, were already to be seen, on the summit of the eastern headland of the island. Along a roughly-paved lane, under the shade of carob and olive trees, we finally came to a large country-house in a most picturesque state of ruin. A crumbling archway, overhung by a fringe of aloes, which had thrust their roots between the stones, attracted my attention, and I began to sketch it. Not many minutes elapsed before five or six boys came out, and watched me from the arch. They would have been

good accessories, but, whenever I looked at one, he got out of the way. Presently they brought an aloe, and set it upon the rocks; but, seeing that I paid no attention to it, one of them remarked with a grimace, "No butiglia,"—meaning that he expected no gratuity from me. They were lively, good-natured imps, and so it was a pleasure to disappoint them agreeably.

We went also down the southern slope of the island, and came at random into the Val Tragara,—a peaceful solitude, where twenty-five centuries of labour have turned the hostile rocks into tiers of ever-yielding gardens. One range of these is supported upon arches of masonry that formerly upheld the highway which Tiberius constructed between his palaces. I afterwards found other traces of the road, leading in easy zigzags to the site of the fourth palace on San Michele. Descending deeper in the Val Tragara, we missed the main path, and stumbled down the channels of the rain between clumps of myrtle and banks whereon the red anemone had just begun to open its blossoms. The olive-trees, sheltered from the wind, were silent, and their gray shadows covered the suggestive mystery of the spot. For here Tiberius is supposed to have hidden those rites of the insane Venus to which Suetonius and Tacitus so darkly allude.

"Non ragioniam di lor, ma guarda e passa."

A single almond-tree, in flower, made its own sunshine in the silvery gloom; and the secluded beauties

of the place tempted us on, until the path dropped into a ravine, which fell towards the sea. Following the line of the ancient arches there is another path—the only level walk on the island—leading to a terrace above the three pointed rocks off the southern coast, called the Faraglioni. In the afternoon, when all the gardens and vineyards from the edge of the white cliffs to the town along the ridge lie in light, and the huge red and gray walls beyond, literally piled against the sky, are in hazy shadow, the views from this path are poems written in landscape forms. One does not need to remember that here once was Rome; that beyond the sea lie Sicily and Carthage; that Augustus consecrated the barren rock below to one of his favourites, and jested with Thrasyllus at one of his last feasts. The delight of the eye fills you too completely; and Capri, as you gaze, is released from its associations, classic and diabolic. If Nature was here profaned by man, she has long ago washed away the profanation. Her pure air and healthy breezes tolerate no moral diseases. Such were brought hither; but they took no root, and have left no trace, except in the half-fabulous "Timberio" of the people.

It is time to visit the Villa Jovis, the Emperor's chief residence. The *tramontana* still blew when we set out; but, as I said, it had lost its sharp edge in coming over the bay, and was deliciously bracing. As the gulf opened below us, after passing Monte San Michele, we paused to look at the dazzling panorama. Naples was

fair in sight; and the smoke of Vesuvius, following the new lava seemed nearly to have reached Torre del Greco. While we were studying the volcano through a glass, a tall man in Scotch cap and flannel shirt came up, stopped, and addressed us in Italian.

"You see that white house yonder on the cliff?" said he; "a Signore Inglese lives there. It's a nice place, a beautiful situation. There's the place for the cows, and there are the columbaria, and all sorts of things. It's what they call a *quinta* in Portugal."

"Is the Englishman married?" I asked.

"I don't know," he replied; "I believe there's a certain woman in the house."

I handed him the glass, which he held to his eyes for five minutes, without saying a word. Suddenly he broke out in English: "Yes, as you say, the powdery appearance—the—ah, the sudden change! Boreal weather, you know; but the indications seem to me, having watched and kept the thing in view, quite—ah—*quite* of *your* opinion!"

I was speechless, as may easily be imagined; and, before I could guess what to reply, he handed me the glass, took off his cap, said: "Here's hoping—ah, wishing that we may meet again—*perhaps!*" and went off with tremendous strides.

"Who is that, Augusto?" I asked of the small Caprese boy who carried our books and umbrellas.

"*Un Signo' Inglese.*"

"Is anything the matter with him?"

"*E un po' pazzo*" (a little cracked).

"Where does he live?"

"Yonder!" said Augusto, pointing to the very house, and place for the cows, and the columbaria, to which the gentleman himself had called my attention. It was his own house! The "certain woman," I afterwards learned, was his legal wife, a girl of Capri. As for himself, he bears a name noted in literature, and is the near relative of three authors.

Two pleasant girls kept us company a little further, and then we went on alone, by a steep, slippery path, paved with stone, between the poor little fields of fig and olive. The patches of wheat were scarcely bigger than cottage flower-beds, and in many places a laborious terrace supported only ground enough to produce a half-peck of grain. Lupines and horse-beans are the commonest crop at this season. Along our path bloomed "the daisy-star that never sets," with anemone and golden broom. The Villa Jovis was full in view, and not distant; but the way first led us to the edge of the cliffs on the south-eastern side of the island. From a rough pulpit of masonry we looked down on the wrinkled sea near a thousand feet below. The white-caps were but the tiniest sprinkles of silver on its deep-blue ground.

As we mounted towards the eastern headland, the tremendous walls of the western half of Capri rose bold and bright against the sky; but the arcs of the sea-horizon, on either side, were so widely extended

that they nearly clasped behind Monte Solaro. It was a wonderful, an indescribable view; how can I give it in words? Here I met an old man, in a long surtout, who stopped and conversed a minute in French. He was a soldier of Napoleon, now the keeper of a little restaurant at the Salto di Tiberio, and had just been made happy by the cross and a pension. The restaurant was opened by a peasant, and we passed through it to the Salto. A protecting rampart of masonry enables you to walk to the very brink. The rock falls a thousand feet, and so precipitously, that the victims flung hence must have dropped into the waves. We looked directly across the strait to the Cape of Minerva, and towards Salerno as well as Naples. The snow-crowned Monte Sant' Angelo, rising in the centre, gave the peninsula a broad pyramidal form, buttressed by the headlands on either side. The Isles of the Sirens were full in view; and, beyond them, the whole curve of the Salernic gulf, to the far Calabrian cape of Licosa. The distance was bathed in a flood of airy gold, and the gradations in the colour of the sea, from pale amethyst to the darkest sapphire below us, gave astonishing breadth and depth to the immense perspective. But the wind, tearing round the point in furious gusts, seemed trying to snatch us over the rampart, and the horror of the height became insupportable.

Much of the plan of the Villa Jovis may still be traced. As we approached the ruins, which commence

a few paces beyond the Salto, a woman made her appearance, and assumed the office of guide. "Here lived Timberio," said she; "he was a great man, a beautiful man, but oh, he was a devil! Down there are seven chambers, which you can only see by a torch-light; and here are the *piscine*, one for salt water and one for fresh; and now I 'll show you the mosaic pavement—all made by Timberio. Oh, the devil that he was!" Timberio is the favourite demon of the people of Capri. I suspect they would not give him up for any consideration. A wine of the island is called the "Tears of Tiberius," (when did he ever shed any, I wonder?) just as the wine of Vesuvius is called the Tears of Christ. When I pointed to the distant volcano, whose plume of silver smoke was the sign of the active eruption, and said to the woman, "Timberio is at work yonder!" she nodded her head, and answered: "Ah, the devil! to be sure he is."

We picked our way through the ruins, tracing three stories of the palace, which must have been four, if not five stories high on the land side. Some drums of marble columns are scattered about; bits of stucco remain at the bases of the walls; there is a corridor paved with mosaic, descending, curiously enough, in an inclined plane, and the ground-plan of a small theatre; but the rubbish left does not even hint of the former splendour. It is not one of those pathetic ruins which seem to appeal to men for preservation; it rather tries to hide itself from view, welcoming the

broom, the myrtle, and the caper-shrub to root-hold in its masses of brick and mortar.

On the topmost platform of ruin is the little chapel of Santa Maria del Soccorso, together with the hermitage of a good-natured friar, who brings you a chair, offers you bits of Tiberian marble, and expects a modest alms. Here I found the wild Englishman sitting on a stone bench beside the chapel. He pointed over the parapet to the awful precipice, and asked me: "Did you ever go over there? *I* did once—to get some jonquils. You know the rock-jonquils are the finest." Then he took my glass, looked through it at the distant shores, and began to laugh. "This reminds me," said he, "of a man who was blown up with his house several hundred feet into the air. He was immensely frightened, when, all at once, he saw his neighbour's house beside him—blown up too. And the neighbour called out: 'How long do you think it will take us to get down again?' Cool—wasn't it?" Thereupon he went to the ladies of the party, whom he advised to go to the *marina*, and see the people catch shrimps. "It's a beautiful sight," he said. "The girls are so fresh and rosy—but, then, so are the shrimps!"

It is no lost time, if you sit down upon a block of marble in the Villa Jovis, and dream a long, bewildering day-dream. Here it is almost as much a riot for the imagination to restore what once was, as to create what might be. The temples of Minerva and Apollo, across the strait, were both visible from this point. Looking

over Capri, you place the second palace of Tiberius on the summit of Monte Tuoro, which rises against the sea on your right; the third on the southern side of the island, a little further; the fourth on Monte San Michele; the fifth and sixth beyond the town of Capri, near the base of the mountain wall. Roads connecting these piles of splendour cross the valleys on high arches, and climb the peaks in laborious curves. Beyond the bay, the headland of Misenum and the shores of Baiæ are one long glitter of marble. Villas and temples crown the heights of Puteoli, and stretch in an unbroken line to Neapolis. Here the vision grows dim, but you know what magnificence fills the whole sweep of the shore — Portici and Pompeii and Stabiæ, growing visible again as the palaces shine above the rocks of Surrentum!

After the wonder that such things were, the next greatest wonder is that they have so utterly vanished. What is preserved is so fresh and solid that Time seems to have done the least towards their destruction. The masonry of Capri can scarcely have been carried away, while such quarries—still unexhausted—were supplied by the mainland; and the tradition is probably correct, that the palaces of Tiberius were razed to the ground immediately after his fall. The charms of the island were first discovered by Augustus. Its people were still Greek, in his day; and it belonged to the Greek Neapolis, to which he gave the larger and richer Ischia in exchange for it. The ruins of the Villa Jovis are

supposed to represent, also, the site of his palace: and Tiberius, who learned diplomacy from the cunning Emperor, and crime from the Empress, his own mother, first came hither with him. A period of twenty or thirty years saw the splendours of Capri rise and fall. After Tiberius, the island ceased to have a history.

Every walk on these heights, whence you look out far over bays, seas, and shores, is unlike anything else in the world. It is surprising what varieties of scenery are embraced in this little realm. In the afternoon we saw another phase of it on the southern shore, at a point called the Marina Piccola. After passing below the town and the terraced fields, we came upon a wild slope, grown with broom and mastic and arbutus, among which cows were feeding. Here the island shelves down rapidly between two near precipices. The wind was not felt: the air was still and warm, and the vast glittering sea basked in the sun. At the bottom we found three fishers' houses stuck among the rocks, more like rough natural accretions than the work of human hand; a dozen boats hauled up on the stones in a cove about forty feet in diameter; and one solitary man. Silence and savage solitude mark the spot. Eastward, the Faraglioni rise in grey-red, inaccessible cones; the ramparts of the Castello make sharp, crenellated zigzags on the sky, a thousand feet above one's head; and only a few olive-groves, where Monte Tuoro falls into the Val Tragara, speak of cultivation. One might fancy himself to be upon

some lone Pacific island. The fisher told us that in tempests the waves are hurled entirely over the houses, and boats in the cove are then dashed to pieces. But in May, the quails, weary with their flight from Africa, land on the slope above, and are caught in nets by hundreds and thousands.

We had not yet exhausted the lower, or eastern half of the island. Another morning was devoted to the Arco Naturale, on the southern coast, between Monte Tuoro and the Salto. Scrambling along a stony lane, between the laborious terraces of the Capri farmers, we soon reached the base of the former peak, where, completely hidden from view, lay a rich circular basin of level soil not more than a hundred yards in diameter. Only two or three houses were visible; some boys, hoeing in a field at a distance, cried out, "*Signo', un baioc'!*" with needless iteration, as if the words were a greeting. Presently we came upon a white farmhouse, out of which issued an old woman and four wild, frouzy girls—all of whom attached themselves to us, and would not be shaken off.

We were already on the verge of the coast. Over the jagged walls of rock we saw the plain of Pæstum beyond the sea, which opened deeper and bluer beneath us with every step. The rich garden-basin and the amphitheatre of terraced fields on Monte Tuoro were suddenly shut from view. A perpendicular cliff of white rock arose on the right; and below some rough shelves wrought into fields stood the Natural Arch, like

the front of a shattered Gothic cathedral. Its background was the sea, which shone through the open arch. High up on the left, over the pointed crags, stood a single rock shaped like a Rhine-wine beaker, holding its rounded cup to the sky. There is scarcely a wilder view on Capri.

Following the rough path by which the people reach their little fields, we clambered down the rocks, along the brink of steeps which threatened danger whenever the gusts of wind came around the point. The frouzy girls were at hand, and eager to help. When we declined, they claimed money for having given us their company, and we found it prudent to settle the bill at once. The slope was so steep that every brink of rock, from above, seemed to be the last between us and the sea. Our two boy-attendants went down somewhere out of sight; and their song came up through the roar of the wind like some wild strain of the Sirens whose isles we saw in the distance. The rock is grandly arched, with a main portal seventy or eighty feet high, and two open windows at the sides.

Half-way down the cliff on the right is the grotto of Mitromania—a name which the people, of course, have changed into "Matrimonio," as if the latter word had an application to Tiberius! There were some two hundred steps to descend, to a little platform of earth under the overhanging cliffs. Here the path dropped suddenly into a yawning crevice, the floor of which was traversed with cracks, as if ready to plunge into

the sea, which glimmered up through them. Passing under the gloomy arch, we came upon a chamber of reticulated Roman masonry, built in a side cavity of the rock, which forms part of the main grotto or temple of Mithras. The latter is about one hundred feet deep and fifty wide, and opens directly towards the sunrise.

Antiquarians derive the name of the grotto from *Magnum Mithræ Antrum.* There seems to be no doubt as to its character: one can still perceive the exact spot where the statue of the god was placed, to catch the first beams of his own luminary, coming from Persia to be welcomed and worshipped on the steeps of Capri. It is difficult to say what changes time and earthquakes may not have wrought; but it seems probable that the ancient temple extended to the front of the cliffs, and terminated in a platform hanging over the sea. A Greek inscription found in this grotto associates it both with the superstition and the cruelty of Tiberius. I have not seen the original, which is in the museum at Naples, but here repeat it from the translation of Gregorovius:—

"Ye who inhabit the Stygian land, beneficent demons,
Me, the unfortunate, take ye also now to your Hades,—
Me, whom not the will of the gods, but the power of the Ruler,
Suddenly smote with death, which, guiltless, I never suspected.
Crown'd with so many a gift, enjoying the favour of Cæsar,
Now he destroyeth my hopes, and the hopes of my parents.

Not fifteen have I reach'd, not twenty the years I have number'd,
Ah! and no more I behold the light of the beautiful heavens.
Hypatos am I by name: to thee I appeal, O my brother,—
Parents, also, I pray you, unfortunate, mourn me no longer!"

A human sacrifice is here clearly indicated. This mysterious cavern, with its diabolical associations, the giddy horror of the Salto, and the traces of more than one concealed way of escape, denoting the fear which is always allied with cruelty, leave an impression which the efforts of those historiasters who endeavour to whitewash Tiberius cannot weaken with all their arguments. Napoleon was one of his admirers, but his opinion on such matters is of no great weight. When Dr Adolf Stahr, however, devotes a volume to the work of proving Tiberius to have been a good and much-abused man, we turn to the pages of Suetonius and the Spintrian medals, and are not convinced. The comment of the old woman at the Villa Jovis will always express the general judgment of mankind,—"*Oh, che diavolo era Timberio!*"

If you stand at the gate of the town, and look eastward towards the great dividing walls, you can detect, on the corner nearest the sea, the zigzag line of the only path which leads up to Anacapri and the western part of the island. One morning when the boy Manfred, as he brought our coffee, told us that the *tramontana* had ceased blowing, we sent for horses to make the ascent. We had been awakened by volleys of musketry; the church-bells were chiming, and there were signs of a

festa,—but Felice, the owner of the horses, explained the matter. Two young men, mariners of Capri, had recently suffered shipwreck on the coast of Calabria. Their vessel was lost, and they only saved their lives because they happened, at the critical moment, to call on the Madonna del Carmine. She heard and helped them: they reached home in safety, and on this day they burned a lamp before her shrine, had a mass said in their names, and invited their families and friends to share in the thanksgiving. I heard the bells with delight, for they expressed the poetry of superstition based on truth.

We set out, in

"The halcyon morn
To hoar February born."

Indeed, such a day makes one forget *tramontana*, sirocco, and all the other weather-evils of the Italian winter. Words cannot describe the luxury of the air, the perfect stillness and beauty of the day, and the far, illuminated shores of the bay as they opened before us. We saw that the season had turned, in the crocuses and violets which blossomed beside the path—the former a lovely pale purple flower, with fire-tinted stamens. With Felice came two little girls, Luigia and Serafina, the former of whom urged on a horse, while the other carried on her head the basket of provisions. Our small factotum, Augusto, took charge of the bottles of wine, and Felice himself bore the shawls and books. Beyond the town, the path wound between clumps of

myrtle, arbutus, and the delicate white erica, already in bud. Under us lay the amphitheatre of vineyards and orange-groves; and the town of Capri, behind, stretching from San Michele to the foot of the Castello, seemed a fortified city of the Middle Ages. Over the glassy sea rose Vesuvius, apparently peaceful, yet with a demon at work under that silvery cloud; Monte St Angelo, snowy and bleak; and the rich slopes of Sorrento and Massa.

One of the *giumente* (as Felice called his horses) turned on seeing the rocky staircase, and tried to escape! But it was a sign of protest, not of hope. They were small, unshod, very peaceful creatures, doomed to a sorry fate, but they never had known anything better. Their horse-ideal was derived from the hundred yards of *un*stony path below Capri, and the few fresh turnips and carrots which they get on holidays. It was, perhaps, a waste of sympathy to pity them; yet one inclines to pity beasts more rëadily than men.

At the foot of the staircase we dismounted, and prepared to climb the giddy steep. There are five hundred and sixty steps, and they will average more than a foot in height. It is a fatiguing but not dangerous ascent, the overhanging side being protected by a parapet, while the frequent landings afford secure resting-places. On the white precipices grew the blue "flower of spring" (*fiore della primavera*), and the air was sweet with odours of unknown buds. Up, and still up, we turned at each angle to enjoy the wonderful aërial view, which, on such a morning, made me feel

half-fledged, with sprouting wings which ere-long might avail to bear me across the hollow gulf. We met a fellow with a splendid Roman head, whereon he was carrying down to the *marina* the huge oaken knee of some future vessel. Surprised at the size of the timber, I asked Felice whether it really grew upon the island, and he said there were large oaks about and beyond Anacapri.

Half-way up, the chapel of Sant' Antonio stands on a little spur projecting from the awful precipices. Looking down, you see the ruins of the Palazzo a' Mare of Tiberius, the bright turquoise patches where the water is shallow, and its purple tint in shadow. White sails were stretching across from the headland of Sorrento, making for the Blue Grotto. There were two more very long and steep flights of steps, and then we saw the gate on the summit, arched against the sky. Hanging from the rocks, but inaccessible, were starry bunches of daffodils. It had seemed to me, on looking at the rocky walls from Capri, than an easier point of ascent might have been chosen, and I believe it is settled that Tiberius visited his four western palaces by a different path; but I now saw that the islanders (not possessing despotic power) have really chosen the most accessible point. The table-land beyond does not, as I had imagined, commence at the summit of the cliffs, but far below them, and this staircase strikes the easiest level.

There are few equal surprises on Capri. Not many

more steps, and we found ourselves on a rich garden-plain, bounded on the left by stony mountains, but elsewhere stretching away to sky and sea, without a hint of the tremendous cliffs below. Indeed, but for the luminous, trembling haze around the base of the sky, one would not surmise the nearness of the sea, but rather think himself to be in some inland region. The different properties are walled, but there is no need of terraces. Shining white houses, with domed roofs, stand in the peaceful fields. The fruit-trees grow rank; huge oaks and elms, with ivied trunks, rise above them; and the landscape breathes a sweet, idyllic air. I noticed many cherry-trees of great size. The oaks, though deciduous, still wore the green leaves of last summer, which will only be pushed from the twigs when this year's buds open. High over this pleasant land, on a bare rock, are the towers of a mediæval castle, now named after Barbarossa—the corsair, not the emperor.

Presently we came to Anacapri, cleanest, most picturesque and delightful of Italian villages. How those white houses, with their airy *loggias*, their pillared *pergolas*, and their trim gardens, wooed us to stay, and taste the delight of rest, among a simple, beautiful, ignorant, and honest people! The streets were as narrow and shady as those of any Oriental city, and the houses mostly presented a blank side to them; but there were many arches, each opening on a sunny picture of slim, dark-haired beauties spinning silk, or

grandams regulating the frolics of children. The latter, seeing us, begged for *bajocchi;* and even the girls did the same, but laughingly, with a cheerful mimicry of mendicancy. The piazza of the village is about as large as the dining-room of a hotel. A bright little church occupies one side; and, as there was said to be a view from the roof, we sent for the key, which was brought by three girls. I made out the conjectured location of the ninth, tenth, eleventh, and twelfth palaces of Tiberius, whereof only a few stones remain, and then found that the best view was that of the three girls. They had the low brow, straight nose, short upper lip, and rounded chin which belongs to the Caprese type of beauty, and is rather Hellenic than Roman. Their complexion was dark, sunburnt rather than olive, and there was a rich flush of blood on their cheeks; the eyes long and large, and the teeth white as the kernels of fresh filberts. Their bare feet and hands, spoiled by much tramping and hard work, were out of keeping with their graceful, statuesque beauty. A more cheerful picture of poverty (for they are all miserably poor) it would be difficult to find.

It was but a mile further to the headland of Damecuta. Felice, however, advised us rather to visit the tower of Lima, above the Punta della Carena, the northwestern extremity of the island, and his advice proved to be good in the end. We descended a stony steep into a little valley, shaded by superb olive-groves, under which the crops of lupines were already beginning to

blossom. The dell fell deeper as we advanced; the grass was starred with red anemones, and there were odours of concealed violets. A mile further, we came upon a monastery, with a square, crenellated tower, beyond which the fields gave place to a narrow strip of stony down. All at once the shore yawned beneath us, disclosing the extremity of the island, with three deserted batteries on as many points of rock, a new lighthouse, and the little cove where the troops of Murat landed, when they surprised the English and recaptured Capri, in 1808. Westward, there was a wide sweep of sunny sea; northward, Ischia, Procida with its bright town, Baiæ and Pozzuoli. Here, at the foot of an old martello tower, we made our noon-halt, relieving Serafina of the weight of her basket, and Augusto of his bottles.

The children and young girls, going out to their work in the fields, begged rather pertinaciously. "We are very poor," they cried; "and you are so grand and beautiful, you can surely give us something." On the return, we met a group of lively maidens coming up from Capri, who said, when I told them there were no more *bajocchi* in my pockets, "Well, then, give us a franc, and we will divide it among us!" Nevertheless, begging is not the nuisance on Capri that it is on the mainland. It is always good-humoured, and refusal is never followed by maledictions. The poor are positively and certainly poor, and they seem to think it no shame to take what they can get over and above their hard

earnings. When one sees how very industrious and contented they are, it is rather a pleasure to add a few coppers to the little store laid aside for their holidays.

With every day, every hour of our residence, we more fully realised the grandeur and variety of the landscapes of Capri. The week which I thought sufficient to enable us to see the island thoroughly drew towards its close; and although we had gone from end to end of the rocky shores, climbed all the principal peaks, and descended into every dell and ravine, our enjoyment was only whetted, not exhausted. The same scenes grow with every repetition. There is not a path or crooked lane among the old houses, which does not keep a surprise in reserve. The little town, with only here and there a stone to show for the past, with no architectural interest whatever, is nevertheless a labyrinth of picturesque effects. In the houses, all the upper chambers are vaulted, and the roofs domed above them as in the Orient; while on one or more sides there is a *loggia* or arched veranda, overhung with cornice of grape-vines, or gay with vases of blooming plants. Thick walls, narrow windows, external staircases, palm-trees in the gardens, and raised platforms of masonry placed so as to catch the breezes of summer nights, increase the resemblance to the Orient. Living there, Syria seems to be nearer than Naples.

In the Val Tragara, near the sea, there is a large deserted monastery, the Certosa, dating from the fourteenth century. Here, as elsewhere, the monks have

either picked out the choicest spot for their abode, or have made it beautiful by their labour. The Certosa is still stately and imposing in its ruin. In the church the plaster is peeling off, leaving patches of gray fresco on the walls and ceiling. The sacristy and an adjoining chapel are riddled with cannon-balls: and two recumbent marble statues of the founders, resting on their sarcophagi, look at each other from opposite sides, and seem to wonder what the desolation means. The noble court-yard, surrounded with arched corridors, is dug up for a garden: there is straw and litter in the crumbling cells: and the prior's apartment, with its wonderful sea and coast views, is without an occupant. The garden only has not forgotten its former luxury. Its vines and fig-trees equal those of Crete and Syria; and its cactuses have become veritable trees, twenty feet in height. The monks succeeded in getting hold of the best land on the island; yet I have no doubt that the very people they impoverished wish them back again.

The Caprese are very devout and superstitious. They have two devils ("Timberio" being one), and a variety of saints. The beautiful little church in the town, externally so much like a mosque, is filled with votive offerings, painted or modelled in wax, each of which has its own story of miraculous interposition and escape. On one side of the nave sits in state the Madonna del Carmine, — a life-sized doll, with fair complexion, blue eyes, and a profusion of long curling tresses of real blonde hair. In her lap she holds a

dwarfish man, with hair of nearly equal length. A dozen wax candles were burning before her, in anticipation of her coming *festa*, which took place before we left Capri. She is the patron saint of the coral-fishers, none of whom neglected to perform their share of the celebration.

The day was ushered in with volleys of musketry, and the sounds, or rather cries, of the worst brass band I ever heard, which went from house to house, blowing, and collecting coppers. After the forenoon mass, the procession was arranged in the church, and then set out to make the tour of the town. First came the members of a confraternity, mostly grizzly old men, in white gowns, with black capes lined with red; then followed a number of small boys, behind whom marched the coral-fishers, forty or fifty in number—brown, weather-beaten faces, burned by the summers of the African coast. They were dressed with unusual care, and their throats seemed ill at ease inside of collar and cravat. Every one in the procession carried a taper, which he shielded from the wind with the hollow left hand, while his right managed also to collect the melted wax. Next appeared the Madonna, on her litter of state, followed by six men, who bore her silken canopy. In her train were the priests, and about a hundred women and girls brought up the rear.

Among the latter there were some remarkably lovely faces. The mixture of yellow, blue, and scarlet colours, which they delight to wear, contrasted brilliantly with

the glossy blackness of their hair and the sunny richness of their complexion. The island costume, however, is beginning to disappear. Only a few girls wore the *mucadore*, or folded handkerchief, on the head, while several were grand in wide silk skirts and crinolines. The people are not envious, but many a longing glance followed these progressive maidens.

In so small a domain as Capri, all that happens is known to everybody. A private romance is not possible; and so, on this occasion, the crowd on the little piazza were moved by a curiosity which had no relation to the Madonna del Carmine. The story, as I received it, is this: Nearly a year ago, the aunt of a beautiful girl who was betrothed to one of the young coral-fishers, was visited by an Englishman then staying at the Hotel Tiberio, who declared to her his violent love for the niece, and solicited her good offices to have the previous engagement broken off. Soon after this the Englishman left; the aunt informed the girl's father of the matter, the betrothal with the coral-fisher was suspended, and the father spent most of his time in frequenting the hotels to ascertain whether a rich young Englishman had arrived. A few days before our visit to Capri, the girl received presents from her unseen and unknown wooer, with a message requesting her not to appear in the procession of the Madonna del Carmine. The Englishman stated that he was at the Hotel Tiberio, and only waited the arrival of certain papers in order to claim her as his bride. Thereupon the father came to the hotel, but

failed to discover the mysterious stranger. Two artists, and several ladies who were there, offered to assist him; but the mystery still remained unsolved. Other letters and presents came to the girl; but no young, rich Englishman could be found on the island. The artists and ladies took up the matter (determined, I am very glad to say, to drive away the Englishman, if there were one, and marry the girl to the coral-fisher), but I have not yet heard of any *dénouement*. The young fisher appeared in the procession, but the girl did not; consequently, everybody knew that the mysterious letters and presents had made her faithless. For my part, I hope the coral-fisher—a bright, stalwart, handsome fellow—will find a truer sweetheart.

After making the complete tour of the town, which occupied about half an hour, the procession returned to the church. The coral-fishers were grave and devout; one could not question their sincerity. I was beginning to find the scene touching, and to let my sympathy go forth with the people, when the sight of them dropping on their knees before the great staring doll of a Madonna, as she bobbed along on the shoulders of her bearers, turned all my softness into granite. The small boys, carrying the tapers before her, were employed in trying to set fire to each other's shocks of uncombed hair. Two of them succeeded, and the unconscious victims marched at least a dozen steps with blazing heads, and would probably have been burned to the scalp had not a humane bystander extinguished the

unfragrant torches. Then everybody laughed; the victims slapped those who had set fire to them; and a ridiculous comedy was enacted in the very presence of the Madonna, who, for a moment, was the only dignified personage. The girls in the rear struck up a hymn without the least regard to unison, and joked and laughed together in the midst of it. The procession dissolved at the church door, and not a moment too soon, for it had already lost its significance.

I have purposely left the Blue Grotto to the last, as for me it was subordinate in interest to almost all else that I saw. Still it was part of the inevitable programme. One calm day we had spent in the trip to Anacapri, and another, at this season, was not to be immediately expected. Nevertheless, when we arose on the second morning afterwards, the palm-leaves hung silent, the olives twinkled without motion, and the southern sea glimmered with the veiled light of a calm. Vesuvius had but a single peaceful plume of smoke, the snows of the Apulian Mountains gleamed rosily behind his cone, and the fair headland of Sorrento shone in those soft, elusive, aërial grays, which must be the despair of a painter. It was a day for the Blue Grotto, and so we descended to the *marina*.

On the strand, girls with disordered hair and beautiful teeth offered shells and coral. We found mariners readily, and, after a little hesitation, pushed off in a large boat, leaving a little one to follow. The *tramontana* had left a faint swell behind it, but four oars

carried us at a lively speed along the shore. We passed the ruins of the baths of Tiberius (the *Palazzo a' Mare*), and then slid into the purple shadows of the cliffs, which rose in a sheer wall five hundred feet above the water. Two men sat on a rock, fishing with poles; and the boats further off the shore were sinking their nets, the ends of which were buoyed with gourds. Pulling along in the shadows, in less than half an hour we saw the tower of Damecuta shining aloft, above a slope of olives which descended steeply to the sea. Here, under a rough, round bastion of masonry, was the entrance to the Blue Grotto.

We were now transhipped to the little shell of a boat which had followed us. The swell rolled rather heavily into the mouth of the cave, and the adventure seemed a little perilous had the boatmen been less experienced. We lay flat in the bottom; the oars were taken in, and we had just reached the entrance, when a high wave, rolling up, threatened to dash us against the iron portals. "Look out!" cried the old man. The young sailor held the boat back with his hands, while the wave rolled under us into the darkness beyond; then, seizing the moment, we shot in after it, and were safe under the expanding roof. At first, all was tolerably dark: I only saw that the water near the entrance was intensely and luminously blue. Gradually, as the eye grew accustomed to the obscurity, the irregular vault of the roof became visible, tinted by a faint reflection from the water. The effect increased the longer we remained;

but the rock nowhere repeated the dazzling sapphire of the sea. It was rather a blue-gray, very beautiful, but far from presenting the effect given in the pictures sold at Naples. The silvery, starry radiance of foam or bubbles on the shining blue ground was the loveliest phenomenon of the grotto. To dip one's hand in the sea, and scatter the water, was to create sprays of wonderful, phosphorescent blossoms, jewels of the Sirens, flashing and vanishing garlands of the Undines.

A chamber, and the commencement of a gallery leading somewhere,—probably to the twelfth palace of Tiberius, on the headland of Damecuta,—were to be distinguished near the rear of the cavern. But rather than explore further mysteries, we watched our chance, and shot out, after a full-throated wave, into the flood of white daylight. Keeping on our course around the island, we passed the point of Damecuta,—making a chord to the arc of the shore,—to the first battery, beyond which the Anacapri territory opened fairly to view. From the northern to the north-western cape the coast sinks, like the side of an amphitheatre, in a succession of curving terraces, gray with the abundant olive. Two deep winding ravines, like the *wadies* of Arabia, have been worn by the rainfall of thousands of years, until they have split the shore-wall down to the sea. Looking up them, we could guess the green banks where the violets and the anemones grew, and the clumps of myrtle that perfumed the sea-breeze.

Broad and grand as was this view, it was far sur-

passed by the coast scenery to come. No sooner had we passed the pharos, and turned eastward along the southern shore of the island, than every sign of life and laborious industry ceased. The central mountain-wall suddenly broken off as it reached the sea, presented a face of precipice a thousand feet high, not in a smooth escarpment, as on the northern side, but cut into pyramids and pinnacles of ever-changing form. Our necks ached with gazing at the far summits, piercing the keen blue deeps of air. In one place the vast gable of the mountain was hollowed into arches and grottoes, from the eaves of which depended fringes of stalactite; it resembled a Titanic cathedral in ruins. Above the orange and dove-coloured facets of the cliff, the jagged topmost crest wore an ashen tint which no longer suggested the texture of rock. It seemed rather a soft mealy substance, which one might crumble between the fingers. The critics of the realistic school would damn the painter who should represent this effect truly.

Under these amazing crags, over a smooth, sunny sea, we sped along towards a point where the boatman said we should find the Green Grotto. It lies inside a short projecting cape of the perpendicular shore, and our approach to it was denoted by a streak of emerald fire flashing along the shaded water at the base of the rocks. A few more strokes on the oars carried us under an arch twenty feet high, which opened into a rocky cove beyond. The water being shallow, the white bottom

shone like silver; and the pure green hue of the waves, filled and flooded with the splendour of the sun, was thrown upon the interior facings of the rocks, making the cavern gleam like transparent glass. The dance of the waves, the reflex of the "netted sunbeams," threw ripples of shifting gold all over this green ground; and the walls and roof of the cavern, so magically illuminated, seemed to fluctuate in unison with the tide. It was a marvellous surprise, making truth of Undine and the Sirens, Proteus and the foam-born Aphrodite.[1] The brightness of the day increased the illusion, and made the incredible beauty of the cavern all the more startling, because devoid of gloom and mystery. It was an idyl of the sea, born of the god-lore of Greece. To the light, lisping whisper of the waves,—the sound nearest to that of a kiss,—there was added a deep, dim, subdued undertone of the swell caught in lower arches beyond; and the commencement of that fine posthumous sonnet of Keats chimed thenceforward in my ears:—

> "It keeps eternal whisperings around
> Desolate shores, and with its mighty swell
> Gluts twice ten thousand caverns, till the spell
> Of Hecate leaves them *their old shadowy sound.*"

After this, although the same enormous piles of rock overhung us, there were no new surprises. The sublimity and the beauty of this southern coast had reached their climax; and we turned from it to lean over the gunwale of the boat, and watch the purple

growth of sponges through the heaving crystal, as we drew into the cove of the *piccola marina*. There Augusto was waiting our arrival, the old fisher was ready with a bench, and we took the upper side of Capri.

My pen lingers on the subject, yet it is time to leave. When the day of our departure came, I wished for a *tramontana*, that we might be detained until the morrow; but no, it was a mild sirocco, setting directly towards Sorrento, and Antonio had come over, although, this time, without any prediction of a fine day. At the last fatal and prosaic moment, when the joys that are over must be paid for, we found Don Michele and Manfred as honest as they had been kind and attentive. Would we not come back some time? asked the Don. Certainly we will.

When the sail was set, and our foamy track pointed to the dear isle we were leaving, I, at least, was conscious of a slight heart-ache. So I turned once more and cried out, "*Addio, Capri!*" but the stern Tiberian rocks did not respond, "*Ritornate!*" and so Capri passed into memory.

# A TRIP TO ISCHIA.

## A TRIP TO ISCHIA.

THE island of Ischia, rising like a loftier Salamis at the northern entrance of the Bay of Naples, is so unlike its opposite sentinel, Capri, that the landscape-painter, to whom the peculiarities of mountain forms are as familiar as to the geologist, would pronounce as readily on the diversity of its origin. The latter might say: "This island is Plutonic, that Neptunic;" and the former: "Here are long, finely-broken outlines, and sharp, serrated summits; yonder, broad masses and sudden, bold escarpments;" but both express the same fact in different dialects. The two islands are equidistant from the mainland; they occupy the same relative position to the bay and to the central Vesuvian peak; they are equally noble land-marks to the mariners coming from the Tyrrhene or the Ionian Sea. Here the resemblance ends. Capri is the resort of artists, Ischia of invalids. Tiberius and the Blue Grotto belong to the litany of travel; but Ischia—larger, richer, more accessible than Capri—has no such special attractions to commend it. It must be sought for its own sake.

The little steamer upon which I embarked at Naples was called the *Tifeo*, from Typhœus, the Titan who lies buried under Epomeo, like Enceladus under Etna.

The decks were crowded; but every face was Italian, and every tongue uttered the broad, barbaric dialect of Southern Italy. Priests, peasant-women, small traders, sailors, and fishermen were mingled in a motley mass, setting their faces together in earnest gossip, and turning their backs upon sea, shore, and sky. As we passed Castell' dell' Ovo, the signs of the recent terrible landslide on the rock of Pizzofalcone drew their attention for a minute; and I, too, looked with a shudder at the masses of rock under which I had lived, unsuspectingly, until within three days of the catastrophe. The house wherein we had chosen quarters was crushed to atoms; and, although nearly a month had elapsed, the great pile of ruin was not yet cleared away.

Onward over the bright blue sea,—past the shores of Posilippo, the marine villa of Lucullus, and the terraced steep, yonder, where the poet Silius Italicus kept sacred the tomb of his master, Virgil,—past the burnt-out crater of Nisida, and the high, white houses of Pozzuoli, until the bay of Baiæ opens to the right, and we fetch a compass for the ancient Cape Misenum. How these names stir the blood! Yet my fellow-voyagers never lifted their eyes to the shores; and if they mentioned the names, it was, perhaps, to say, "I bought some pigs at Baiæ the other day," or, "What is land worth about Lake Avernus?" or, "Do you raise pumpkins at Cumæ?"

Between Cape Misenum and the island of Procida there is a strait two or three miles in width. The town

of Procida rests on the water like a long, white wedge, the butt of which bears up the immense old fortress. Approaching from Naples, the whole island lies before the loftier Ischia like Imbros before Samothrace, and seems to belong to it, as ancient geographers declare that it once did. The town is like a seaport of the Grecian Archipelago, and, as seen from the water, one could not wish it cleaner or less irregular. Fronting the sea, it presents a crescent of tall white houses, broken with arched balconies, and deep, scattered windows, and stained with patches of gray and moss-green. Over the domed roofs rises here and there a palm. The castle to the left, on its rock, rejoices in its ancient strength, and seems to command the Bay of Gaeta as well as that of Naples.

I tried to recall something of the history of Procida, and struck in the middle of the thirteenth century on the famous Giovanni,—"John of Procida,"—before and after whom there was a blank. The island once belonged to him *in toto*, and must have been a goodly possession. I believe he lost it for a time, on account of the part which he took in the Sicilian Vespers. Meanwhile the steamer came to a stop in the little port, and boats crowded about the gangways. I determined to go the length of the island towards Ischia by land, and so scrambled down with the rest.

I landed on a narrow quay, so filthy and malodorous that I made haste to accept the guidance of the first boy who offered his services. He led me into a street

just as bad; but, as we mounted towards the castle, the aspect of the town improved. This is the only place in Italy where the holiday costume is Greek, and one might therefore expect to find faces of the Hellenic type; yet such are fewer than on Capri. The costume disappears more and more, and only on grand festas do the women appear in bodices embroidered with gold, and gowns edged with the ancient labyrinth pattern. They have splendid eyes, like all the islanders; but I saw no beauties in my rapid march across Procida.

After the view from the castle, there is really nothing of interest in the little town. The island is low and nearly level, so that the high walls which inclose the road shut out all view of its vineyards and gardens. The eastern shore, near which my path led, is formed by three neighbouring craters, the rims of which are broken down on the seaside, and boats anchor on the lava of the bottoms. The road was almost a continuous street, the suburb of Procida running into that of the large village of L'Olmo. A crowd of wayfarers went to and fro, and in all the open arches women sat spinning in the sun. There were no beggars; one of the women, indeed, called across the road to another, as I passed, "Ask him for a bajocco!" but the latter laughed, and turned her head aside. Although so little of the island was to be seen, there was no end to the pictures made by the windings of the road, the walls draped with fern and ivy, the deep arches of shade with

bright, sunlit court-yards behind them, and the quaint terraces overhung with vines.

A walk of two miles brought me to the western shore, where the road descended to the fishing hamlet of Chiaiolella. The place seemed to be deserted; I walked between the silent old houses, and had nearly reached the beach, when a brown old mariner glided out from the shadow of a buttress, and followed me. Some boats lay on the sand in the little land-locked crater-bay; and presently three other men, who had been sleeping somewhere in the corners, came forward, scenting a fee. Of course they asked too much; but, to my surprise, they gradually abated the demand, although there was no competition. The old man said, very frankly, "If you give us a franc apiece, we shall only make ten sous, and we should like to earn a little more." We thereupon soon came to terms; two of them carried me into the boat, and we set off for Ischia.

Just beyond the last point of Procida rises the rocky island of Vivara, which is nothing but a fragment left from the ruin of a volcanic crater. Its one slanting side is covered with olive-trees, and a single house stands on the summit. The landing-place is a rocky shelf a yard or so in width, only accessible when the sea is quite smooth. The island belongs to Signor Scotti, of Procida, so the boatmen told me, but he is too shrewd to live upon it. As we floated past it into the open strait, the Bay of Gaeta opened broadly on the

right, stretching away to the far Cape of Circe, beyond Terracina. In front Ischia, grand in its nearness, possessed the sea. One is here still in Odyssean waters. Here Homer once sailed, so sure as there ever was a Homer, and heard Typhœus groaning under Inarime. What Kinglake so finely says of the Troad is here equally true. The theories of scholars go to the winds; one learns to believe in Homer, no less than in Moses.

The picture of Ischia, from the sea, is superb. In front towers the castle, on a thrice bolder and broader wedge of rock than that of Procida; withdrawn behind it, as if for protection, the white crescent of the town sweeps along the water; garden-groves rise in the rear, then great, climbing slopes of vine, and, high over all, Monte Epomeo converges the broken outlines of the island, and binds them together in his knotted peak. The main features are grandly broad and simple, yet there is an exquisite grace and harmony in the minor forms of the landscape. As we ran under the shadows of the castle-rock, whereon the Marquis Pescara was born, my thoughts were involuntarily directed to two women,—his sister, the heroic Costanza, whose defence of the castle gave the governorship of Ischia to her family for two hundred and fifty years; and his wife, Vittoria Colonna. Her, however, we remember less as the Marchesa Pescara than as the friend of Michael Angelo, in whose arms she died. Theirs was the only friendship between man and woman, which the breath

of that corrupt age did not dare to stain,—noble on both sides, and based on the taste and energy and intellect of both. Vittoria, of whom Ariosto says,—

> "Vittoria è 'l nome; e ben conviensi a nata
> Fra le vittori,"

retired to this castle of Ischia to mourn her husband's death. Strange that her sorrow excites in us so little sympathy; while, at this distance of time, the picture of Michael Angelo after her death gives us a pang. Moral,—it is better to be the friend of a great artist than the wife of a great general.

The landing at Ischia is as attractive as that at Procida is repulsive. The town comes down to the bright, sunny quay in a broad, clean street; the houses are massive, and suggestive of comfort, and there are glimpses of the richest gardens among them. "You must go to the *locanda nobile*," said the sailors; and to make sure they went with me. It is, in fact, the only tolerable inn in the place; yet my first impression was not encouraging. The locanda consisted of a large hall, filled with mattresses, a single bare bedroom, and the landlord's private quarters. The only person I saw was a one-eyed youth, who came every five minutes, while I sat watching the splendid sunset illumination of the castle and sea, to ask, "Shall I make your soup with rice or macaroni?" "Will you have your fish fried or *in umido?*" Notwithstanding all this attention, it was a most meagre dinner which he finally served, and I longed for the fleshpots of Capri. In spite of Murray,

artists are not stoics, and where they go the fare is wont to be good. The English guide says, very complacently: "Such or such an hotel is third-rate, *patronised by artists!*" or, "The accommodations are poor; *but artists may find them sufficient!*"—as if "artists" had no finer habits of palate or nerves! When I contrasted Pagano's table in Capri with that of the *nobile locanda* of Ischia, I regretted that artists had not been staying at the latter.

In walking through the two cold and barren rooms of the hotel I had caught a glimpse, through an open door, of a man lying in bed, and an old Franciscan friar, in a brown gaberdine, hanging over him. Now, when my Lenten dinner (although it was Carnival) was finished, the *padrona* came to me, and said: "Won't you walk in and see Don Michele? He's in bed sick, but he can talk, and it will pass away the time for him."

"But the Frate"—here I hesitated, thinking of extreme unction.

"O, never mind the Frate," said the *padrona;* "Don Michele knows you are here, and he wants to have a talk with you."

The invalid landlord was a man of fifty, who lay in bed, groaning with a fearful lumbago, as he informed me. At the foot of the bed sat the old friar, gray-headed, with a snuffy upper lip, and an expression of amiable imbecility on his countenance. The one-eyed servant was the landlord's son; and there were

two little daughters, one of whom, Filomena, carried the other, Maria Teresa. There was also a son, a sailor, absent in Egypt. "Four left out of twelve," said Don Michele; "but you notice there will soon be thirteen; so I shall have five, if the Lord wills it."

"And so you are from America," he continued; "my son was there, but whether in North or South, I don't know. They say there is cholera in Africa, and I hope the saints will protect him from it. Here on Ischia—as perhaps you don't know—we never had the cholera; we have a saint who keeps it away from the island. It was San Giuseppe della Croce, and nobody can tell how many miracles he has wrought for us. He left a miraculous plant,—it's inside the castle—and there it grows to this day, with wonderful powers of healing; but no one dares to touch it. If you were to so much as break a leaf, all Ischia would rise in revolution."

"What a benefit for the island!" I remarked.

"Ah, you may well say that!" exclaimed Don Michele. "Here everything is good,—the fish, the wine, the people. There are no robbers among us,—no, indeed! You may go where you like, and without fear, as the Frate will tell you. This is my brother" (pointing to the friar.) "I am affiliated with the Franciscans, and so he comes to keep me company."

The friar nodded, took a pinch of snuff, and smiled in the vague, silly way of a man who don't know what to say.

"I have met many of your brethren in the Holy Land," I said, to the latter.

"Gran Dio! you have been there?" both exclaimed.

I must needs tell them of Jerusalem and Jericho, of Nazareth and Tiberias; but Don Michele soon came back to America. "You are one of the nobility, I suppose?" he said.

"What!" I answered, affecting a slight indignation; "don't you know that we have no nobility? All are equal before the law, and the poorest man may become the highest ruler, if he has the right degree of intelligence." (I was about to add, *and honesty*, but checked myself in time.)

"Do you hear that?" cried Don Michele to the friar. "I call that a fine thing."

"*Che bella cosa!*" repeated the friar, as he took a fresh pinch of snuff.

"What good is your nobility!" I continued. "They monopolise the offices, they are poor and proud, and they won't work. The men who do the most for Italy are not nobles."

"True! true! listen to that!" said Don Michele. "And so in America, all have an equal chance?"

"If you were living there," I answered, "your son, if he had talents, might become the governor of a State, or a minister to a foreign court. Could he be that here, whatever might be his intellect?"

"*Gran Dio! 'Che bella cosa!*" said the friar.

"It is the balance of Astræa!" cried Don Michele, forgetting his lumbago, and sitting up in bed. I was rather astonished at this classical allusion; but it satisfied me that I was not improvidently wasting my eloquence; so I went on:—

"What is a title? Is a man any the more a man for having it? He may be a duke and a thief, and if so, I put him far below an honest fisherman. Are there titles in heaven?" Here I turned to the friar.

"Behold! A noble—a beautiful word!" cried the don again. The friar lifted his hands to heaven, shook his head in a melancholy way, and took another pinch of snuff.

We were in a fair way to establish the universal fraternal republic, when a knock at the door interrupted us. It was Don Michele's sister, accompanied by an old man, and a young one, with a handsome but taciturn face.

"Ah, here is my *figliuccio!* said Don Michele, beckoning forward the latter. "He will furnish a donkey, and guide you all over Ischia—up to the top of Epomeo, to Fori', and Casamich'."

Now I had particularly requested a young and jovial fellow, not one of your silent guides, who always hurry you forward when you want to pause, and seem to consider you as a bad job, to be gotten rid of as soon as possible. Giovanni's was not the face I desired, but Don Michele insisted stoutly that he was the very man for me; and so the arrangement was concluded.

I went to bed, feeling more like a guest of the family than a stranger; and, before sleeping, determined that I would make an experiment. The rule in Italy is, that the man who does not bargain in advance is inevitably cheated; here, however, it seemed that I had stumbled on an unsophisticated region. I would make no bargains, ask no mistrustful questions, and test the natural honesty of the people.

Mounted on the ass, and accompanied by Giovanni, I left the *locanda nobile* the next morning to make the tour of the island. "Be sure and show him everything and tell him everything!" cried Don Michele, from his bed: whereat Giovanni, with a short "Yes!" which promised nothing to my ear, led the way out of the town.

We ascended the low hill on which the town is built, under high garden walls, overhung by the most luxuriant foliage of orange and olive.. There were fine cypresses,—a tree rare in Southern Italy,—and occasional palms. We very soon emerged into the country, where Epomeo towered darkly above us, in the shadow of clouds which the sirocco had blown from the sea. The road was not blinded by walls, as on Procida, but open and broad, winding forward between vineyards of astonishing growth. Here the threefold crops raised on the same soil, about Naples and Sorrento, would be impossible. In that rich volcanic earth wheat is only the *parterre* or ground-floor of cultivation. The thin shade of the olive, or the young leaves of vine, do not

intercept sun enough to hinder its proper maturity; and thus oil or wine (or sometimes both) becomes a higher crop, a *bel étage;* while the umbrella-pines, towering far above all, constitute an upper story for the production of lumber and firewood. Ischia has the same soil, but the vine, on account of the superior quality of its juice, is suffered to monopolise it. Stems of the thickness of a man's leg are trained back and forth on poles thirty feet high. The usual evergreen growths of this region, which make a mimicry of summer, have no place here; far and wide, high and low, the landscape is gray with vines and poles. I can only guess what a Bacchic labyrinth it must be in the season of vintage.

The few trees allowed to stand were generally fig or walnut. There are no orange-groves, as about Sorrento, for the reason that the wine of Ischia, being specially imported to mix with and give fire and temper to other Italian wines, is a very profitable production. The little island has a population of about thirty thousand, very few of whom are poor, like the inhabitants of Capri. During my trip I encountered but a single beggar, who was an old woman on crutches. Yet, although the fields were gray, the banks beside the road were bright with young grass, and gay with violets, anemones, and the golden blossoms of the broom.

On our left lay the long slopes of Monte Campagnano, which presents a rocky front to the sea. Between this mountain and Epomeo the road traversed a circular

valley, nearly a mile in diameter, as superbly rich as any of the favoured gardens of Syria. The aqueduct which brings water from the mountains to the town of Ischia crosses it on lofty stone arches. Beyond this valley, the path entered a singular winding ravine thirty or forty feet in depth, and barely wide enough for two asses to pass each other. Its walls of rock were completely hidden in mosses and ferns, and old oak-trees, with ivied trunks, threw their arms across it. The country people, in scarlet caps and velvet jackets, on their way to enjoy the *festa* (the Carnival) at the villages, greeted me with a friendly "*buon dì!*" I was constantly reminded of those exquisitely picturesque passes of Arcadia, which seem still to be the haunts of Pan and the Nymphs.

Bishop Berkeley, whose happiest summer (not even excepting that he passed at Newport) was spent on Ischia, must have frequently travelled that path; and, without having seen more of the island, I was quite willing to accept his eulogies of its scenery. I had some difficulty, however, in adjusting to the reality Jean Paul's imaginary description, which it is conventional to praise, in Germany. The mere enumeration of orange-trees, olives, rocks, chestnut woods, vines, and blue sea, blended into a glimmering whole, with no distinct outlines, does not constitute description of scenery. An author ventures upon dangerous ground, when he attempts to paint landscapes which he has never seen. Jean Paul had the clairvoyant faculty of

the poet, and was sometimes able to "make out" (to use Charlotte Brontë's expression) Italian atmospheres and a tolerable dream of scenery; but he would have described Ischia very differently if he had ever visited the island.

Winding on and upward through the ravine, I emerged at last on the sunny hillside, whence there was a view of the sea beyond Monte Campagnano. A little farther, we reached the village of Barano, on the south-eastern slope of Epomeo—a deep, gray gorge below it, and another village beyond, sparkling in the sun. The people were congregated on the little piazza, enjoying the day in the completest idleness. The place was a picture in itself, and I should have stopped to sketch it, but Giovanni pointed to the clouds which were hovering over Epomeo, and predicted rain. So I pushed on to Moropano, the next village, the southern side of the island opening more clearly and broadly to view. A succession of vine-terraces mounted from the sea to a height of two thousand feet, ceasing only under the topmost crags. At intervals, however, the slopes were divided by tremendous fissures, worn hundreds of feet deep through the ashen soil and volcanic rock. Wherever a little platform of shelving soil had been left on the sides of the sheer walls, it was covered with a growth of oaks.

The road obliged me to cross the broadest of these chasms, and, after my donkey had once fallen on the steep path notched along the rock, I judged it safest to

climb the opposite side on foot. A short distance farther we came to another fissure, as deep but much narrower, and resembling the cracks produced by an earthquake. The rocky walls were excavated into wine-cellars, the size of which, and of the tuns within, gave good token of the Ischian vintages. Out of the last crevice we climbed to the village of Fontana, the highest on the island. A review of the National Guards was held in a narrow open space before the church. There were perhaps forty men—fishermen and vine-growers—under arms, all with military caps, although only half a dozen had full uniforms. The officers fell back to make room for me, and I passed the company slowly in review, as I rode by on the donkey. The eyes were "right," as I commenced, but they moved around to left, curiously following me, while the heads remained straight. Gallant-looking fellows they were, nevertheless; and moreover, it was pleasant to see a militia system substituted for the former wholesale conscription.

At the end of the piazza, a dry laurel-bush hanging over the door, denoted a wine-shop; and Giovanni and I emptied a bottle of the Fontana vintage before going farther. I ordered a dinner to be ready on our return from Epomeo, and we then set out for the hermitage of San Nicola, on the very summit. In a ravine behind the village we met a man carrying almost a stack of straw on his head, his body so concealed by it that the mass seemed to be walking upon its own feet. It

stopped on approaching us, and an unintelligible voice issued from it; but Giovanni understood the sounds.

"The hermit of San Nicola is sick," he said; "this is his brother."

"Then the hermit is alone on the mountain?" I asked.

"No, he is now in Fontana. When he gets sick, he comes down, and his brother goes up in his place, to keep the lamp a-burning."

We were obliged to skirt another fissure for some distance, and then took to the open side of the mountain, climbing between fields where the diminishing vines struggled to drive back the mountain gorse and heather. In half an hour the summit was gained, and I found myself in front of a singular, sulphur-coloured peak, out of which a chapel and various chambers had been hewn. A man appeared, breathless with climbing after us, and proved to be the moving principle of the straw-stack. He unlocked a door in the peak, and allowed the donkey to enter; then, conducting me by a passage cut in the living rock, he led the way through, out of the opposite side, and by a flight of rude steps, around giddy corners, to a platform about six feet square, on the very topmost pinnacle of the island, 2700 feet above the sea.

Epomeo was an active volcano until just before Vesuvius awakened, in A.D. 79; and as late as the year 1302 there was an eruption on Ischia, at the northern base of the mountain. But the summit now scarcely retains the crater form. The ancient sides are broken

in, leaving four or five jagged peaks standing apart; and these, from the platform on which I stood, formed a dark, blasted foreground, shaped like a star with irregular rays, between which I looked down and off on the island, the sea, and the Italian shores. The clouds, whose presence I had lamented during the ascent, now proved to be marvellous accessories. Swooping so low that their skirts touched me, they covered the whole vault of heaven, down to the sea horizon, with an impenetrable veil; yet, beyond their sphere, the sunshine poured full upon the water, which became a luminous under-sky, sending the reflected light *upward* on the island landscape. In all my experience I have never beheld such a phenomenon. Looking southward, it was scarcely possible not to mistake the sea for the sky; and this illusion gave the mountain an immeasurable, an incredible height. All the base of the island—the green shores and shining towns visible in deep arcs between the sulphury rocks of the crater—basked in dazzling sunshine; and the gleam was so intense and golden under the vast, dark roof of cloud, that I know not how to describe it. From the Cape of Circe to that of Palinurus, two hundred miles of the mainland of Italy were full in view. Vesuvius may sweep a wider horizon, but the view from Epomeo, in its wondrous originality, is far more impressive.

When I descended from the dizzy pinnacle, I found Giovanni and the hermit's brother drying their shirts

before a fire of brush. The latter, after receiving a fee for his services, begged for an additional fee for St Nicholas. "What does St Nicholas want with it?" I asked. "*You* will buy food and drink, I suppose, but the saint needs nothing." Giovanni turned away his head, and I saw that he was laughing.

"Oh, I can burn a lamp for the saint," was the answer.

Now, as St Nicholas is the patron of children, sailors, and travellers, I might well have lit a lamp in his honour; but as I could not stay to see the oil purchased and the lamp lighted, with my own eyes, I did not consider that there was sufficient security in the hermit's brother for such an investment.

When I descended to Fontana the review was over, and several of the National Guards were refreshing themselves in the wine-shop. The black-bearded host, who looked like an affectionate bandit, announced that he had cooked a pig's liver for us, and straightway prepared a table in the shop beside the counter. There was but one plate, but Giovanni, who kept me company, ate directly from the dish. I have almost a Hebrew horror of fresh pork; but since that day I confess that a pig's liver, roasted on skewers, and flavoured with the smoke of burning myrtle, is not a dish to be despised. Eggs and the good Ischian wine completed the repast; and had I not been foolish enough to look at the host as he wiped out the glasses with his unwashed fingers, I should have enjoyed it the more.

The other guests were very jolly, but I could comprehend little of their jargon when they spoke to each other. The dialect of Ischia is not only different from that of Capri, but varies on different sides of the island. Many words are identical with those used on Sardinia and Majorca; they have a clear, strong ring, which—barbaric as it may be—I sometimes prefer to the pure Italian. For instance, *freddo* (with a tender lingering on the double *d*) suggests to me only a bracing, refreshing coolness, while in the Ischian *frett* one feels the sharp sting of frost. Filicaja's pathetic address to Italy,—

"Deh fossi tu men bella, o almen più forte!"

might also be applied to the language. The elision of the terminal vowels, which is almost universal in this part of Italy, roughens the language, certainly, but gives it a more masculine sound.

When the people spoke to me, they were more careful in the choice of words, and so made themselves intelligible. They were eager to talk and ask questions, and after one of them had broken the ice by pouring a bottle of wine into a glass, while he drank from the latter as fast as he poured, the Captain of the Guard, with many apologies for the liberty, begged to know where I came from.

"Now tell me, if you please," he continued, "whether your country is Catholic or Protestant?"

"Neither," said I; "it is better than being either."

The people pricked up their ears, and stared. "How do you mean?" some one presently asked.

"All religions are free. Catholics and Protestants have equal rights; and that is best of all—is it not?"

There was a unanimous response. "To be sure that is best of all!" they cried; "*avete ragione.*"

"But," said the captain, after a while, "what religion is your government?"

"None at all," I answered.

"I don't understand," said he; "surely it is a Christian government."

It was easy to explain my meaning, and I noticed that the village magistrate, who had entered the shop, listened intently. He was cautiously quiet, but I saw that the idea of a separation of Church and State was not distasteful to the people. From religion we turned to politics, and I gave them a rough sketch of our republican system. Moreover, as a professed friend of Italian nationality, I endeavoured to sound them in regard to their views of the present crisis. This was more delicate ground; yet two or three spoke their minds with tolerable plainness, and with more judgment and moderation than I expected to find. On two points all seemed to be agreed,—that the people must be educated, and must have patience.

In the midst of the discussion a mendicant friar appeared, barefooted, and with a wallet on his shoulder. He was a man of thirty, of tall and stately figure, and with a singularly noble and refined countenance. He

did not bèg, but a few bajocchi were handed to him, and the landlord placed a loaf of bread on the counter. As he was passing me, without asking alms, I gave him some money, which he took with a slight bow and the words, "Providence will requite you." Though so coarsely dressed, he was not one of those friars who seem to think filth necessary to their holy character. I have rarely seen a man whose features and bearing harmonized so ill with his vocation. He looked like a born teacher and leader; yet he was a useless beggar.

The rain, which had come up during dinner, now cleared away, and I resumed my journey. Giovanni, who had made one or two desperate efforts at jollity during the ascent of the mountain, was remarkably silent after the conversation in the inn, and I had no good of him henceforth. A mistrustful Italian is like a tortoise; he shuts up his shell, and crow-bars can't open him. I have not the least doubt that Giovanni believed, in his dull way, in the temporal power of the Pope and the restoration of the Bourbons.

There were no more of the great volcanic fissures to be crossed. The road, made slippery by the rain, descended so rapidly that I was forced to walk during the remainder of the day's journey. It was a country of vines, less picturesque than I had already passed; but the sea and south-western shore of the island were constantly in view. I first reached the little village of Serrara, on a projecting spur of Epomeo; then, after many steep and rugged descents, came upon the rich

garden-plain of Panza. Here the surface of the island is nearly level, the vegetation is wonderfully luxuriant, and the large gray farm-houses have a stately and commanding air. In another hour, skirting the western base of Epomeo, the towers of Foria, my destination for the night, came into view. There were some signs of the Carnival in the lively streets—here and there a mask, followed by shouting and delighted children; but the greater part of the inhabitants contented themselves with sitting on the door-steps and exchanging jokes with their neighbours.

The guide-book says there is no inn in Foria. Don Michele, however, assured me that Signor Scotti kept a *locanda* for travellers, and I can testify that the don is right. I presume it is "noble," also, for the accommodations were like those in Ischia. On entering, I was received by a woman, who threw back her shoulders and lifted her head in such an independent way that I asked, "Are you the padrona?"

"No," she answered, laughing; "I'm the *modestica;* but that will do just as well." (She meant *domestica*, but I like her rendering of the word so well that I shall retain it.)

"Can you get me something for dinner?"

"Let us see," said she, counting upon her fingers; "fish, that's one; kid, that's two; potatoes, that's three; and—and—surely there's something else."

"That will do," said I; "and eggs?"

"*Sicuro!* Eggs? I should think so. And so that will suit your Excellency!"

Thereupon the *modestica* drew back her shoulders, threw out her chest, and, in a voice that half Foria might have heard, sang I know not what song of triumph as she descended to the kitchen. Signor Scotti, for whom a messenger had been sent, now arrived. He had but one eye, and I began to imagine that I was on the track of the Arabian Prince. After a few polite commonplaces, I noticed that he was growing uneasy, and said, "Pray, let me not keep you from the Carnival."

"Thanks to your Excellency," said he, rising, "my profession calls me, and with your leave I will withdraw." I supposed that he might be a city magistrate, but on questioning the *modestica*, when she came to announce dinner, I found that he was a barber.

I was conducted into a bedroom, in the floor of which the *modestica* opened a trap-door, and bade me descend a precipitous flight of steps into the kitchen. There the table was set, and I received my eggs and fish directly from the fire. The dessert was peculiar, consisting of raw stalks of anise, cut off at the root, very tough, and with a sickly sweet flavour. Seeing that I rejected them, the *modestica* exclaimed, in a strident voice,—

"Eh? What would you have? They are beautiful, —they are superb! The gentry eat them,—nay, what do I know?—the king himself, and the Pope! Behold!" And with these words she snatched a stalk from the plate, and crunched it between two rows of teeth which it was a satisfaction to see.

Half an hour afterwards, as I was in the bedroom which had been given to my use, a horribly rough voice at my back exclaimed, "What do you want?"

I turned round, and beheld an old woman as broad as she was short,—a woman with fierce eyes and a gray moustache on her upper lip.

"What do *you* want?" I rejoined.

She measured me from head to foot, gave a grunt, and said, "*I*'m the padrona here."

I was a little surprised at this intrusion, and considerably more so, half an hour afterwards, as I sat smoking in the common room, at the visit of a gendarme, who demanded my passport. After explaining to him that the document had never before been required in free Italy,—that the law did not even oblige me to carry it with me,—I handed it to him.

He turned it up and down, and from side to side, with a puzzled air. "I can't read it," he said, at last.

"Of course you can't," I replied; "but there is no better passport in the world, and the Governor of Naples will tell you the same thing. Now," I added, turning to the padrona, "if you have sent for this officer through any suspicion of me, I will pay for my dinner and go on to Casamicciola, where they know how to receive travellers."

The old woman lifted up her hands, and called on the saints to witness that she did not mistrust me. The gendarme apologised for his intrusion, adding: "We are out of the way, here, and therefore I am commanded

to do this duty. I cannot read your passport, but I can see that you are a *galantuomo.*"

This compliment obliged me to give him a cigar, after which I felt justified in taking a little revenge. "I am a republican," I cried, "and a friend of the Italian republicans! I don't believe in the temporal power of the Pope! I esteem Garibaldi!"

"Who doesn't esteem him?" said the old woman, but with an expression as if she didn't mean it. The gendarme twisted uneasily on his seat, but he had lighted my cigar, and did not feel free to leave.

I shall not here repeat my oration, which spared neither the Pope, nor Napoleon the Third, nor even Victor Emanuel. I was as fierce and reckless as Mazzini, and exhausted my stock of Italian in advocating freedom, education, the overthrow of priestly rule, and the abolition of the nobility. When I stopped to take breath, the gendarme made his escape, and the padrona's subdued manner showed that she began to be afraid of me.

In the evening there was quite an assemblage in the room,—two Neapolitan engineers, a spruce young Forian, a widow with an unintelligible story of grievances, and the never-failing *modestica*, who took her seat on the sofa, and made her tongue heard whenever there was a pause. I grew so tired with striving to unravel their dialect, that I fell asleep in my chair, and nearly tumbled into the brazier of coals; but the chatter went on for hours after I was in bed.

In the heavenly morning that followed I walked about the town, which is a shipping port of wine. The quay was piled with tuns, purple-stained. The situation of the place, at the foot of Epomeo, with all the broad Tyrrhene sea to the westward, is very beautiful, and, as usual, a Franciscan monastery has usurped the finest position. No gardens can be richer than those in the rear, mingling with the vineyards that rise high on the mountain slopes.

After the *modestica* had given me half a tumbler of coffee and a crust of bread for my breakfast, I mounted the donkey, and set out for Casamicciola. The road skirts the sea for a short distance, and then enters a wild dell, where I saw clumps of ilex for the first time on the island. After a mile of rugged, but very beautiful scenery, the dell opened on the northern shore of Ischia, and I saw the bright town and sunny beach of Lacco below me. There was a sudden and surprising change in the character of the landscape. Dark, graceful carob-trees over-hung the road; the near gardens were filled with almonds in light green leaf, and orange-trees covered with milky buds; but over them, afar and aloft, from the edge of the glittering sapphire to the sulphur-crags of the crowning peak, swept a broad, grand amphitheatre of villas, orchards and vineyards. Gaily coloured palaces sat on all the projecting spurs of Epomeo, rising above their piles of garden terraces; and, as I rode along the beach, the palms and cypresses in the gardens above me were exquisitely pencilled on

the sky. Here everything spoke of old cultivation, of wealth and luxurious days.

In the main street of Lacco I met the gendarme of Foria, who took off his cocked hat with an air of respect, which, however, produced no effect on my donkey-man, Giovanni. We mounted silently to Casamicciola, which, as a noted watering-place, boasts of hotels with Neapolitan prices, if not comforts. I felt the need of one, and selected the Sentinella Grande on account of its lordly position. It was void of guests, and I was obliged to wait two hours for a moderate breakfast. The splendour of the day, the perfect beauty of the Ischian landscapes, and the soft humming of bees around the wall-flower blossoms, restored my lost power to enjoy the *dolce far niente*, and I had forgotten all about my breakfast when it was announced.

From Casamicciola it is little more than an hour's ride to Ischia, and my tour of the island lacked but that much of completion. The season had not commenced, and the marvellous healing fountains and baths were deserted; yet the array of stately villas, the luxury of the gardens, and the broad, well-made roads, attested the popularity of the watering-place. Such scenery as surrounds it is not surpassed by any on the Bay of Naples. I looked longingly up at the sunny mountain-slopes and shadowed glens, as I rode away. What I had seen was but the promise, the hint, of a thousand charms which I had left unvisited.

On the way to Ischia I passed the harbour, which is

a deep little crater connected with the sea by an artificial channel. Beside it lies the Casino Reale, with a magnificent park, uninhabited since the Bourbons left. Beyond it I crossed the lava-fields of 1302, which are still unsubdued. Here and there a house has been built, some pines have been planted, clumps of broom have taken root, and there are a few rough, almost hopeless, beginnings of fields. Having passed this dreary tract, the castle of Ischia suddenly rose in front, and the bright town received me. I parted from the taciturn Giovanni without tears, and was most cordially welcomed by Don Michele, his wife, the one-eyed son, and the Francisan friar. The don's lumbago was not much better, and the friar's upper lip, it seemed to me, was more snuffy than ever,

In the evening I heard what appeared to be a furious altercation. I recognised Don Michele's voice, threatening vengeance, at its highest pitch, while another voice, equally excited, and the screams of women, gave additional breath to the tempest. But when I asked my one-eyed servitor, "What in Heaven's name has happened?" he mildly answered, "Oh, it's only the uncle *discoursing* with papa!"

I arose at dawn, the next day, to take the steamer for Naples. The flaming jets of Vesuvius, even against the glowing morning sky, were visible from my window, twenty-five miles distant. I was preparing to bid farewell to Ischia with a feeling of profound satisfaction. My experiment had succeeded remarkably well. I had

made no bargains in advance, and had not been overcharged to the extent of more than five francs during the whole trip. But now came the one-eyed son, with a bill fifty per cent. higher than at first, for exactly the same accommodation. This, too, after I had promised to send my friends to the *locanda nobile*, and he had written some very grotesque cards, which I was to disseminate.

Don Michele was calling me to say good-bye. I went to his chamber, and laid the grotesque cards upon the bed. "Here!" I exclaimed; "I have no use for these. I shall recommend *no* friends of mine to this hotel. You ask another price now for the same service."

The don's countenance fell. "But we kept the same room for you," he feebly urged.

"Of course you kept it," I said, "because you have no other, and nobody came to take it! This is not the balance of Astræa! You lament over the condition of Italy,—you say she has fallen behind the other nations of Europe,—and here is one of the causes! So long as you, and the people of whom you are one, are dishonest,—so long as you take advantage of strangers,—just so long will you lack the order, the security, the moral force which every people possess who are ashamed to descend to such petty arts of cheating!"

"*Ma—Signore!*" pleaded Don Michele.

"It is true!" I continued; "I, who am a friend of Italy, say it to you. You talk of corruption in high places,—begin your reforms at home! Learn to practise common honesty; teach your children to do it; respect yourselves sufficiently to be above such meanness, and others will respect you. What were my fine, my beautiful words worth to you? I thought I was sowing seed on good ground"——

"Signore, signore, hear me!" cried the don.

"I have only one word more to say, and that is *Addio!* and not *a rivederci!* I am going, and I shall not come back again."

Don Michele jumped up in bed, but I was already at the door. I threw it open, closed it behind me, and dashed down the stairs. A faint cry of "Signore!" followed me.

In two minutes more I was on the pier, waiting for the steamer to come around the point from Casamicciola. The sweet morning air cooled my excitement, and disposed me to gentler thoughts. I fancied Don Michele in his bed, mortified and repentant, and almost regretted that I had not given him a last chance to right himself in my eyes. Moreover, reviewing the incidents of my trip, I was amused at the part which I played in it. Without the least intent or premeditation, I had assumed the character of a missionary of religious freedom, education, and the Universal Republic. But does the reader suppose that I imagine

any word thus uttered will take root, and bring forth fruit,—that any idea thus accidentally planted will propagate itself further?

No, indeed!

# THE LAND OF PAOLI.

# THE LAND OF PAOLI.

THE Leghorn steamer slid smoothly over the glassy Tyrrhene strait, and sometime during the night came to anchor in the harbour of Bastia. I sat up in my berth at sunrise, and looked out of the bull's eye to catch my first near glimpse of Corsican scenery; but, instead of that, a pair of questioning eyes, set in a brown, weather-beaten face, met my own. It was a boatman waiting on the gangway, determined to secure the only fare which the steamer had brought that morning. Such persistence always succeeds, and in this case justly; for when we were landed upon the quay, shortly afterwards, the man took the proffered coin with thanks, and asked for no more.

Tall, massive houses surrounded the little circular port. An old bastion on the left,—perhaps that from which the place originally took its name,—a church in front, and suburban villas and gardens on the shoulders of the steep mountain in the rear, made a certain impression of pride and stateliness, notwithstanding the cramped situation of the city. The Corsican coast is here very bold and abrupt, and the first advantage of defence interferes with the present necessity of growth.

At that early hour few persons were stirring in the

streets. A languid officer permitted us to pass the *douane* and sanitary line; a large-limbed boy from the mountains became a porter for the nonce; and a waiter, not fully awake, admitted us into the "Hôtel d'Europe," a building with more space than cleanliness, more antiquated furniture than comfort. It resembled a dismantled palace—huge, echoing, dusty. The only tenants we saw then, or later, were the waiter aforesaid, who had not yet learned the ordinary wants of a traveller, and a hideous old woman, who twice a day deposited certain oily and indescribable dishes upon a table in a room which deserved the name of *manger*, in the English sense of the word.

However, I did not propose to remain long in Bastia; Corte, the old capital of Paoli, in the heart of the island, was my destination. After ascertaining that a diligence left for the latter place at noon, we devoted an hour or two to Bastia. The breadth and grandeur of the principal streets, the spacious new *place* with a statue of Napoleon in a Roman toga, the ample harbour in process of construction to the northward, and the fine coast-views from the upper part of the city, were matters of surprise. The place has grown rapidly within the past fifteen years, and now contains twenty-five thousand inhabitants. Its geographical situation is good. The dagger-shaped Cape Corso, rich with fruit and vines, extends forty miles to the northward; westward, beyond the mountains, lie the fortunate lands of Nebbio and the Balagna, while the coast southward has

no other harbour for a distance of seventy or eighty miles. The rocky island of Capraja, once a menace of the Genoese, rises over the sea in the direction of Leghorn; directly eastward, and nearer, is Elba, and far to the south-east, faintly seen, Monte Cristo,—the three representing mediæval and modern history and romance, and repeating the triple interest which clings around the name of Corsica.

The growth of Bastia seems to have produced but little effect as yet on the character of the inhabitants. They have rather the primitive air of mountaineers; one looks in vain for the keenness, sharpness, and, alas! the dishonesty, of an Italian seaport town. Since the time of Seneca, who, soured by exile, reported of them,—

> "Prima est ulcisci lex, altera vivere raptu,
> Tertia mentiri, quarta negare Deos,"—

the Corsicans have not been held in good repute. Yet our first experience of them was by no means unprepossessing. We entered a book-store, to get a map of the island. While I was examining it, an old gentleman, with the Legion of Honour in his button-hole, rose from his seat, took the sheet from my hands, and said: "What's this? what's this?" After satisfying his curiosity, he handed it back to me, and began a running fire of questions: "Your first visit to Corsica? You are English? Do you speak Italian? your wife also? Do you like Bastia? does she also? How long will you stay? Will she accompany you?" &c. I answered

with equal rapidity, as there was nothing obtrusive in the old man's manner. The questions soon came to an end, and then followed a chapter of information and advice, which was very welcome.

The same naïve curiosity met us at every turn. Even the rough boy who acted as porter plied me with questions, yet was just as ready to answer as to ask. I learned much more about his situation and prospects than was really necessary, but the sum of all showed that he was a fellow determined to push his way in the world. Self-confidence is a common Corsican trait, which Napoleon only shared with his fellow islanders. The other men of his time who were either born upon Corsica or lived there for a while—Pozzo di Borgo, Bernadotte, Massena, Murat, Sebastiani—seem to have caught the infection of this energetic, self-reliant spirit.

In Bastia there is neither art nor architecture. It is a well-built, well-regulated, bustling place, and has risen in latter years quite as much from the growth of Italian commerce as from the favour of the French government. From the quantity of small coasting craft in the harbour, I should judge that its trade is principally with the neighbouring shores. In the two bookshops I found many devotional works and Renucci's History, but only one copy of the *Storiche Corse*, which I was glad to secure.

When the hour of departure came, we found the inquisitive old gentleman at the diligence office. He was our companion in the *coupé*, and apparently a person-

age of some note, as at least a score of friends came to bid him adieu. To each of these he announced in turn: "These are my travelling companions — an American gentlemen and his wife. They speak French and Italian; they have never been in Corsica before; they are going to Corte; they travel for pleasure and information." Then there were reciprocal salutations and remarks; and if the postilion had not finally given the signal to take our places, we should soon have been on speaking terms with half Bastia.

The road ran due south, along the base of the mountains. As we passed the luxuriant garden-suburbs, our companion pointed out the dusky glitter of the orange-trees and exclaimed: "You see what the Corsican soil produces. But this is nothing to the Balagna. There you will find the finest olive culture of the Mediterranean. I was prefect of the Balagna in 1836, and in that year the exportation of oil amounted to six millions of francs, while an equal quantity was kept for consumption in the island."

Brown old villages nestled high up in the ravines on our right; but on the left the plain stretched far away to the salt lake of Biguglia, the waters of which sparkled between the clumps of poplars and elms studding the meadows. The beds of the mountain streams were already nearly dry, and the summer malaria was beginning to gather on the low fields through which they wandered. A few peasants were cutting and tending hay here and there, or lazily hauling it homewards.

Many of the fields were given up to myrtle and other wild and fragrant shrubs; but there were far too few workers abroad for even the partial cultivation.

Beyond the lake of Biguglia, and near the mouth of the Golo River, is the site of Mariana, founded by Marius. Except a scattering of hewn stones, there are no remains of the Roman town; but the walls of a church and chapel of the Middle Ages are still to be seen. The only other Roman colony on Corsica—Aleria, at the mouth of the Tavignano—was a restoration of the more ancient Alalia, which tradition ascribes to the Phoceans. Notwithstanding the nearness of the island to the Italian coast, and its complete subjection to the Empire, its resources were imperfectly developed by the Romans, and the accounts of it given by the ancient writers are few and contradictory. Strabo says of the people: "Those who inhabit the mountains live from plunder, and are more untamable than wild beasts. When the Roman commanders undertake an expedition against the island, and possess themselves of the strongholds, they bring back to Rome many slaves: and then one sees with astonishment the savage animal nature of the people. For they either take their own lives violently, or tire out their masters by their stubbornness and stupidity; whence, no matter how cheaply they are purchased, it is always a bad bargain in the end."

Here we have the key to that fierce, indomitable spirit of independence which made the Genoese occupa-

tion one long story of warfare: which produced such heroes as Sambucuccio, Sampieri, and Paoli; and which exalted Corsica in the last century, to be the embodiment of the democratic ideas of Europe, and the marvellous forerunner of the American Republic. Verily, Nature is "careful of the type." After the Romans, the Vandals possessed Corsica; then, the Byzantine Greeks; then, in succession, the Tuscan barons, the Pisans, and the Genoese—yet scarcely one of the political forms planted among them took root in the character of the islanders. The origin of the Corsican Republic lies back of all our history; it was a natural growth, which came to light after the suppression of two thousand years.

As we approached the gorge through which the Golo breaks its way to the sea, the town of Borgo, crowning a mountain summit, recalled to memory the last Corsican victory, when Clement Paoli, on the 1st of October 1768, defeated and drove back to Bastia a French force much greater than his own. Clement, the brooding monk in his cloister, the fiery leader of desperate battle, is even a nobler figure than his brother Pascal in the story of those days.

We changed horses at an inn under the mountain of Borgo, and then entered the valley of the Golo, leaving the main road, which creeps onward to Bonifacio through lonely and malarious lands. The scenery now assumed a new aspect. No more the blue Tyrrhene Sea, with its dreams of islands; a valley wilder than any enfolded among the Apennines opened before us.

Slopes covered with chestnut groves rose on either side; slant ravines mounted between steep escarpments of rock; a village or two, on the nearer heights, had the appearance of refuge and defence, rather than of quiet habitation, and the brown summits in the distance held out no promise of softer scenes beyond.

Our companion, the prefect, pointed to the chestnut groves. "There," said he, "is the main support of our people in the winter. Our Corsican name for it is 'the bread tree.' The nuts are ground, and the cakes of chestnut-flour, baked on the hearth, and eaten while fresh, are really delicious. We could not live without the chestnut and the olive."

The steep upper slopes of the mountains were covered with the *macchia*—a word of special significance on the island. It is equivalent to "jungle" or "chaparral;" but the Corsican *macchia* has a character and a use of its own. Fancy an interminable thicket of myrtle, arbutus, wild laurel, lentisk, box, and heather, eight or twelve feet in height, interlaced with powerful and luxuriant vines, and with an undergrowth of rosemary, lavender, and sage. Between the rigid, stubby stems the wild boar can scarcely make his way; thorns and dagger-like branches meet above—yet the richest balm breathes from this impenetrable wilderness. When the people say of a man, "he has taken to the macchia," every one understands that he has committed a murder. Formerly, those who indulged in the fierce luxury of the *vendetta* sometimes made their home for years in

the thickets, communicating privately from time to time with their families. But there is now no scent of blood lurking under that of the myrtle and lavender. Napoleon, who neglected Corsica during his years of empire (in fact, he seemed to dislike all mention of the island,) remembered the odours of the macchia upon St Helena.

Our second station was at a saw-mill beside the river. Here the perfect left us, saying: "I am going to La Porta, in the country of Morosaglia. It is a beautiful place, and you must come and see it. I have a ride of three hours on horseback across the mountains, to get there."

His place in the *coupé* was taken by a young physician bound for Pontenuovo, farther up the valley. I was struck by the singular loneliness of the country, as we advanced farther into the interior. Neither in the grain-fields below, nor the olive-orchards above, was any labourer to be seen. Mile after mile passed by, and the diligence was alone on the highway. "The valley of the Golo is so unhealthy," said the physician, "that the people only come down to their fields at the time for ploughing, sowing, and reaping. If a man from the mountains spends a single night below here, he is likely to have an attack of fever."

"But the Golo is a rapid mountain stream," I remarked; "there are no marshes in the valley, and the air seems to me pure and bracing. Would not the country become healthy through more thorough cultivation?"

"I can only explain it," he answered, "by the constant variation of temperature. During the day there is a close heat, such as we feel now, while at night the air becomes suddenly chill and damp. As to agriculture, it don't seem to be the natural business of the Corsican. He will range the mountains all day, with a gun on his shoulder, but he hates work in the fields. Most of the harvesting on the eastern coast of the island, and in the Balagna, is done by the Lucchese peasants, who come over from the mainland every year. Were it not for them, the grain would rot where it stands."

This man's statement may have been exaggerated, but further observation convinced me that there was truth in it. Yet the people are naturally active and of a lively temperament, and their repugnance to labour is only one of the many consequences of the vendetta. When Paoli suppressed the custom with an iron hand, industry revived in Corsica; and now that the French government has succeeded in doing the same thing, the waste and pestilent lands will no doubt be gradually reclaimed.

The annals of the Corsican vendetta are truly something terrible. Filippini (armed to the teeth and protected by a stone wall as he wrote) and other native historians estimate the number of murders from revenge in the three and a half centuries preceding the year 1729 at three hundred and thirty-three thousand, and the number of persons wounded in family feuds at an equal figure! Three times the population of the island

killed or wounded in three hundred and fifty years! Gregorovius says: "If this island of Corsica could vomit back all the blood of battle and vendetta which it has drunk during the past ages, its cities and towns would be overwhelmed, its population drowned, and the sea be incarnadined as far as Genoa. Verily, here the red Death planted his kingdom." France has at last, by two simple practical measures, stayed the deluge. First, the population was disarmed; then the bandits and blood-outlaws were formed into a body of *Voltigeurs Corses*, who, knowing all the hiding-places in the macchia, easily track the fugitives. A few executions tamed the thirst for blood, and within the past ten years the vendetta has ceased to exist.

While we were discussing these matters with the physician, the diligence rolled steadily onwards up the valley of the Golo. With every mile the scenery became wilder, browner, and more lonely. There were no longer villages on the hill-summits, and the few farm-houses perched beside the chestnut-orchards appeared to be untenanted. As the road crossed by a lofty stone arch to the southern bank of the river, the physician said: "This is Pontenuovo, and it is just a hundred years to-day since the battle was fought." He was mistaken; the battle of Pontenuovo, fatal to Paoli and to the independence of Corsica, took place on the 9th of May 1769. It was the end of a struggle all the more heroic because it was hopeless from the start. The stony slopes on either side of the bridge are holy

ground; for the Corsicans did not fight in vain. A stronger people beyond the sea took up the torch as it fell from their hands, and fed it with fresh oil. History (as it has hitherto been written) deals only with events, not with popular sympathies and enthusiasms; and we can therefore scarcely guess how profoundly the heart of the world was stirred by the name of Corsica, between the years 1755 and 1769. To Catharine of Russia as to Rousseau, to Alfieri as to Dr Johnson, Paoli was one of the heroes of the century.

Beyond Pontenuovo the valley widens, and a level road carried us speedily to Ponte alla Leccia, at the junction of the Golo with its principal affluent, the Tartaglia. *Pontelech* and *Tartatch* are the Corsican words. Here the scenery assumes a grand Alpine character. High over the nearer mountains rose the broken summits of Monte Padro and Capo Bianco, the snow-filled ravines glittering between their dark pinnacles of rock. On the south, a by-road wandered away through the chestnut-woods to Morosaglia; villages with picturesque belfries overlooked the valley, and the savage macchia gave place to orchards of olive. Yet the character of the scenery was sombre, almost melancholy. Though the myrtle flowered snowily among the rocks, and the woodbine hung from the banks, and the river filled the air with the incessant mellow sound of its motion, these cheerful features lost their wonted effect beside the sternness and solitude of the mountains.

Towards the end of this stage the road left the Golo;

and ascended a narrow lateral valley to the village of Omessa, where we changed horses. Still following the stream to its sources, we reached a spur from the central chain, and slowly climbed its sides to a higher region —a land of rocks and green pasture-slopes, from the level of which a wide sweep of mountains was visible. The summit of the pass was at least two thousand feet above the sea. On attaining it, a new and surprising vista opened to the southward, into the very heart of the island. The valley before us dropped in many windings into that of the Tavignano, the second river of Corsica, which we overlooked for an extent of thirty miles. Eastward the mountains sank into hills of gentle undulation, robed with orchards and vineyards, and crowned with villages; westward they towered into dark, forbidding ranges, and the snows of the great central peaks of Monte Rotondo and Monte d'Oro, nearly ten thousand feet in height, stood gray against the sunset. Generally, the landscapes of an island have a diminished, contracted character; but here the vales were as amply spread, the mountains as grandly planted, as if a continent lay behind them.

For two leagues the road descended, following the bays and forelands of the hills. The diligence sped downward so rapidly that before it was quite dusk we saw the houses and high rock fortress of Corte before us. A broad avenue of sycamores, up and down which groups of people were strolling, led into the town. We were set down at a hotel of primitive fashion, where we

took quarters for the night, leaving the diligence, which would have carried us to Ajaccio by the next morning. Several French officials had possession of the best rooms, so that we were but indifferently lodged; but the mountain trout on the dinner-table were excellent, and the wine of Corte was equal to that of Tuscany.

While the moon, risen over the eastern mountains, steeps the valley in misty silver, and a breeze from the Alpine heights deliciously tempers the air, let us briefly recall that wonderful episode of Corsican history, of which Pascal Paoli is the principal figure. My interest in the name dates from the earliest recollections of childhood. Near my birthplace there is an inn and cluster of houses named Paoli—or as the people pronounce it, Peŏli. Here twenty-three American soldiers were murdered in cold blood by the British troops, in September 1777. Wayne's battle-cry at the storming of Stony Point was, "Remember Paoli!" The old tavern-sign was the half-length portrait of an officer (in a red coat, I think), who, I was told, was "General Paoli," but I knew nothing further of him, until, some years later, I stumbled on Boswell's work; my principal authority, however, is a recent volume,* and the collection of Paoli's letters published by Tommaseo.

It is unnecessary to review the long struggle of the Corsicans to shake off the yoke of Genoa; I need only allude to the fact. Pascal, born in 1724 or 1725, was

* *Histoire de Pascal Paoli*, par M. Bartoli. Largentiere, 1866.

the son of Hyacinth Paoli, who was chosen one of the chiefs of the people in 1734, and in connexion with the other chiefs, Ceccaldi and Giaffori, carried on the war for independence with the greatest bravery and resolution, but with little success, for two years. In March, 1736, when the Corsicans were reduced to the last extremity, the Westphalian adventurer, Theodore von Neuhoff, suddenly made his appearance. The story of this man, who came ashore in a caftan of scarlet silk, Turkish trousers, yellow shoes, a Spanish hat and feather, and a sceptre in his right hand, and coolly announced to the people that he had come to be their king, is so fantastic as to be scarcely credible; but we cannot dwell upon it. His supplies of money and munitions of war, and still more his magnificent promises, beguiled those sturdy republicans into accepting the cheat of a crown. The fellow was not without ability, and but for a silly vanity, which led him to ape the state and show of other European courts, might have kept his place. His reign of eight months was the cause of Genoa calling in the aid of France; and, after three years of varying fortunes, the Corsicans were obliged to submit to the conditions imposed upon them by the French commander, Maillebois.

Hyacinth Paoli went into exile, and found a refuge at the court of Naples with his son Pascal. The latter was carefully educated in the school of Genovesi, the first Italian political economist of the last century, and then entered the army, where he distinguished himself during

campaigns in Sicily and Calabria. Thus sixteen years passed away.

The Corsicans, meanwhile, had continued their struggle under the leadership of Giaffori, another of the many heroes of the island. When, in 1753, he was assassinated, the whole population met together to celebrate his obsequies, and renewed the oath of resistance to death against the Genoese rule. Five chiefs (one of whom was Clement Paoli, Pascal's elder brother) were chosen to organise a provisional government and carry on the war. But at the end of two years it was found prudent to adopt a more practical system, and to give the direction of affairs into the hands of a single competent man. It was no doubt Clement Paoli who first suggested his brother's name. The military experience of the latter gave him the confidence of the people, and their unanimous voice called him to be their leader.

In April 1755, Pascal Paoli, then thirty years old, landed at Aleria, the very spot where King Theodore had made his theatrical entry into Corsica nineteen years before. Unlike him, Paoli came alone, poor, bringing only his noble presence, his cultivated intelligence, and his fame as a soldier, to the help of his countrymen. "It was a singular problem," says one of the historians of Corsica; "it was a new experiment in history, and how it might succeed at a time when similar experiments failed in the most civilised lands, would be to Europe an evidence that the

rude simplicity of nature is more capable of adapting itself to democratic liberty than the refined corruption of culture can possibly be."

Paoli, at first reluctant to accept so important a post, finally yielded to the solicitations of the people, and on the 15th of July was solemnly invested with the Presidency of Corsica. His first step shows at once his judgment and his boldness. He declared that the vendetta must instantly cease; whoever committed blood-revenge was to be branded with infamy, and given up to the headsman. He traversed the island, persuading hostile families to bury their feuds, and relentlessly enforced the new law, although one of his relatives was the first victim. But he was not allowed to enter upon his government without resistance. Matra, one of the Corsican chiefs, was ambitious of Paoli's place, and for a year the island was disturbed with civil war. Matra claimed and received assistance from Genoa, and Paoli, defeated and besieged in the monastery of Bozio, was almost in the hands of his rival, when reinforcements appeared, headed by Clement and by Carnoni, a blood-enemy of the Paolis, forced by his noble mother to forswear the family enmity, and deliver instead of slay. Matra was killed, and thenceforth Paoli was the undisputed chief of Corsica.

It was not difficult for the people, once united, to withstand the weakened power of Genoa. That republic possessed only Bastia, Ajaccio, and Calvi, the garrisoning of which fortresses, by a treaty with France in

1756, was transferred to the latter power, in order to prevent them from falling into the hands of the Corsicans. The French proclaimed a neutrality which Paoli perforce was obliged to respect. He therefore directed his attention to the thorough political organisation of the island, the development of its resources, and the proper education of its people. He had found the country in a lamentable condition when he returned from his exile. The greater part of the people had relapsed into semi-barbarism in the long course of war; agriculture was neglected, laws had fallen into disuse, the vendetta raged everywhere, and the only element from which order and industry could be evolved was the passionate thirst for independence, which had only been increased by defeat and suffering.

Paoli made the completest use of this element, bending it all to the purposes of government, and his success was truly astonishing. The new seaport of Isola Rossa was built in order to meet the necessity of immediate commerce. Manufactories of all kinds, even powder-mills, were established. Orchards of chestnut, olive, and orange trees were planted, the culture of maize introduced, and plans made for draining the marshes, and covering the island with a network of substantial highways. An educational system far in advance of the times was adopted. All children received at least the rudiments of education, and in the year 1765 the University of Corsica was founded at Corte. One provision of its charter was the education of poor scholars, who

showed more than average capacity, at the public expense.

Paoli was obliged to base his scheme of government on the existing forms. He retained the old provincial and municipal divisions, with their magistrates and elders, making only such changes as were necessary to bind the scattered local jurisdictions into one consistent whole, to which he gave a *national* power and character. He declared the people to be the sole source of law and authority; that his office was a trust from their hands, and to be exercised according to their will and for their general good, and that the central government must be a house of glass, allowing each citizen to watch over its action. "Secrecy and mystery in governments," he said, "not only make a people mistrustful, but favour the growth of an absolute irresponsible power."

All citizens above the age of twenty-five years were entitled to the right of suffrage. Each community elected its own magistrates, but the voters were obliged to swear before the officials already in power that they would nominate only the worthiest and most capable men as their successors. These local elections were held annually, but the magistrates were not eligible to immediate re-election. A representative from each thousand of the population was elected to the General Assembly, which in its turn chose a Supreme Executive Council of nine members,—one from each province of the island. The latter were required to

be thirty-five years of age, and to have served as governors of their respective provinces. A majority of two-thirds gave the decisions of the General Assembly the force of law; but the Council, in certain cases, had the right of veto, and the question was then referred for final decision to the next Assembly. Paoli was President of the Council, and General-in-chief of the army. Both he and the members of the Council, however, were responsible to the nation, and liable to impeachment, removal, and punishment by the General Assembly.

Paoli, while enforcing a general militia system, took the strongest ground against the establishment of a standing army. "In a free land," he said, "every citizen must be a soldier, and ready to arm at any moment in defence of his rights. But standing armies have always served despotism rather than liberty." He only gave way that a limited number should be enrolled to garrison the fortified places. As soon as the people were sufficiently organised to resist the attempts which Genoa made from time to time to recover her lost dominion, he devoted his energies wholly to the material development of the island. The Assembly, at his suggestion, appointed two commissioners of agriculture for each province. The vendetta was completely suppressed. With order and security came a new prosperity, and the cities, held by the *neutral* French, began to stir with desires to come under Paoli's paternal rule.

The resemblance in certain forms as in the general spirit and character of the Constitution of the Corsican Republic to that of the United States, which was framed more than thirty years afterwards, is very evident. Indeed, we may say that the latter is simply an adaptation of the same political principles to the circumstances of a more advanced race and a broader field of action. But if we justly venerate the courage which won our independence, and the wisdom which gave us our institutions, how shall we sufficiently honour the man and the handful of half-barbarous people who so splendidly anticipated the same great work! Is there anything nobler in history than the Corsican episode? No wonder that the sluggish soul of Europe, then beginning to stir with the presentiment of coming changes, was kindled and thrilled as not for centuries before. What effect the example of Corscia had upon the American Colonies is something which we cannot now measure. I like to think, however, that the country tavern-sign of "General Paoli," put up *before* the Revolution, signified more than the mere admiration of the landlord for a foreign hero.

At the end of ten years the Genoese Senate became convinced that the recovery of Corsica was hopeless; and when Paoli succeeded in creating a small fleet, under the command of Perez, Knight of Malta, they saw their Mediterranean commerce threatened with destruction. In the year 1767, the island of Capraja was captured by the Corsicans; then Genoa set the

example which Austria has recently followed in the case of Venetia. A treaty was signed at Versailles on the 15th of May 1768, between the French Minister, the Duke de Choiseul, and the Genoese Ambassador, whereby Genoa transferred to France all her right and title to the island of Corsica. This was a death-blow to the Republic; but the people, armed and organised, determined to resist to the end. The splendid victory at Borgo gave them hope. They asked and expected the assistance of England; but when did England ever help a weak and struggling people? The battle of Pontenuovo, on the 9th of May 1769, sealed the fate of the island. A month afterwards Paoli went into exile with three hundred of his countrymen. Among those who fled, after the battle, to the wild Alpine fastnesses of Monte Rotondo, was his secretary, Carlo Bonaparte, and the latter's wife, Letitia Ramolino, then seven months *enceinte* with the boy who afterwards made Genoa and France suffer the blood-revenge of Corsica. Living in caves and forests, drenched with rain, and almost washed away by the mountain torrents, Letitia bore her burden to Ajaccio, and Napoleon Bonaparte was one of the first Corsicans who were born Frenchmen.

Paoli's journey through Italy and Germany to England was a march of triumph. On reaching London he was received by the king in private audience; all parties joined in rendering him honour. A pension of two thousand pounds a-year was granted to him, (the greater part of which he divided among his fellow

exiles,) and he took up his residence in the country from which he still hoped the liberation of Corsica. For twenty years we hear of him as a member of that society which included Burke, Reynolds, Johnson, Garrick, and Goldsmith; keeping clear of parties, yet, we may be sure, following with an interest he hardly dared betray the events of the American struggle.

But the French Revolution did not forget him. The Corsicans, in November 1789, carried away by the republican movement in France, had voted that their island should be an integral part of the French nation. There was a general cry for Paoli, and in April 1790, he reached Paris. Lafayette was his friend and guide; the National Assembly received him with every mark of respect; the club of the *Amis de la Constitution* seated him beside its president—Robespierre; Louis XVI. gave him an audience, and he was styled by the enthusiastic populace, "the Washington of Europe." At Marseilles he was met by a Corsican deputation, two of the members of which were Joseph and Napoleon Bonaparte, who sailed with him to their native island. On landing at Cape Corso, he knelt and kissed the earth, exclaiming, "O my country, I left thee enslaved and I find thee free!" All the land rose to receive him; *Te Deums* were chanted in the churches, and the mountain villages were depopulated to swell his triumphal march. In September, of the same year, the representatives of the people elected him President of the Council and General of the troops of the island.

Many things had been changed during his twenty years' absence, under the rule of France. It was not long before the people divided themselves into two parties—one French and ultra-republican; the other Corsican, working secretly for the independence of the island. The failure of the expedition against Sardinia was charged to Paoli, and he was summoned by the Convention to appear and answer the charges against him. Had he complied, his head would probably have fallen under the all-devouring guillotine; he refused, and his refusal brought the two Corsican parties into open collision. Paoli was charged with being ambitious, corrupt, and plotting to deliver Corsica to England. His most zealous defender was the young Napoleon Bonaparte, who wrote a fiery, indignant address, which I should like to quote. Among other things he says, "We owe *all* to him—even the fortune of being a republic!"

The story now becomes one of intrigue and deception, and its heroic atmosphere gradually vanishes. Pozzo di Borgo, the blood-enemy of Napoleon, alienated Paoli from the latter. A fresh, cunning, daring intellect, he acquired a mischievous influence over the gray-haired, simple-hearted patriot. That which Paoli's enemies charged against him came to pass; he asked the help of England, and in 1794 the people accepted the sovereignty of that nation, on condition of preserving their institutions, and being governed by a viceroy, who, it was presumed, would be none other than

Pascal Paoli. The English fleet, under Admiral Hood, speedily took possession of Bastia, Calvi, Ajaccio, and the other seaports. But the English government, contemptuously ignoring Paoli's services and claims, sent out Sir Gilbert Elliott as viceroy; and he, jealous of Paoli's popularity, demanded the latter's recall to England. George III. wrote a command under the form of an invitation; and in 1795, Paoli, disappointed in all his hopes, disgusted with the treatment he had received, and recognising the hopelessness of healing the new dissensions among the people, left Corsica for the last time. He returned to his former home in London, where he died in 1807, at the age of eighty-two years. What little property he had saved was left to found a school at Stretta, his native village; and another at Corte, for fifteen years his capital. Within a year after his departure, the English were driven out of Corsica.

Paoli rejoiced, as a Corsican, at Napoleon's ascendency in France. He illuminated his house in London when the latter was declared Consul for life, yet he was never recalled. During his last days on St Helena, Napoleon regretted his neglect or jealousy of the old hero; his lame apology was, "I was so governed by political considerations, that it was impossible for me to obey my personal impulses!"

Our first object, on the morning after our arrival in Corte, was to visit the places with which Paoli's name is associated. The main street conducted us to the

public square, where stands his bronze statue, with the inscription on the pedestal—"A PASCAL PAOLI LA CORSE RECONNAISSANTE." On one side of the square is the Palazza, or Hall of Government; and there they show you his room, the window-shutters of which still keep their lining of cork, as in the days of assassination, when he founded the Republic. Adjoining it is a chamber where the Executive Council met to deliberate. Paoli's school, which still flourishes, is his best monument.

High over the town rises the battered citadel, seated on a rock which on the western side falls several hundred feet sheer down to the Tavignano. The high houses of brown stone climb and cling to the eastern slope, rough masses of browner rock thrust out among them; and the place thus has an irregular pyramidal form, which is wonderfully picturesque. The citadel was last captured from the Genoese by Paoli's forerunner, Giaffori, in the year 1745. The Corsican cannon were beginning to breach the walls, when the Genoese commander ordered Giaffori's son, who had previously been taken prisoner, to be suspended from the ramparts. For a moment—but only for a moment—Giaffori shuddered, and turned away his head; then he commanded the gunners, who had ceased firing, to renew the attack. The breach was effected, and the citadel taken by storm; the boy, unhurt amidst the terrible cannonade, was restored to his father.

We climbed towards the top of the rock by streets

which resembled staircases. At last the path came to an end in some unsavoury back-yards, if piles of shattered rock behind the houses can be so called. I asked a young fellow who was standing in the doorway, watching us, whether any view was to be had by going farther.

"Yes," said he, "but there is a better prospect from the other house — yonder, where you see the old woman."

We clambered across the intervening rocks, and found the woman engaged in shearing a goat, which a boy held by the horns. "Certainly," she said, when I repeated the question; "come into the house, and you shall look from the windows."

She led us through the kitchen into a bright, plainly furnished room, where four women were sewing. They all greeted us smilingly, rose, pushed away their chairs, and then opened the southern window. "Now look!" said the old woman.

We were dazzled by the brightness and beauty of the picture. The house was perched upon the outer angle of the rock, and the valley of the Tavignano, with the gorge through which its affluent, the Restonica, issues from the mountains, lay below us. Gardens, clumps of walnut, and groves of chestnut trees, made the valley green; the dark hues of the mountains were softened to purple in the morning air, and the upper snows shone with a brilliancy which I have rarely seen among the Alps. The breeze came down to us with

freshness on its wings, and the subdued voices of the twin rivers.

"Now the other window!" the women said.

It opened eastward. There were, first, the roofs of Corte, dropping away to the water-side; then a wide, bounteous valley, green, flecked with harvest-gold; then village-crowned hills, and, behind all, the misty outlines of mountains that slope to the eastern shore. It is a fair land, this Corsica, and the friendly women were delighted when I told them so.

The people looked at us with a natural curiosity as we descended the hill. Old women, invariably dressed in black, gossiped or spun at the doors, girls carried water on their heads from the fountains below, children tumbled about on the warm stones, and a young mother, beside her cradle, sang the Corsican lullaby:—

"Ninni ninni, ninna nanna,
Ninni ninni, ninni nolu,
Allegrezza di la mamma,
Addormentati, o figliolu!"

There is another Corsican cradle-song, which has a singular resemblance to Tennyson's, yet it is quite unlikely that he ever saw it. One verse runs:—

"A little pearl-laden ship, my darling,
Thou carriest silken stores,
And with the silken sails all set
Com'st from the Indian shores,
And wrought with the finest workmanship
Are all thy golden cars.
Sleep, my little one, sleep a little while,
Ninni nanna, sleep!"

The green waters of the Tavignano, plunging and foaming down their rocky bed, freshened the warm summer air. Beyond the bridge a vein of the river, led under ground, gushes forth as a profuse fountain under an arch of masonry; and here a number of people were collected to wash and to draw water. One of the girls, who gave us to drink, refused to accept a proffered coin, until a countryman, who was looking on, said, "You should take it, since the lady wishes it." A few paces farther, a second bridge crosses the Restonica, which has its source in some small lakes near the summit of Monte Rotondo. Its volume of water appeared to me to be quite equal to that of the Tavignano.

The two rivers meet in a rocky glen a quarter of a mile below the town; and thither we wandered in the afternoon, through the shade of superb chestnut-trees. From this, as from every other point in the neighbourhood, the views are charming. There is no threat of malaria in the pure mountain air; the trees are of richest foliage, the water is transparent beryl, and the pleasant, communicative people one meets impress one with a sense of their honest simplicity. We wandered around Corte, surrendering ourselves to the influences of the scenery and its associations, and entirely satisfied with both.

Towards evening we climbed the hill by an easier path, which brought us upon the crest of a ridge, connecting the citadel-rock with the nearest mountains. Directly before us opened the gorge of the Tavignano, with a bridle-path notched along its almost precipitous sides.

A man who had been sitting idly on a rock, with a pipe in his mouth, came up, and stood beside me. "Yonder," said he, pointing to the bridle-path,—"yonder is the road to the land of Niolo. If you follow that, you will come to a forest that is four hours long. The old General Arrighi—the Duke of Padua, you know—travelled it some years ago, and I was his guide. I see you are strangers; you ought to see the land of Niolo. It is not so rich as Corte here; but then the forests and the lakes,—ah, they are fine!"

Presently the man's wife joined us, and we sat down together, and gossiped for half an hour. They gave us the recipe for making *broccio*, a kind of Corsican curd, or junket, which we had tasted at the hotel, and found delicious. I also learned from them many details of the country life of the island. They, like all the Corsicans with whom I came in contact, were quite as ready to answer questions as to ask them. They are not so lively as the Italians, but more earnestly communicative, quick of apprehension, and gifted with a rude humour of their own. In Bastia I bought a volume of *Pruverbj Corse*, which contains more than three thousand proverbs peculiar to the island, many of them exceedingly witty and clever. I quote a single one as a specimen of the dialect:—

"Da gattivu calzu un ne piglià magliolu,
Male u babbu e pegghiu u figliolu."

During our talk I asked the pair, "Do you still have the vendetta in this neighbourhood?"

They both professed not to know what I meant by "vendetta," but I saw plainly enough that they understood the question. Finally, the man said, rather impatiently, "There are a great many kinds of vendetta."

"I mean blood-revenge—assassination—murder."

His hesitation to speak about the matter disappeared as mysteriously as it came. (Was there, perhaps, a stain upon his own hand?) "Oh," he answered, "that is all at an end. I can remember when five persons were killed in a day in Corte, and when a man could not travel from here to Ajaccio without risking his life. But now we have neither murders nor robberies; all the roads are safe, the people live quietly, and the country everywhere is better than it was."

I noticed that the Corsicans are proud of the present Emperor on account of his parentage; but they have also some reason to be grateful to his government. He has done much to repair the neglect of his uncle. The work of Paoli has been performed over again; law and order prevail from the sea-shore to the highest herdsman's hut on Monte Rotondo; admirable roads traverse the island, schools have been established in all the villages, and the national spirit of the people is satisfied by having a semi-Corsican on the throne of France. I saw no evidence of discontent anywhere, nor need there be; for Europe has nearly reached the Corsican ideal of the last century, and the pride of the people may well repose for a while upon the annals of their heroic past.

It was a serious disappointment that we were unable

to visit Ajaccio and the Balagna. We could only fix the inspiring scenery of Corte in our memories, and so make its historical associations vital and enduring. There was no other direct way of returning to Bastia than the road by which we came; but it kept a fresh interest for us. The conductor of the diligence was one of the liveliest fellows living, and entertained us with innumerable stories; and at the station of Omessa we met with a character so original that I wish I could record every word he said.

The man looked more like a Yankee than any Italian I had seen for six months. He presented the conductor with what appeared to be a bank-note for one thousand francs; but it proved to be issued by the "Bank of Content," and entitled the holder to live a thousand years. Happiness was the president, and Temperance the cashier.

"I am a director of the bank," said the disseminator of the notes, addressing the passengers and a group of countrymen, "and I can put you all in the way of being stock-holders. But you must first bring testimonials. Four are required—one religious, one medical, one legal, and one domestic. What must they be? Listen, and I will tell. Religious—from a priest, vouching for four things: that you have never been baptized, never preached, don't believe in the Pope, and are not afraid of the devil. Medical—from a doctor, that you have had the measles, that your teeth are sound, that you are not flatulent, and that he has

never given you medicine. Legal—from a lawyer, that you have never been accused of theft, that you mind your own business, and that you have never employed him. Domestic—from your wife, that you don't lift the lids of the kitchen pots, walk in your sleep, or lose the keyhole of your door! There! can any one of you bring me these certificates?"

The auditors, who had roared with laughter during the speech, became suddenly grave—which emboldened the man to ply them with other and sharper questions. Our departure cut short the scene; but I heard the conductor laughing on his box for a league farther.

At Ponte alla Leccia we breakfasted on trout, and, speeding down the grand and lonely valley of the Golo, reached Bastia towards evening. As we steamed out of the little harbour the next day, we took the words of our friend Gregorovius, and made them ours:—

"Year after year, thy slopes of olives hoar
Give oil, thy vineyards still their bounty pour!
Thy maize on golden meadows ripen well,
And let the sun thy curse of blood dispel,
Till down each vale and on each mountain-side
The stains of thy heroic blood be dried!
Thy sons be like their fathers, strong and sure,
Thy daughters as thy mountain rivers pure,
And still thy granite crags between them stand
And all corruptions of the older land.
Fair isle, farewell! thy virtues shall not sleep;
Thy fathers' valour shall their children keep,
That ne'er this taunt to thee the stranger cast,—
Thy heroes were but fables of the Past!"

# THE ISLAND OF MADDALENA.

WITH A DISTANT VIEW OF CAPRERA.

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BEFORE leaving Florence for the trip to Corsica, in which I intended to include, if possible, the island of Sardinia, I noticed that the Rubattino steamers touched at Maddalena, on their way from Bastia to Porto Torres. The island of Maddalena, I knew, lay directly over against Caprera, separated by a strait not more than two or three miles in breadth, and thus a convenient opportunity was offered of visiting the owner and resident of the latter island, the illustrious General Giuseppe Garibaldi. I have no special passion for making the personal acquaintance of distinguished men, unless it happens that there is some point of mutual interest concerning which intelligence may be given or received. In this case, I imagined there was such a point of contact. Having followed the fortunes of Italy for the past twenty years, with the keen sympathy which springs from a love for the land, and having been so near the events of the last unfortunate expedition against Rome as to feel from day to day the reflection of those events in the temper of the Italian people, I had learned, during a subsequent residence in Rome,

certain facts which added to the interest of the question, while they seemed still more to complicate its solution. There were some things, I felt, an explanation of which (so far as he would be able to give it) might be asked of Garibaldi without impropriety, and which he could communicate without any necessity of reserve.

Another and natural sentiment was mingled with my desire to meet the hero of Italian unity. I knew how shamefully he had been deceived in certain respects, before undertaking the expedition which terminated so fruitlessly at Mentana, and could, therefore, guess the mortification which accompanied him in his imprisonment (for such it virtually is) at Caprera. While, therefore, I should not have sought an interview after the glorious Sicilian and Calabrian campaign, or when the still excited world was reading Nélaton's bulletins from Spezzia, — so confounding myself with the multitude who always admire the hero of the day, and risk their necks to shake hands with him,—I felt a strong desire to testify such respect as the visit of a stranger implies, in Garibaldi's day of defeat and neglect.

> "I did not praise thee, when the crowd,
> Witched with the moment's inspiration,
> Vexed thy still ether with hosannas loud,
> And stamped their dusty adoration." *

Of all the people who crowded to see him at Spezzia in such throngs that a false Garibaldi, with bandaged

* Lowell, "Ode to Lamartine."

foot, was arranged to receive the most of them, there is no trace now. The same Americans who come from Paris chanting pæans to Napoleon III., go to Rome and are instantly stricken with sympathy for Pius IX., and a certain respect for the Papacy, temporal power included. They give Caprera a wide berth. Two or three steadfast English friends do what they can to make the hero's solitude pleasant, and he has still, as always, the small troop of Italian followers, who never forsake him, because they live from his substance.

Before deciding to visit Caprera, I asked the candid advice of some of the General's most intimate friends in Florence. They assured me that scarcely any one had gone to see him for months past; that a visit from an American, who sympathised with the great and generous aims to which he has devoted his life, could not be otherwise than welcome; and, while offering me cordial letters of introduction, declared that this formality was really unnecessary. It was pleasant to hear him spoken of as a man whose refined amiability of manner was equal to his unselfish patriotism, and who was as simple, unpretending, and accessible personally, as he was rigorously democratic in his political utterances.

I purposely shortened my tour in Corsica, in order to take the Italian steamer which touches at Bastia, on its way to Maddalena. Half-smothered in the sultry heat, we watched the distant smoke rounding the rocks of Capraja, and the steamer had no sooner anchored out-

side the mole, than we made haste to embark. The cloth was already spread over the skylight on the quarterdeck, and seven plates denoted six fellow-passengers. Two of these were ladies, two Italians, with an old gentleman, who proved to be English, although he looked the least like it, and an unmistakable Garibaldian, in a red shirt. The latter was my *vis-à-vis* at table, and it was not long before he startled the company by exclaiming, "In fifty years we shall have the Universal Republic!"

After looking around the table, he fixed his eyes on me, as if challenging assent.

"In five hundred years, perhaps," I said.

"But the priests will go down soon!" he shouted; "and as for that brute" (pointing with his fork towards Corsica) "who rules there, his time is soon up."

As nobody seemed inclined to reply, he continued: "Since the coming of the second Jesus Christ, Garibaldi, the work goes on like lightning. As soon as the priests are down, the Republic will come."

This man, so one of the passengers informed me, had come on board *en bourgeois*, but as the steamer approached Corsica, he suddenly appeared on deck in his red shirt. After we left Bastia, he resumed his former costume. In the capacity to swagger, he surpassed any man I had seen since leaving home. His hair hung about his ears, his nose was long, his beard thick and black, and he had the air of a priest rather than a soldier,—but it was an air which pompously

announced to everybody: "Garibaldi is the Second Christ, and I am his Prophet!"

Over the smooth sea we sped down the picturesque Corsican coast. An indentation in the grand mountain chain showed us the valley of the Golo; then came the heights of Vescovato, where Filippini wrote the history of the island, and Murat took refuge after losing his Neapolitan kingdom; then, Cervione, where the fantastic King Theodore, the First and Last, held his capital; after which night fell upon the shores, and we saw only mountain phantoms in the moonlight.

At sunrise the steward called me.

"We are passing the *bocca*,"—the Straits of Bonifacio,—said he, "and will soon be at Maddalena."

It was an archipelago of rocks in which the steamer was entangled. All around us, huge gray masses, with scarcely a trace of vegetation, rose from the wave; in front, the lofty, dark blue, serrated mountains of Sardinia pierced the sky, and far to the right faded the southern shores of Corsica. But, bleak and forsaken as was the scene, it had a curious historical interest. As an opening between the islands disclosed the white rocks, citadel, and town of Bonifacio, some fifteen miles distant, I remembered the first important episode in the life of Napoleon. It was in the year 1792, while Pascal Paoli was still President of Corsica. An expedition against Sardinia having been determined upon by the Republic, Napoleon, after, perhaps, the severest struggle of his life, was elected second in command of

the battalion of Ajaccio. A work * written by M. Nasica, of the latter place, gives a singular picture of the fierce family feuds which preceded the election. It was the commencement of that truly Corsican *vendetta* between Pozzo di Borgo and the future emperor, which only terminated when the latter was able to say, after Waterloo, "I have not killed Napoleon, but I have thrown the last shovelful of earth upon him."

The first attempt of the expedition was to be directed against the island of Maddalena. A battery was planted on the uninhabited rock of Santa Teresa, (beside which we passed,) and Maddalena was bombarded—but without effect. Napoleon prepared a plan for its capture, but Colonna, the first in command, refused to allow him to make the attempt. A heated discussion took place in the presence of the other officers, and Napoleon, becoming at last indignant and impatient, turned to the latter, and said, "He doesn't know what I mean."

"You are an insolent fellow," retorted Colonna.

Napoleon muttered, as he turned away, "We have only a *cheval de parade* for commander."

At Bonifacio, afterwards, his career came near being suddenly terminated. Some Marseilles marines who landed there provoked a quarrel with the soldiers of the Corsican battalion. Napoleon interfered to restore order, whereupon he was seized by the fierce Marseillaise, who would have hung him to a lamp-post but

* "Mémoires sur l'enfance et la jeunesse de Napoleon." Ajaccio, 1853.

for the timely aid of the civil authorities. The disfavour of Paoli, who was at that time under the control of Pozzo di Borgo, finally drove Napoleon from Corsica; so that the machinations of his bitterest enemy really forced him into the field where he was so suddenly and splendidly successful.

While we were recalling this fateful fragment of history, the steamer entered the narrow strait between Maddalena and the main land of Sardinia, and at the same moment two stately French vessels made their appearance, crossing tracks on the route between Marseilles and the Orient. The rocky island of San Stefano, lying opposite Maddalena, forms a sheltered harbour, which Caprera, rising eastward against the sea, renders completely landlocked. But what a wild, torn, distorted, desolate panorama! A thin sprinkling of lavender, rosemary, and myrtle serves but to set off the cold gray of the granite rocks; the summits rise in natural bastions, or thrust out huge fangs or twisted horns. There is nowhere any softening of these violent outlines. They print themselves on the farthest distance, and one is not surprised that the little village of Maddalena, the white house on Caprera, and two or three fishing-huts on the Sardinian shore, are the only signs of human habitation.

Beside the village, however, there was a little valley, near the head of which a cool, white villa, perched on a mass of rocks, shone against the rugged background.

"That is my place," said the old Englishman, "and I shall be happy to see you there."

"I shall certainly come, if we have time enough after visiting Caprera," I replied.

The Englishman, an entire stranger, was very kind in his offers of service; the Garibaldian was so pompous and arrogant in his manner, that I soon perceived that no assistance could be expected from him. Nevertheless, chance threw us into the same boat, on landing in the little harbour. I had ascertained that there was a hotel, kept by one Remigio, in Maddalena; and although one of "our mutual friends" had advised me to go directly to Caprera—Garibaldi's hospitality being as certain as sunrise, or the change of the tide—I determined to stop with Remigio, and forward my letters. When the Prophet of the Second Coming stepped on shore, he was accosted by an old veteran, who wore a red shirt and blue goggles. They embraced and kissed each other, and presently came up another weather-beaten person, with an unmistakably honest and amiable face, who was hailed with the name of "Basso!"

I knew the name as that of one of Garibaldi's most faithful followers, and as the boat, meanwhile, had been retained to convey the party to Caprera, I stepped up to Basso and the Prophet, and asked, "Will one of you be good enough to take these letters to General Garibaldi, and let the boatman bring me word when it will be convenient for him to receive me?"

"Certainly," said the Prophet, taking the letters, and

remarking, as he pointed to Basso, "*this* is the General's secretary."

The latter made a modest gesture, disclaiming the honour, and said, "No: *you know* that you are really his secretary."

The boat shoved off with them. "It is a queer company," I said to myself, "and perhaps I ought not to have entrusted the letters to their care." One letter was from a gentleman in a high diplomatic position, whose reputation as a scholar is world-wide, and who possesses the most generous, and at the same time the most intelligent, sympathy with the aspirations of the Italian people. The other was from a noble woman, who has given the best energies of her life to the cause —who shared the campaigns of Sicily and Calabria, and even went under fire at Monte Rotondo and Mentana to succour the wounded. Probably no two persons had a better right to claim the courtesy of Garibaldi in favour of one who, though a stranger, was yet an ardent friend.

The Hotel Remigio directly fronted the quay. No sign announced its character, but the first room we entered had a billiard-table, beyond which was a kitchen. Here we found La Remigia, who conducted us up a sumptuous staircase of black and white marble (unwashed) into a shabby dining-room, and then left us to prepare coffee. A door into an adjoining apartment stood half-open. I looked in, but seeing a naked leg stretched out upon a dirty blanket, made a speedy

retreat. In a quarter of an hour coffee came, without milk, but with a bottle of rum instead. The servitress was a little girl, whose hands were of so questionable a complexion, that we turned away lest we should see her touch the cups. I need not say that the beverage was vile; the reader will have already guessed that.

We summoned La Remigia, to ascertain whether a breakfast was possible. "*Eh, che vuole?*" ("What can you expect?") said she. "This is a poor little island. What would you like to have?"

Limiting our wishes to the probabilities of the place, we modestly suggested eggs and fish, whereat La Remigia looked relieved, and promised that we should have both. Then, although the heat was furious, I went forth for a stroll along the shore. A number of bronze boys had pulled off their tow shirts, and were either sitting naked on the rocks, or standing in the shallow coves, and splashing each other with scallop-shells. Two or three fishing-boats were lazily pulling about the strait, but the greater part of the population of Maddalena sat in the shade and did nothing.

The place contains about fifteen hundred inhabitants, but scarcely one half that number were at home. The others were sailors, or coral fishers, who are always absent during the summer months. The low, bright-coloured houses are scattered along the shore, in such order as the huge, upheaved masses of granite will allow, and each street terminates in a stony path. In the scanty garden-inclosures, bristling masses of the fruit-

bearing cactus overhang the walls, repellant as the rocks from which they spring. Evidently the place supplies nothing except the article of fish—all other necessaries of life must be brought from Sardinia. The men are principally pensioned veterans of the Italian navy, who are satisfied with the sight of blue water and passing vessels; the women, (rock-widows, one might call them,) having the very simplest household duties to perform, usually sit at their doors, with some kind of knitting or netting, and chatter with their nearest neighbours. I had scarcely walked a quarter of a mile before the sleepy spirit of the place took hold of my feet, and I found myself contemplating the shadowy spots among the rocks, much more than the wild and rugged island scenery across the strait.

Garibaldi's house on Caprera flashed in the sun, and after a while I saw a boat pulling away from the landing-place below it. I returned to the harbour to meet the boatman, and receive the answer which my letters required. It was a red-headed fellow, with a face rather Scotch than Italian, and a blunt, direct manner of speech which corresponded thereto.

"The General says he is not well, and can't see you," said he.

"Have you a letter?" I asked.

"No; but he told me so."

"He is sick, then?"

"No," said the boatman, "he is not sick."

"Where did you see him?"

"Out of doors. He went down to the sea this morning and took a bath. Then he worked in the garden."

The first sensation of a man who receives an unexpected blow is incredulity, and not exasperation. It required a slight effort to believe the boatman's words, and the next impression was that there was certainly some misunderstanding. If Garibaldi were well enough to walk about his fields, he was able to receive a visitor; if he had read the letters I forwarded, a decent regard for the writers would have withheld him from sending a rude verbal answer by the mouth of a boatman. The whole proceeding was so utterly at variance with all I had heard of his personal refinement and courtesy, that I was driven to the suspicion that his followers had suppressed the letters, and represented me, perhaps, as a stranger of not very reputable appearance.

Seeing that we were stranded for three days upon Maddalena—until the steamer returned from Porto Torres—I determined to assure myself whether the suspicion was just. I could, at least, give the General a chance to correct any misunderstanding. I therefore wrote a note, mentioning the letters and the answer I had received through the boatman; referring to other friends of his in America and Italy, whom I knew; assuring him that I had had no intention of thrusting myself upon his hospitality, but had only meant to desire a brief personal interview. I abstained, of course, from repeating the request, as he would thus be able to

grant it more gracefully, if a misrepresentation had really been made. Summoning the red-headed boatman, I gave him the note, with the express command that he should give it into Garibaldi's own hands, and not into those of any of the persons about him.

La Remigia gave us as good a breakfast as the house could furnish. The wine was acutely sour, but the fish were fresh and delicate. Moreover, the room had been swept, and the hands of the little servant subjected to a thorough washing. There was a dessert of cherries, brought all the way from Genoa, and then the hostess, as she brought the coffee, asked, "When will your Excellencies go to Caprera?"

"If the General is sick," I remarked, "we shall probably not be able to see him."

"He was not well two or three weeks ago," said she; "he had the rheumatism in his hands. But now he goes about his fields the same as before."

A second suspicion came into my head. What if the boatman should not go to Caprera with my letter, but merely sleep two or three hours in the shade, and then come back to me with an invented verbal answer? It was now high noon, and a truly African sun beat down on the unsheltered shores. The veterans had been chased from their seats on the quay, and sat in dozing, silent rows on the shady sides of the houses. A single boat, with sail spread, hardly moved over the dazzling blue of the harbour. There was no sign of active life anywhere, except in the fleas.

Leaving my wife in La Remigia's care, I took one of the rough paths behind the town, and climbed to a bold mass of rocks, which commanded a view of the strait from Caprera to Sardinia. Far off, beyond the singular horns and needles of rock, cresting the mountains of the latter island, a thunder-gust was brewing; but the dark, cool shadows there only served, by contrast, to make the breathless heat on Maddalena more intense. Nevertheless, a light wind finally came from somewhere, and I stretched myself out on the granite, with Caprera before my eyes, and reflected on the absurdity of any one human being taking pains to make the acquaintance of any other particular human being, while I watched the few boats visible on the surface of the water below. One, rowing and sailing, rounded the point of San Stefano, and disappeared; another crept along the nearer shore, looking for fish, coral, or sponges; and a third, at last, making a long tack, advanced into the channel of La Moneta, in front of Garibaldi's residence. It was Red-head, honestly doing his duty. Two or three hours went by, and he did not return. When the air had been somewhat cooled by the distant thunder, we set forth to seek the English recluse. The path followed the coast, winding between rocks and clumps of myrtle in blossom, until the villa looked down upon us from the head of a stony dell. On three sides, the naked granite rose in irregular piles against the sky, while huge blocks, tumbled from above, lay scattered over the scanty vineyards

below. In sheltered places there were a few pines and cedars, of stunted growth. The house, perched upon a mass of rock forty or fifty feet high, resembled a small fortress. As we approached it, over the dry, stony soil, the bushes rustling as the lizards darted through them, the place assumed an air of savage loneliness. No other human dwelling was visible on any of the distant shores, and no sail brightened the intervening water.

The Englishman came forth and welcomed us with a pleasant, old-fashioned courtesy. A dark-eyed Sardinian lady, whom he introduced to us as his daughter-in-law, and her father, were his temporary guests. The people afterwards told me, in Maddalena, that he had adopted and educated a Neapolitan boy, who, however, had turned out to be a *mauvais sujet*. We were ushered into a large vaulted room, the walls of which, to my astonishment, were covered with admirable paintings—genuine works of the Flemish and Italian masters. There was a Cuyp, a Paul Potter, a Ruysdael, a Massimo, and several excellent pictures of the school of Correggio. A splendid library filled the adjoining hall, and recent English and Italian newspapers lay upon the table. I soon perceived that our host was a man of unusual taste and culture, who had studied much and travelled much, before burying himself in this remote corner of the Mediterranean. For more than twenty years, he informed us, the island had been his home. He first went thither accidentally, in his

search for health, and remained because he found it among those piles of granite and cactus. One hardly knows whether to admire or commiserate such a life.

Our host, however, had long outlived his yearning for the busy world of men. His little plantation, wrung from Nature with immense labour and apparently great expense, now absorbed all his interest. He had bought foreign trees—Mexican, African, and Australian—and set them in sheltered places, built great walls to break the sweep of the wind which draws through the Straits of Bonifacio, constructed tanks for collecting the rains, terraces for vineyards, and so fought himself into the possession of a little productive soil. But the winds kept down the growth of his pines, the islanders cut his choicest trees and carried them off for firewood, and it was clear that the scanty beginnings we saw were the utmost he would be able to keep and hold against so many hostile influences.

After we had inspected the costly picture-gallery, and partaken of refreshments, he took us to his orange-garden, a square inclosure, with walls twenty feet high, at the foot of the rocks. The interior was divided by high ramparts of woven brushwood into compartments about thirty feet square, each of which contained half a dozen squat, battered-looking trees. I should have imagined the outer walls high enough to break the strongest wind, but our host informed me that they merely changed its character, giving to the current a spiral motion which almost pulled the trees out of the

earth. The interior divisions of brushwood were a necessity. Above the house there was a similar inclosure for pear and apple trees. The vines, kept close to the earth, and tied to strong stakes, were more easily tended. But the same amount of labour and expense would have created a little paradise on the shores of Sorrento, or the Riviera di Ponente; in fact, as many oranges might have been raised in Minnesota with less trouble.

According to the traditions of the people, the whole island was wooded a hundred and fifty years ago. But, as savage tribes worship trees, so the first inclination of the civilised man is to destroy them. I still hold to the belief that the disforested Levant might be reclothed in fifty years, if the people could be prevented from interfering with the young growth.

When we reached Maddalena, the boatman had returned from Caprera. This time he brought me a note, in Garibaldi's handwriting, containing two or three lines, which, however, were not more satisfactory than the previous message. "*Per motivo de' miei incomodi,*" (on account of my ailments,) said the General, he could not receive me. This was an equivocation, but no explanation. His motive for slighting the letters of two such friends, and refusing to see one who had come to Maddalena to testify a sympathy and respect which had nothing in common with the curiosity of the crowd, remained a mystery. In the little fishing village, where nothing could long be kept secret, the people seemed to

be aware of all that had occurred. They possessed too much natural tact and delicacy to question us, but it was easy to see that they were much surprised. Red-head made quite a long face when I told him, after reading the letter, that I should not need his boat for a trip to Caprera.

After allowing all possible latitude to a man's individual right to choose his visitors, the manner in which my application had been received still appeared to me very rude and boorish. Perhaps one's first experience of the kind is always a little more annoying than is necessary; but the reader must consider that we had no escape from the burning rocks of Maddalena until the third day afterwards, and the white house on Caprera before our eyes was a constant reminder of the manner or mood of its inmate. Questions of courtesy are nearly as difficult to discuss as questions of taste, each man having his own private standard; yet, I think, few persons will censure me for having then and there determined that, for the future, I would take no particular pains to seek the acquaintance of a distinguished man.

We were fast on Maddalena, as I have said, and the most we could make of it did not seem to be much. I sketched a little the next morning, until the heat drove me indoors. Towards evening, following La Remigia's counsel, we set forth on a climb to the Guardia Vecchia, a deserted fortress on the highest point of the island. Thunderstorms, as before, growled

along the mountains of Sardinia, without overshadowing or cooling the rocks of the desert archipelago. The masses of granite, among which we clambered, still radiated the noonday heat, and the clumps of lentisk and arbutus were scarcely less arid in appearance than the soil from which they grew. Over the summit, however, blew a light breeze. We pushed open the door of the port, mounted to a stone platform with ramparts pierced for six cannon, and sat down in the shade of the watch-tower. The view embraced the whole Strait of Bonifacio and its shores, from the peak of Incudine, in Corsica, to the headland of Terranova, on the eastern coast of Sardinia. Two or three villages, high up on the mountains of the latter island, the little fishing-town at our feet, the far-off citadel of Bonifacio, and—still persistently visible—the house on Caprera, rather increased than removed the loneliness and desolation of the scenery. Island rising behind island thrust up new distortions of rock of red or hot-gray hues, which became purple in the distance, and the dark-blue reaches of sea dividing them were hard and lifeless as plains of glass. Perhaps the savage and sterile forms of the foreground impressed their character upon every part of the panorama, since we knew that they were everywhere repeated. In this monotony lay something sublime, and yet profoundly melancholy.

As we have now the whole island of Caprera full and fair before us, let us see what sort of a spot the hero of Italian Unity has chosen for his home. I may at the

same time, without impropriety, add such details of his life and habits, and such illustrations of his character, as were freely communicated by persons familiar with both, during our stay in Maddalena.

Caprera, as seen from the Guardia Vecchia, is a little less forbidding than its neighbour island. It is a mass of reddish-gray rock, three to four miles in length and not more than a mile in breadth, its axis lying at a right angle to the course of the Sardinian coast. The shores rise steeply from the water to a central crest of naked rock, some twelve hundred feet above the sea. The wild shrubbery of the Mediterranean—myrtle, arbutus, lentisk, and box—is sprinkled over the lower slopes, and three or four lines of bright even green, betray the existence of terraced grain-fields. The house, a plain white quadrangle, two stories in height, is seated on the slope, a quarter of a mile from the landing-place. Behind it there are fields and vineyards, and a fertile garden-valley called the Fontanaccia, which are not visible from Maddalena. The house, in its present commodious form, was built by Victor Emanuel, during Garibaldi's absence from the island, and without his knowledge. The latter has spent a great deal of money in wresting a few fields from the unwilling rock, and his possession, even yet, has but a moderate value. The greater part of the island can only be used as a range for cattle, and will nourish about a hundred head.

Garibaldi, however, has a great advantage over all the political personages of our day, in the rugged sim-

plicity of his habits. He has no single expensive taste. Whether he sleeps on a spring mattress or a rock, eats *filet* or fish, and macaroni, is all the same to him—nay, he prefers the simpler fare. The persons whom he employs eat at the same table with him, and his guests, whatever their character or title, are no better served. An Englishman, who went to Caprera as the representative of certain societies, and took with him, as a present, a dozen of the finest ham, and four dozen bottles of the choicest Château Margaux, was horrified to find, the next day, that each gardener, herdsman, and fisherman at the table had a generous lump of ham on his plate, and a bottle of Château Margaux beside it! Whatever delicacy comes to Garibaldi is served in the same way; and of the large sums of money contributed by his friends and admirers, he has retained scarcely anything. All is given to "the Cause."

Garibaldi's three prominent traits of character—honesty, unselfishness, and independence — are so marked, and have been so variously illustrated, that no one in Italy (probably not even Pius IX. or Antonelli) dares to dispute his just claim to them. Add the element of a rare and inextinguishable enthusiasm, and we have the qualities which have made the man. He is wonderfully adapted to be the leader of an impulsive and imaginative people, during those periods when the rush and swell of popular sentiment overbears alike diplomacy and armed force. Such a time came to him in 1860, and the Sicilian and

Calabrian campaign will always stand as the climax of his achievements. I do not speak of Aspromonte or Mentana now. The history of those attempts cannot be written until Garibaldi's private knowledge of them may be safely made known to the world.

It occurred to me, as I looked upon Caprera, that only an enthusiastic, imaginative nature could be content to live in such an isolation. It is hardly alone disgust with the present state of Italy which keeps him from that seat in the Italian Parliament, to which he is regularly re-elected. He can neither use the tact of the politician, nor employ the expedients of the statesman. He has no patience with adverse opinion, no clear, objective perception of character, no skill to calculate the reciprocal action and cumulative force of political ideas. He simply sees *an end*, and strikes a bee-line for it. As a military commander he is admirable, so long as operations can be conducted under his immediate personal control. In short, he belongs to that small class of great men, whose achievements, fame, and influence rest upon excellence of character, and a certain magnetic, infectious warmth of purpose, rather than on high intellectual ability. There may be wiser Italian patriots than he, but there is none so pure and devoted.

From all that was related to me of Garibaldi, I should judge that his weak points are an incapacity to distinguish between the steady aspirations of his life and those sudden impulses which come to every ardent

and passionate nature, and an amiable weakness (perhaps not disconnected from vanity) which enables a certain class of adventurers to misuse and mislead him. His impatience of contrary views naturally subjects him to the influence of the latter class, whose cue it is to flatter and encourage. I know an American general whose reputation has been much damaged in the same way. The three men who were his companions on Caprera during my stay in Maddalena were Basso, who occasionally acts as secretary; he whom I termed the Prophet, a certain Dr Occhipinti, (Painted-Eyes,) a maker of salves and pomatums; and Guzmaroli, formerly a priest, and ignominiously expelled from Garibaldi's own corps. There are other hangers-on, whose presence from time to time in Caprera is a source of anxiety to the General's true friends.

Caprera formerly belonged to an English gentleman, a passionate sportsman, who settled there thirty years ago on account of the proximity of the island to the rich game regions of Sardinia. Garibaldi, dining with this gentleman at Maddalena in 1856, expressed his desire to procure a small island on the coast for his permanent home, whereupon the former offered to sell him a part of Caprera at cost. The remainder was purchased by a subscription made in England, and headed by the Duke of Sutherland. I was informed that Garibaldi's faithful and noble-hearted friends, Colonel and Mrs Chambers of Scotland, had done much towards making the island productive and habitable,

but I doubt whether its rocks yet yield enough for the support of the family.

The General's oldest son, Menotti, his daughter Teresa, her husband Major Canzio, and their five children, Mameli, Anzani, Lincoln, Anita, and John Brown, have their home at Caprera. Menotti is reported to be a good soldier and sailor, but without his father's abilities. The younger son, Ricciotti, spends most of his time in England. Teresa, however, is a female Garibaldi, full of spirit, courage, and enthusiasm. She has great musical talent, and a voice which would give her, were there need, a prima donna's station in any theatre. Her father, also, is an excellent singer, and the two are fond of making the rocks of Caprera resound with his *Inno ai Romani.* ...

Garibaldi was born at Nice in 1807, and is therefore now sixty-one years old. His simple habits of life have preserved his physical vigour, but he suffers from frequent severe attacks of rheumatism. The wound received at Aspromonte, I was told, no longer occasions him inconvenience. In features and complexion he shows his Lombard and German descent. His name is simply the Italian for *Heribald*, "bold in war." In the tenth century Garibaldi I. and II. were kings of Bavaria. In fact, much of the best blood of Italy is German, however reluctant the Italians may be to acknowledge the fact. The Marquis D'Azeglio, whose memoirs have recently been published, says in his autobiographical sketch, "Educated in the hatred of the

*Tedeschi*, (Germans,) I was greatly astonished to find from my historical studies, that I was myself a *Tedesco*." The "pride of race" really is one of the absurdest of human vanities. I have heard half-breed Mexicans boast of their "Gothic blood," born Englishmen who settled in Virginia talk of their "Southern blood," and all the changes rung on Cavalier, Norman, or Roman ancestry. The Slavic Greeks of Athens call themselves "Hellenes," and Theodore of Abyssinia claimed a direct descent from Solomon. Garibaldi might have become purely Italian in name, as Duca di Calatafima, if he had chosen. His refusal was scarcely a virtue, because the offer of the title was no temptation.

The strait opening eastward to the sea was not wholly in sight from the Guardia Vecchia, but we saw enough of it to enable us to track the path of Garibaldi's escape, the previous October. An intervening point hid the cove of Stagnatello, where he embarked in his little boat called "The Snipe," (*beccacino*); yet its position was shown by the Punta dell' Arcaccio beyond. On the Maddalena shore we saw the gardens and cottage of the English lady, the "Hermitress of La Moneta," who received him after his passage of the strait, and concealed him the following day. While he was thus concealed he wrote an account of the adventure for his daughter Teresa, yet so evidently with an eye to its future publication, that its style unconsciously reflects the vein of vanity which runs through his character. Before leaving his imprisonment at Varignano, he gave

permission to the Frau von S——, an intimate friend, to publish a German translation, from which I take the chief part of the narrative. The Italian original has not yet been published.

Garibaldi, who speaks of himself in the third person, as "The Solitary," left his house on the evening of the 14th of October (1867), accompanied by two friends, Froscianti and Barberini, and a boatman whom he calls Giovanni. They descended through the valley of the Fontanaccia to the cove of Stagnatello, off which, in the strait, the Italian war-steamers lay at anchor. What followed must be given in his own words:—

"Having reached the wall," (at the bottom of the cultivated fields of the Fontanaccia,) "the Solitary took off his poncho, and exchanged his white hat for a cap of his son, Menotti. He gave the garments, which he had removed, to Barberini, and after he had convinced himself that there was no one on the other side of the wall, he climbed upon it, and sprang down, with an astonishing activity.

"A memory of his adventurous youth inspired him, and he felt himself twenty years younger. Besides, were not his sons and his companions in arms already fighting the mercenaries of the priestly power? Could he keep quiet?—content himself with the pruning of his trees, and lead the shameful life of the *moderati*? When the Solitary was fortunately over the wall, he said to Barberini, 'It is still too bright; we will wait a little while here, and smoke half a cigar.' Thereupon

he drew a match-box—it was a treasured souvenir of the amiable Lady S.—out of his left pocket, used it, and then offered his lighted 'cavour' to his companion, who had a cigarette in readiness. The Solitary is accustomed to cut these long, black Tuscan cigars through the middle, and only smoke half a one at a time.

"Soon the nightly shadows began to obscure the atmosphere, but in the east a faint gleam made itself seen as the herald of the approaching queen of night.

"'Within three quarters of an hour the moon will have risen behind the mountains,' remarked the Solitary; 'we dare not longer delay.'

"Both men arose and betook themselves to the little harbour. Giovanni was there at his post, and with his and Barberini's help, the *beccacino* was soon launched upon the water. This is our smallest boat, designed for duck-shooting, and so flat that the one person who has room therein must lie upon the bottom and propel it with a paddle. In a moment the Solitary took his place, lying flat upon his poncho. After Giovanni had pushed the light vessel into the sea, and convinced himself that everything was properly arranged, he himself got into the *becca*—a boat built exactly like the *beccacino*, only of greater dimensions—and rowed, singing loudly, in the direction of the yacht.

"'Halt! who goes there?' called out the marines of the war-vessels, degraded to *alguazils*, to police-servants, hailing the boat of the Sardinian, who, meanwhile, did

not allow himself to be disturbed either in his song or his journey.

"But when a third challenge came to his ears, he answered, 'I am going on board!' for, however without result the musket-shots might be in the darkness, they never fail to strike an inexperienced man with terror. The Solitary, now propelling his *beccacino* with strokes, now with a small paddle, as is customary with the American canoes, followed his course along the shore of Paviano, between the cove of Stagnatello and the cape of Arcaccio; and verily, the humming-bird, fluttering around the fragrant flowers of the torrid zone, and sipping their honey in the manner of the industrious bee, is less noisy than was the light *beccacino*, as it rapidly shot over the bosom of the Tyrrhene sea. Arrived at the Punta dell' Arcaccio, the Solitary recognised the faithful Froscianti among the lofty masses of stone. 'Nothing new as far as the rocks of Arcaccio,' whispered the latter from a distance. 'Then I am safe,' replied the Solitary, directing his boat with increasing swiftness past the steep cliffs, until he reached a point whence he could see the little Rabbit Isle, (the southernmost of three which enclose the harbour of Stagnatello,) and then struck out boldly on the sea, in a north-western direction.

"As the Solitary perceived how fast the moonlight increased, he paddled more rapidly, and, driven by the sirocco, his boat passed the Strait de la Moneta with a swiftness which a steamer might have envied.

"By moonlight and seen at a certain distance, each rock rising out of the sea more or less resembles a vessel, and since the commander of the Ratazzi squadron had laid a requisition upon all the barks of Maddalena in order to increase the number of boats with which he besieged Caprera, it appeared as if the little archipelago of Moneta swarmed with shallops and boats, all for the purpose of hindering *one* man in the performance of his duty.

"As soon as the Solitary had reached the little island of Giardinelli, off the north-eastern coast of Maddalena, he turned the *beccacino* into the labyrinth of rocky reefs which lift themselves like a bulwark along the shore, and from out this secure concealment he sharply inspected the coast stretching before him in the light of the moon.

"When the Solitary found himself near the island of Giardinelli, he saw that there were three different ways by which he could reach the channel, separating it from Maddalena: by water, by paddling around it either on the northern or the southern side, or by landing and crossing the island on foot. After full consideration, he determined to try the latter plan.

"Whether it was owing to the skill of the boatman of the *beccacino*, or the neglect of the unsuspicious, sleeping sentinels, I will not discuss; but this is certain, that the Solitary landed upon Giardinelli, not only with a whole skin, but without being disturbed by a single 'Who goes there?' Yet he had scarcely hauled his

skiff ashore before he noticed that there were many impediments in his way to the channel; since the island, which serves as a pasture to the cattle of Maddalena, is divided into several fields, all of which are enclosed by high walls, covered with thorny shrubs.

"When, after many detours and much break-neck climbing, the Solitary was about to pass the last of these walls, he imagined that he saw on the other side a row of crouching sailors. If this were no optical delusion, it would not have surprised him in the least, since it had been reported to him on Caprera, that several seamen and soldiers had landed on the island in the course of the day. The loss of time which this circumstance occasioned to the Solitary explained also to him why two of his friends, whom he should have found near the channel, were not at their posts.

"It was not until ten o'clock, and after he had looked very sharply about him, that the Solitary undertook to cross the shallow arm of the sea which divides Giardinelli from Maddalena. He had not taken ten steps when loud calls from the watching war-vessels, accompanied with musket-shots, were heard; but this did not disconcert the Solitary in his zealous passage through the salt flood. He soon had the critical passage behind him, and set foot upon Maddalena. But a very fatiguing way was still before him, for his boots, filled with water, creaked and incommoded him on the uneven ground.

"When, finally, the sight of the house of Mrs C.

showed the Solitary the vicinity of a hospitable refuge, he strode more cautiously forward, through fear that the villa might be surrounded by spies; and only when a cloud covered the moon, did he dare to knock lightly upon one of the windows with his Scotch stick. Mrs C., however, had had faith in the Solitary's lucky star. Advised in advance of his plan, she had been keenly listening to his footsteps, so that at the first tap on the window, she hurried to the door, and welcomed her old neighbour with her accustomed gracious smile."

All the next day Garibaldi remained concealed in the English lady's cottage. The following night he crossed from the northern shore of Maddalena to Sardinia, where his friends had a sloop in readiness. In three or four days more he was in Tuscany, and the Italian Government was astounded at his appearance in Florence before his escape from Caprera had been discovered by the blockading squadron.

While upon the rocky summits of Maddalena, we made search for the former dwellings of the inhabitants, but became bewildered in the granite labyrinth, and failed to find them. The present village on the shore owes its existence to Nelson. Previous to his day those waters were swept by Barbary corsairs, and the people of the island, being without protection, lived almost like troglodytes, in rude hovels constructed among the rocks. Nelson, while in the Mediterranean, at the end of the last century, made Maddalena one of his stations, and encouraged the inhabitants to come forth from their

hiding-places. On the altar of the church in the town which they then began to build there are still the silver candlesticks which he presented. This, and Napoleon's previous attempt to gain possession of the island, are the two incidents which connect Maddalena with history.

We made a few other scrambles during our stay, but they simply repeated the barren pictures we already knew by heart. Although, little by little, an interest in the island was awakened, the day which was to bring the steamer from Porto Torres was hailed by us almost as a festival. But the comedy (for such it began to seem) was not yet at an end. I had procured the return tickets to Leghorn, and was standing in Remigia's door, watching the pensioners as they dozed in the shade, when two figures appeared at the end of the little street. One was Painted-Eyes, the maker of salves, and I was edified by seeing him suddenly turn when he perceived me, and retrace his steps. The other, who came forward, proved to be one of Garibaldi's staunchest veterans—a man who had been in his service twenty-five years, in Monte Video, Rome, America, China, and finally in the Tyrol.

"Where is the man who was with you?" I asked.

"He was coming to the locanda," said he; "but when he saw you, he left me without explaining why."

The veteran knew so much of what had happened that I told him the rest. He was no less grieved than surprised. His general, he said, had never acted so

before; he had never refused to see any stranger, even though he came without letters, and he was at a loss to account for it.

There was a stir among the idlers on the quay; a thread of smoke arose above the rocky point to the westward, and—welcome sight!—the steamer swept up and anchored in the roadstead. La Remigia, who had been unremitting in her attentions, presented a modest bill, shook hands with us heartily, and Redhead, who was in waiting with his boat, carried us speedily on board. The steamer was not to leave for two hours more, but now the certainty of escape was a consolation. The few islanders we had known parted from us like friends, and even the boatman returned to the deck on purpose to shake hands, and wish us a pleasant voyage. I found myself softening towards Maddalena, after all.

In one of the last boats came the same Occhipinti again, accompanied by Guzmaroli, the ex-priest. The former was bound for Leghorn, and the prospect of having him for a fellow-passenger was not agreeable. He avoided meeting us, went below, and kept very quiet during the passage. I felt sure, although the supposition was disparaging to Garibaldi, that this man was partly responsible for the answer I had received.

A fresh breeze blew through the Strait of Bonifacio, and we soon lost sight of the rocks which had been the scene of our three days' Robinsoniad. The only other passenger, by a singular coincidence, proved to be "the

Hermitress of La Moneta," as she is called on Maddalena,—the widow of the gentleman who sold Caprera to Garibaldi, and herself one of the General's most trusted friends. Through her the island acquired a new interest. In the outmost house on the spur which forms the harbour, lay an English captain, eighty years old, and ill; in the sterile glen to the north, lived another Englishman alone among his books and rare pictures; and under a great rock, two miles to the eastward, was a lonely cottage, opposite Caprera, where this lady has lived for thirty years.

In the long twilight, as the coast of Corsica sped by, we heard the story of those thirty years. They had not dulled the keen, clear intellect of the lady, nor made less warm one human feeling in her large heart. We heard of travels in Corsica on horseback, nearly forty years ago; of lunching with bandits in the mountains; of fording the floods and sleeping in the caves of Sardinia; of farm-life (if it can be so called) on Caprera, and of twenty years passed in the cottage of La Moneta, without even a journey to the fishing-village. Then came other confidences, which must not be repeated, but as romantic as anything in the stories of the Middle Ages,—yet in all, there was no trace of morbid feeling, of unused affection, of regret for the years that seemed lost to us. Verily, though these words should reach her eyes, I must say, since the chances of life will scarcely bring us together again, that the freshness and sweetness with which she had

preserved so many noble womanly qualities in solitude, was to me a cheering revelation of the innate excellence of human nature.

"Yet," she said, at the close, "I would never advise any one to attempt the life I have led. Such a seclusion is neither natural nor healthy. One may read, and one may think; but the knowledge lies in one's mind like an inert mass, and only becomes vital when it is actively communicated or compared. This mental inertness or deadness is even harder to bear than the absence of society. But there always comes a time when we need the face of a friend—the time that comes to all. No, it is not good to be alone."

After all, we had not come to Maddalena in vain. We had made the acquaintance of a rare and estimable nature—which is always a lasting gain, in the renewed faith it awakens. The journey, which had seemed so wearisome in anticipation, came rapidly to an end, and there was scarcely a regret left for Caprera when we parted with the Hermitress of Maddalena at Leghorn, the next afternoon. A few days afterwards she sent me the original manuscript of Garibaldi's "Hymn to the Romans," which he had presented to her. I shall value it as much for the giver's, as for the writer's sake.

Our friends in Florence received the news of our adventure with astonishment and mortification; but, up to the time of this present writing, the matter remains a mystery. One conjecture was made, yet it

seems scarcely credible, that Garibaldi was getting up a new expedition against Rome.

A short time after my trip to Maddalena, a German professor of note, who had a special interest in communicating personally with Garibaldi, made the journey from Germany for that sole purpose, and was similarly repelled.

# IN THE TEUTOBURGER FOREST.

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No part of Germany is so monotonous and unlovely as that plain which the receding waves of the North Sea left behind them. The stranger who lands at Bremen or Hamburg enters upon a dead, sandy level, where fields of lean and starveling cereals interchange with heathery moorlands and woods of dwarfish pine. Each squat, ugly farm-house looks as lonely as if there were no others in sight; the villages are collections of similar houses, huddled around a church-tower so thick and massive that it seems to be the look-out of a fortress. The patient industry of the people is here manifested in its plainest and sturdiest forms, and one cannot look for the external embellishments of life, where life itself is so much of an achievement.

As we advance southward the scenery slowly improves. The soil deepens and the trees rise; the purple heather clings only to the occasional sandy ridges, between which greenest meadows gladden our eyes. Groves of oak make their appearance; brooks wind and sparkle among alder thickets; the low undulations swell into broad, gently rounded hills, and at last there is a wavy blue line along the horizon. If you are travelling from Hanover to Minden, some

one will point out a notch or gap in that rising mountain outline, and tell you that it is the Porta Westphalica—the gateway by which the river Weser issues from the Teutoburger Forest.

I had already explored nearly every nook of Middle Germany, from the Hartz to the Odenwald; yet this—the storied ground of the race—was still an unknown region. Although so accessible, especially from the celebrated watering-place of Pyrmont, whence any of its many points of interest may be reached in a day's drive, I found little about it in the guide-books, and less in books of travel. Yet here, one may say, is the starting-point of German history. Hermann and Wittekind are the two great representatives of the race, in its struggles against Roman and Christian civilisation; and the fact that it adopted both the one and the other, and through them developed into its later eminence, does not lessen the value of those names. Indeed, the power of resistance measures the power of acceptance and assimilation.

It was harvest-time as I sped by rail towards Minden, along the northern base of the mountains. Weeks of drought and heat had forced the fields into premature ripeness, and the lush green meadows were already waiting for the aftermath. About Bückeburg the rye-fields were full of reapers, in an almost extinct costume—the men in heavy fur caps, loose white overshirts, and boots reaching to the knee; the women with black head-dress, bodice, and bright scarlet petticoat.

These tints of white, scarlet, and black shone splendidly among the sheaves, and the pictures I saw made me keenly regret that progress had rendered mankind so commonplace in costume. When I first tramped through Germany, in 1845, every province had its distinctive dress, and the stamp of the country people was impressed upon the landscapes of their homes; but now a great levelling wave has swept over the country, washing out all these picturesque characteristics, and leaving the universal modern commonplace in their stead. If the latter were graceful, or cheap, or practically convenient, we might accept the change; but it is none of these. Fashion has at last combined ugliness and discomfort in our clothing, and the human race is satisfied.

Soon after leaving Minden the road bends sharply southwards, and enters the Porta Westphalica—a break in the Weser mountains which is abrupt and lofty enough, to possess a certain grandeur. The eastern bank rises from the water in a broken, rocky wall to the height of near five hundred feet; the western slants sufficiently to allow foot-hold for trees, and its summit is two hundred feet higher. The latter is called "Wittekind's Mount," from a tradition that the famous Saxon king once had a fortress upon it. Somewhere in the valley which lies within this Westphalian Gate, is the scene of the last battle between Hermann and Germanicus. Although the field of action of both these leaders extended over the greater part of Northern

Germany, the chief events which decided their fortunes took place within the narrow circle of these mountains.

I passed through Oeynhausen,—a bright, cheerful watering-place, named after the enterprising baron who drove an artesian shaft to the depth of two thousand feet, and brought a rich saline stream to the surface,—and at Herford, the next station, left the line of rail. I looked in vain for the towers of Enger, a league or so to the west, where Wittekind died as a Christian prince, and where his bones still rest. Before turning aside for Detmold and the hills of the Teutoburger Forest, let me very briefly recall the career of that spiritual successor of Hermann.

Nothing certain is known of Wittekind's descent or early history. We first hear of him as one of the leaders of the Saxons in the invasion of Westphalia, which they undertook in the year 774, while Charlemagne was occupied in subduing the Lombards. Three years later, when this movement was suppressed and the greater part of the Saxon chiefs took the oath of fidelity to the Emperor at Paderborn, Wittekind fled to the court of his brother-in-law, King Siegfried of Jutland. He returned in 778, while Charlemagne was in Spain, driving back the Saracens, and devastated the lands of the Rhine. After carrying on the war with varying success for four years, he finally surprised and almost annihilated the Frank army at the Süntelberg, not far from Hameln, on the Weser. Enraged at his defeat, Charlemagne took a horrible revenge: he

executed forty-five hundred Saxons who were in his hands. All the tribes rose in revolt, acknowledged Wittekind as their king, and for three years more continued the desperate struggle, the end of which was a compromise. Wittekind received Christian baptism, was made duke of Saxony, and, according to tradition, governed the people twenty years longer, from his seat at Enger, as a just and humane prince. The Emperor Karl IV. there built him a monument in the year 1377.

At Herford, I took my place in the diligence for Detmold, with a horse-dealer for company on the way. It was a journey of three hours, through a very pleasant and beautiful country, lying broad and warm in the shelter of circling mountains, veined with clear, many-branched streams, and wooded with scattered groves of oak and beech. If there was any prominent feature of the scenery, as distinguished from that of other parts of Germany, it was these groves, dividing the bright meadows and the golden slopes of harvest with their dark, rounded masses of foliage, as in the midland landscapes of England. The hills to the south, entirely clothed with forests, increased in height as we followed their course in a parallel line, and long before we reached Detmold I saw the monument to Hermann, crowning the Grotenburg, a summit more than a thousand feet above the valley.

The little capital was holding its annual horse-fair, yet I had no trouble in finding lodgings at one of its

three inns, and should have thought the streets deserted if I had not been told that they were unusually lively. The principality of Lippe has a population of a little more than a hundred thousand, yet none of the appurtenaces of a court and state are wanting. There is an old ancestral castle, a modern palace, a theatre, barracks, and government buildings—not so large as in Berlin, to be sure, but just as important in the eyes of the people. A stream which comes down from the mountains feeds a broad, still moat, encompassing three sides of the old castle and park, beyond which the fairest meadows stretch away to the setting sun. Ducks and geese on the water, children paddling in the shallows, cows coming home from the pastures, and men and women carrying hay or vegetables, suggested a quiet country village rather than a stately *residenz;* but I was very careful not to say so to any Detmolder. The repose and seclusion of the place took hold of my fancy; I walked back and forth, through the same streets and linden-shaded avenues in the long summer evening, finding idyls at every turn; but alas! they floated formlessly by and faded in the sunset.

Detmold is the birthplace of the poet Freiligrath, and I went into the two bookstores to see if they kept his poems—which they did not. Fifty years hence, perhaps, they will have a statue of him. As I sat in my lonely room at the inn, waiting for bed-time, my thoughts went back to that morning by the lake of Zurich, when I first met the banished poet; to pleasant evenings at

his house in Hackney, and to the triumphant reception which, at Cologne, a few days before, had welcomed him back to Germany. This was the end of twenty-three years of exile, the beginning of which I remembered. Noble, unselfish, and consistent as his political course had been, had he followed it to his detriment as a poet, or had he bridged the gulf which separates the Muses from party conflicts? That was the question, and it was not so easy to resolve. Poesy will cheer as a friend, but she will not *serve*. She will not be driven from that broad field of humanity, wherein the noise of parties is swallowed up, and the colours of their banners are scarcely to be distinguished. Freiligrath has written the best political poems in the German language, and his life has been the brilliant illustration of his principles; yet I doubt whether "The Dead to the Living" will outlive the "Lion-Ride."

I picked up, however, a description of the Teutoburger Forest, written by the Cantor Sauerländer of Detmold,—a little book which no one but a full-blooded Teuton could have written. Fatiguingly minute, conscientious to the last degree, overflowing with love for the subject, exhaustive on all points, whether important or not, the style—or rather, utter lack of style—so placed the unsuspecting author before the reader's mind, that it was impossible to mistake him,—a mild, industrious, harmless egotist, who talks on and on, and never once heeds whether you are listening to his chatter.

I took him with me, but engaged, in addition, a

young gardener of the town, and we set out in the bright, hot morning. My plan for the day embraced the monument to Hermann on the Grotenburg, the conjectured field of the defeat of Varus, and the celebrated Extern Rocks. Cool paths through groves of oak led from the town to the foot of the mountain, having reached which I took out the Cantor, and read: "From this point to the near forest, the footpath mounts by a very palpable grade, wherefore the wanderer will find himself somewhat fatigued, besides suffering (frequently) from the burning rays of the sun, against which, however, it is possible to screen one's self by an umbrella, *for which reason* I would venture to suggest a moderate gait, and observant pauses at various points!" Verily, if his book had been specially prepared for the reigning prince, Paul Friedrich Emil Leopold, he could not have been more considerate.

The fatiguing passage, nevertheless, was surmounted in ten minutes, and thenceforth we were in the shade of the forest. At about two-thirds of the height, the path came upon a *Hünenring*, or Druid circle, one of the largest in Germany. It is nearly five hundred feet in diameter, with openings on the north and south, and the walls of rough stones are in some places twenty feet high. Large trees are growing upon them. There was another and greater ring around the crest of the mountain, but it has been thrown down, and almost obliterated. German antiquarians consider these remains as a sufficient evidence to prove that this is the

genuine *Teutoburg*,—the fortress of Teut, or Tuisco, the chief personage of the original Teutonic mythology. They also derive the name of Detmold from "Theotmalle," the place of Teut. There can be no doubt as to the character of the circles, or their great antiquity; and, moreover, to locate the Teutoburg here explains the desperate resistance of the tribes of this region both to Rome and to Charlemagne.

Near the summit I found some traces of the greater circle, many of the stones of which were used, very appropriately, for the foundation of the monument to Hermann. This structure stands in an open, grassy space, enclosed by a young growth of fir-trees. It is still incomplete; but we, who long ago stopped work on the colossal Washington obelisk, have no right to reproach the German people. Thirty years ago the Bavarian sculptor, Von Bandel, exhibited the design of a statue to Hermann. The idea appealed to that longing for German unity, the realisation of which seemed then so far distant. Societies were formed, collections made, fairs held for the object, and the temple-shaped pedestal, commenced in 1841, was finished in 1846, at a cost of forty thousand thalers. The colossal statue which should crown it demanded an equal sum,—two-thirds of which, I am told, has been contributed. Parts of the figure have been already cast, and the sculptor, now nearly seventy years old, still hopes to see the dream of his life fulfilled. But the impression has gone abroad that the

strength of the winds, sweeping unchecked from the Rhine and from Norway across the Northern Sea, is so great upon this Teutoburger height, that the statue would probably be thrown down if erected. A committee of architects and engineers has declared that, with proper anchorage, the figure will stand; yet the contributions have ceased.

The design of the temple-base is very simple and massive. On a circular foundation, sixty feet in diameter by eleven in height, stands a structure composed of ten clustered pillars, connected by pointed arches, the outer spans of which are cut to represent stems of oak, while heavy garlands of oak-leaves are set in the triangular interspaces. The first rude beginning of Gothic art is here suggested, not as a growth from the Byzantine and Saracenic schools, but as an autochthonous product. Over the cornice, which is fifty feet above the base, rises a solid hemisphere of masonry, terminating in a ring twenty-five feet in diameter, which is to receive the metal base of the colossus. The latter will be ninety feet in height to the point of the sword, making the entire height of the monument a hundred and eighty-two feet.

I mounted to the summit, and looked over the tops of the forest upon a broad and beautiful panoramic ring of landscape. The well-wooded mountains of the region divided the rich valleys and harvest lands which they inclosed. On all sides except the west, they melted away in the summer haze; there, they sank into the

tawny Westphalian plain, once the land of marshes, traversed by the legions of Varus. While yonder, beyond the ring of the forest, sacred to Teut, the fields were withering, and the crops wasting in the sun. Here they gave their fullest bounty. Here the streams were full, the meadows green, and the land laughed with its abundance. From this point I overlooked all the great battle-fields of Hermann and Wittekind. The mountains do not constitute, as I had supposed, a natural stronghold; but in their heart lies the warmest and most fertile region of Northern Germany.

In the neighbouring hostelry there is a plaster model of the waiting statue. Hermann, with the winged helmet upon his head, and clad in a close leathern coat, reaching nearly to the knee, is represented as addressing his warriors. The action of the uplifted arm is good, but the left hand rests rather idly upon the shield, instead of unconsciously repeating, in the grip of the fingers, the energy of the rest of the figure. The face—ideal, of course—is quite as much Roman as Teuton, the nose being aquiline, the eyebrows straight, and the lips very clearly and regularly cut. To me the physiognomy would indicate *dark* hair and beard. I found the body somewhat heavy and ungraceful; but as it was to be seen from below, and in very different dimensions, the effect may be all that is designed.

In the Hall of Busts in the Museum of the Capitol, in Rome, there is a head which has recently attracted the interest of German archæologists. It stands alone

among the severe Roman and the exquisitely balanced Grecian heads, like a genial phenomenon of character totally distinct from theirs. When I stood before it, a little puzzled, and wondering at the absurd label of "CECROPS!" affixed to the pedestal, I had not learned the grounds for conjecturing that it may be a portrait of him whom Tacitus calls Arminius; yet I felt that here was a hero, of whom history *must* have some knowledge. It is certainly a blonde head, with abundant locks, a beard sprouting thinly and later than in the South, strong cheek-bones, a nose straight but not Grecian, and lips which somehow express good fellowship, vanity, and the habit of command. The sculptor Bandel made a great mistake in not boldly accepting the conjecture as fact, and giving Hermann this head. Dr Emil Braun considers that it is undoubtedly a bust of one of the young German chiefs who were educated at the court of Augustus; and he adds, very truly, "If this can be proven, it will be of great importance as a testimony of the intellectual development of the German race, even in those early times."

Hermann, who was born in the year 16 B.C., must have gone to Rome as a boy, during the campaigns of Drusus and Tiberius in Northern Germany. He became not only a citizen, but a Roman knight, was intrusted with the command of a German legion, and fought in Pannonia. He acquired the Latin tongue, and acquainted himself with the military and civil science of the Romans. Had the wise and cautious

policy of Tiberius been followed, he might have died as a Consul of the Empire; but the brutal rule of Varus provoked the tribes to resistance, and Hermann became a German again. He turned against Rome the tactics he had learned in her service, enticed Varus away from the fortified line of the Rhine, across the marshes of the Lippe, and on the southern slope of the Teutoburger Forest, in a three days' battle fought amid the autumn storms, annihilated the Roman army of fifty thousand men. Well might the Imperial City tremble, and the old Augustus cry out to the shade of the slain commander, "Varus, Varus, give me back my legions!"

For five years the sovereignty of Hermann and the independence of his people were not disturbed. But after the death of Augustus, in the year 14 A.D., Germanicus determined to restore the prestige of the Roman arms. In the meantime, Hermann had married Thusnelda, daughter of Segestus, another chief of the Cheruski, who had reclaimed her by force in consequence of a quarrel, and was then besieged by his son-in-law. Segestus called the Romans to his aid, and delivered Thusnelda into their hands to grace, two years later, the triumph decreed to Germanicus. Hermann, infuriated by the loss of a wife whom he loved, summoned the tribes to war, and the Roman commander collected an army of eighty thousand men. The latter succeeded in burying the bones of Varus and his legions, and was then driven back with great loss. Returning in the year 16, with a still larger army, he

met the undaunted Hermann on the Weser, near Hameln. The terrible battle fought there, and a second near the Porta Westphalica, were claimed as victories by the Romans, yet were followed by a retreat to the fortresses on the Rhine. Germanicus was preparing a third campaign when he was recalled by the jealous Tiberius. The Romans never again penetrated into this part of Germany.

Hermann might have founded a nation but for the fierce jealousy of the other chieftains of his race. He was victorious in the civil wars which ensued, but was waylaid and murdered by members of his own family in the year 21. His short life of thirty-seven years is an unbroken story of heroism. Even Tacitus, to whom we are indebted for these particulars, says of him, "He was, undoubtedly, the liberator of Germany, having dared to grapple with the Roman power, not in its beginnings, like other kings and commanders, but in the maturity of its strength. He was not always victorious in battle, but in war he was never subdued. He still lives in the songs of the Barbarians, unknown to the annals of the Greeks, who only admire that which belongs to themselves—nor celebrated as he deserves by the Romans, who, in praising the olden times, neglect the events of the later years."

Leaving the monument, my path followed the crest of the mountain for two or three miles, under a continuous roof of beech. Between the smooth, clean boles, I looked down upon the hot and shining valley, where

the leaves hung motionless on the trees, but up on the shaded ridge of the hills there was a steady, grateful breeze. The gardener was not a very skilful guide, and only brought me to the *Winnefeld* (Winfield) after a roundabout ramble. I found myself at the head of a long, bare slope, falling to the south-west, where it terminated in three dells, divided by spurs of the range. The town of Lippspringe, in the distance, marked the site of the fountains mentioned by Tacitus. The *Winnefeld* lies on the course which an army would take, marching from those springs to assault the Teutoburg, and the three dells, wooded then as now, would offer rare chances of ambuscade and attack. There is no difficulty in here locating the defeat of Varus. That the Teuton victory was not solely the result of Hermann's military skill, is proven by the desperate bravery with which his warriors confronted the legions of Germanicus five years later.

Standing upon this famous battle-field, one cannot but recall the subsequent relations of Germany and Rome, which not only determined the history of the Middle Ages, but set in action many of the forces which shape the present life of the world. The seat of power was transplanted, it was exercised by another race, but its elements were not changed. Hermann, a knight of Rome, learned in her service how to resist her, and it was still the Roman mind which governed Italy while she was a defiant dependency of the German Empire. Charlemagne took up the uncompleted work of Germani-

cus, and was the true avenger of Varus, after nearly eight hundred years. The career of Hermann, though so splendidly heroic, does not mark the beginning of Germany; the race only began to develop after its complete subjection to the laws and arts and ideas of Rome. Thus the marvellous Empire triumphed at last.

I descended the bare and burning slopes of the mountain into a little valley, plunged into a steep forest beyond, and, after plodding wearily for an hour or more, found myself, as nearly as I could guess, on the banks of a brook that descends to the town of Horn. The gardener seemed at fault, yet insisted on leading me contrary to my instinct of the proper course. We had not gone far, however, when a mass of rock, rising like a square tower above the wooded ridge to the eastward, signalled our destination; and my discomfited guide turned about silently, and made towards it, I following, through thickets and across swamps, until we reached the highway.

The Extern Rocks (*Externsteine*) have a double interest for the traveller. They consist of five detached masses of gray sandstone, one hundred and twenty-five feet in height, irregularly square in form, and with diameters varying from thirty to fifty feet. They are planted on a grassy slope, across the mouth of a glen opening from the mountains. Only a few tough shrubs hang from the crevices in their sides, but the birch-trees on the summits shoot high into the air and print their sprinkled leaves on the sky. The hills of the

Teutoburger Forest are rounded and cliffless, and the same formation, it is said, does not reappear elsewhere.

In the base of the most northern of these rocks, a chapel, thirty-six feet long, has been hewn—but when, or by whom, are matters of conjecture. Some very imaginative antiquaries insist that the Romans captured by Hermann were here sacrificed to the pagan gods; others find evidence that the place was once dedicated to the worship of Mithras (the sun); but the work must probably be ascribed to the early Teutonic Christians. The rocks are first mentioned in a document of the year 1093. On the outer wall of the chapel, there is a tablet of sculpture, in high relief, sixteen feet by twelve, which is, undoubtedly, the earliest work of the kind in Germany. Its Byzantine character is not to be mistaken, and, judging by the early Christian sculptures and mosaics in Italy, it may be as old as the ninth or tenth century. The tablet is in three compartments, the lower one representing the Fall of Man, the centre the Descent from the Cross, while at the top the Almighty receives the soul of the Son in his arms, and holds forth the Banner of the Cross. Although mutilated, weather-beaten, and partly veiled in obscuring moss, the pathos of the sculpture makes itself felt through all the grotesqueness of its forms. Goethe, who saw it, says: "The head of the sinking Saviour leans against the countenance of the mother, and is gently supported by her hand—a beautiful reverent touch of expression which we find in no other represen-

tation of the subject." The drapery also, though stiff, has yet the simplicity and dignity which we so rarely find in modern art.

Two of the rocks may be ascended by means of winding stairways cut in their sides. On the summit of the first there is a level platform, with a stone table in the centre—probably the work of the monks, to whom the place belonged in the Middle Ages. By climbing the central rock, and crossing a bridge to the next, one reaches a second chapel, eighteen feet in length, with a rock-altar at the farther end. It is singular that there is no record of the origin of this remarkable work. We know that the spirit of the Teutonic mythology lived long after the introduction of Christianity, and the monks may have here found and appropriated one of its sacred places.

By the time I reached the town of Horn, a mile or so from the base of the mountains, I was too scorched and weary to go farther afoot, and, while waiting dinner in the guests'-room of the inn, looked about for a means of conveyance. Three or four stout *Philister*, drinking beer at an adjoining table, were bound for Steinheim, which was on my way; and the landlord said, "An 'extra post' will be expensive, but these gentlemen might make room for you in their carriage."

They looked at each other and at me. "We are already *seven*," said one, "and must be squeezed as it is."

"By no means," I replied to the landlord; "get me an extra post."

Both vehicles were ready at the same time. In the mean time I had entered into conversation with one of the party,—a bright cheerful young man,—and told him that I should be glad to have company on the way.

"Why did you engage an extra post?" they all exclaimed. "It is expensive! we are only *five*; you might have gone with us,—we could easily make room for you!"

Yet, while making these exclamations, they picked out the oldest and least companionable of their party, and bundled him into my "expensive" carriage! I never saw anything more coolly done. I had meant to have the agreeable, not the stupid member, but was caught, and could not help myself. However, I managed to extract a little amusement from my companion as we went along. He was a Detmolder, after confessing which he remarked—

"Now I knew where *you* came from before you had spoken ten words."

"Indeed! Where then?"

"Why, from Bielefeld!"

My laughter satisfied the old fellow that he had guessed correctly, and thenceforth he talked so much about Bielefeld that it finally became impossible to conceal my ignorance of the place. I set him down in Steinheim, dismissed the extra post, and, as the evening was so bright and balmy, determined to go another stage on foot. I had a letter to a young nobleman, whose estate lay near a village some four or five miles farther

on the road to Höxter. The small boy whom I took as guide was communicative; the scenery was of the sweetest pastoral character; the mellow light of sunset struck athwart the golden hills of harvest, the lines of alder hedge, and the meadows of winding streams, and I loitered along the road, full of delight in the renewal of my old pedestrian freedom.

It was dusk when I reached the village. The one cottage inn did not promise much comfort; but the baron's castle was beyond, and I was too tired to go farther. The landlord was a petty magistrate, evidently one of the pillars of the simple village society; and he talked well and intelligently, while his daughter cooked my supper. The bare rooms were clean and orderly, and the night was so warm that no harm was done when the huge globe of feathers under which I was expected to sleep rolled off the bed and lay upon the floor until morning.

Sending my letter to the castle, I presently received word that the young baron was absent from home, but that his mother would receive me. As I emerged from the shadows of the narrow village street into the breezeless, burning air of the morning, the whole estate lay full and fair in view—a thousand acres of the finest harvest land, lying in the lap of a bowl-shaped valley, beyond which rose a wooded mountain range. In the centre of the landscape, a group of immemorial oaks and lindens hid the castle from view, but a broad and stately linden avenue connected it with the highway.

There were scores of reapers in the fields, and their dwellings, with the barns and stables, almost formed a second village. The castle—a square mass of building, with a paved court-yard in the centre—was about three hundred years old; but it had risen upon the foundations of a much older edifice.

The baroness met me at the door with her two daughters, and ushered me into a spacious room, the ceiling of which, low and traversed by huge beams of oak, was supported by a massive pillar in the centre. The bare oaken floor was brightly polished; a gallery of ancestral portraits decked the walls, but the furniture was modern and luxurious. After a friendly scolding for not claiming the castle's hospitality the night before, one of the daughters brought refreshments, just as a *Burgfräulein* of the Middle Ages might have done, except that she did not taste the goblet of wine before offering it. The ladies then conducted me through a range of apartments, every one of which contained some picturesque record of the past. The old building was pervaded with a mellow atmosphere of age and use; although it was not the original seat of the family, their own ancestral heirlooms had adapted themselves to its physiognomy, and seemed to continue its traditions. Just enough of modern taste was visible to suggest home comforts and conveniences; all else seemed as old as the Thirty Years' War.

After inspecting the house, we issued upon the *pleasaunce*—a high bosky space resting on the outer

wall of the castle, and looking down upon the old moat, still partially full of water. It was a labyrinth of shady paths, of arbours, with leaf-enframed windows opening towards the mountains, and of open, sunny spaces rich with flowers. The baroness called my attention to two splendid magnolia-trees, and a clump of the large Japanese *polygonum*. "This," she said, pointing to the latter, "was given to my husband by Dr von Siebold, who brought it from Japan; the magnolias came from seeds, planted forty years ago." They were the most northern specimens of the trees I had found upon the continent of Europe. But the oaks and lindens around the castle were more wonderful than these exotic growths. Each one was "a forest waving on a single stem."

The young baron was not expected to return before the evening, and I was obliged to continue my journey, though every feature of the place wooed me to stay. "But, at least," urged the hostess, "you must visit my husband's twin-brother, who is still living at the old *burg*. We were going to send for him to-day, and we will send you along." This was a lift on my way; and, moreover, it was a pleasure to meet a gentleman of whom I had heard so much—a thinker, a man of scientific culture, and a poet, yet unknown to the world in either of these characters.

The youngest daughter of the house made ready to accompany me, and presently a light open waggon, drawn by a span of ponies, came to the door. After

my yesterday's tramp in the forest it was a delightful change. The young lady possessed as much intelligence as refinement, and with her as a guide the rich scenery through which we passed assumed a softer life, a more gracious sentiment. From the ridge before us rose the lofty towers of a church, attached to an extinct monastery, the massive buildings of which are now but half-tenanted by some farmers; on the right, a warm land of grain stretched away to the Teutoburger Forest; on the left, mountains, clothed with beech and oak, basked in the sun. We passed the monastery, crossed a wood, and dropped into a wild, lonely valley among the hills. Here the *Oldenburg*, as it is called, already towered above us, perched upon the bluff edge of a mountain cape. It was a single square mass of the brownest masonry, seventy or eighty feet high, with a huge, steep, and barn-like roof. It dominated alone over the beech woods; no other human habitation was in sight.

When we reached the summit, however, I found that the old building was no longer tenanted. Behind it lay a pond, around which were some buildings connected with the estate, and my fair guide led the way to the farther door of a house in which the labouring people lived. She went to seek her uncle, while I waited in a room so plainly furnished that an American farmer would have apologised for it. Presently I was summoned up stairs, where the old baron caught me by both hands, and pressed me down into his own

arm-chair before it was possible to say a word. His room was as simple as the first; but books and water-colour drawings showed the tastes of its occupant.

It was truly the head of a poet upon which I looked. Deep-set, spiritual eyes shone under an expansive brow, over which fell some thin locks of silky gray hair; the nose was straight and fine, with delicate, sensitive nostrils, and there was a rare expression of sweetness and purity in the lines of the mouth. It needed no second glance to see that the old man was good, and wise, and noble, and perfectly lovable. My impulse was to sit on a stool at his feet, as I have seen a young English poet sitting at the feet of good Barry Cornwall, and talk to him with my arms resting upon his knees. But he drew his chair close beside me, and took my hand from time to time as he talked, so that it was not long before our thoughts ran together, and each anticipated the words of the other.

"Now tell me about my friend," said he. "We were inseparable as students, and as long as our paths lay near each other. They say that three are too many for friendship, but we twin-brothers only counted as one in the bond. We had but one heart and one mind, except in matters of science, and there it was curious to see how far apart we sometimes were. Ah, what rambles we had together, in Germany and on the Alps! I remember once we were merry in the Thüringian Forest, for there was wine enough and to spare; so

we buried a bottle deep among the rocks. We had forgotten all about it, when, a year or two afterwards, we happened all three to come back to the spot, and there we dug up the bottle, and drank what seemed to be the best wine in the world. I wonder if he remembers that I wrote a poem about it."

Then we walked out through the beech woods to a point of the mountain whence there was a view of the monastery across the wild valley. "It was but yesterday," said the old baron, "since I stood here with my brother,—both little boys,—and listened to the chimes of vesper. There were monks in the old building then. What is life, after all? I don't understand it. My brother was a part of myself. We had but one life; he married and his home was mine; his children are mine still. We were born together. Three years ago he died, and I should have died at the same time. How is it that I live?"

He turned to me with tears in his eyes, and a sad, mysterious wonder in his voice. I could only shake my head, for he who could have answered the question, would be able to solve all the enigmas of life. The man seemed to me like a semi-ghost, attached to the earth by only half the relation of other men. "I live here as you see," he continued, "but I am not lonely. All my life of seventy-three years I have been laying aside interest for this season. I have still my thoughts and questions, as well as my memories. I am part of the great design which I have always found in the

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